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THE NEW REPUBLIC

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A PORTUGUESE TOUR

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

ONE can make no voyage of discovery nowadays; almost every spot in the inhabited globe has been explored. But one may write from personal knowledge, nevertheless, on almost any country for a variety of reasons. Travel books and travel articles need to be rewritten for the sake of each succeeding generation, quite apart from the mere question of being brought up to date; one man's impressions, again, may differ materially from those of his immediate predecessor; and, above all, there is the fact that, no matter how many people may have read something about this territory or that, there will always be a still larger field of those whose attention has hitherto been unattracted, and whose eye a further book or article may catch at the very moment when the prospect of a visit to the region described may prove the reverse of unwelcome.

Of Portugal it may be said that it is undoubtedly less known to the touring public than any European country which does not border on the remote or semi-civilized. Its two chief towns, Lisbon and Oporto, are familiar enough because of their being on the littoral, and ports of call for various lines of ocean-bound vessels; but the number of tourists who set off from America or England for the sake of exploring Portugal throughout has so far been limited in the extreme. One predisposing cause of this, of course, is the fact that the country cannot conveniently be approached by land; any one doing the European tour would hesitate, after a journey embracing Italy, Switzerland, Tyrol, and France, to traverse Spain, on slow trains, in order to reach the western limit of the Iberian Peninsula. It might justifiably be done if one were assured that the game would be worth the candle; but, in the absence of definite information on the subject, the trip, if considered at all, has usually been regarded as highly speculative rather than one which promised practical returns.

Let me say at once, therefore, as a considered opinion, and in a word, that Portugal is veritably the most interesting country in Europe, if by interesting be implied the presentation of a liberal array of delightful and unheralded surprises. If Italy, for example, were almost unknown, and Portugal, on the other hand, were the rendezvous of the art-lovers of the world, it would have to be admitted that Italy was at once the more beautiful and the more richly endowed with treasures; but, in proportion to the ordinary traveller's knowledge of his available opportunities, there is no comparison between Portugal and Italy, or any other country to which the tide of travel annually flows in formidable volume.

So various are the points of view from

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which Portugal may be discussed that it is difficult at the very outset to know which to include and which to reject. The

The Palace Hotel, Bussaco.

Stands proudly amid the wood as a striking monument of Manueline architecture.

further difficulty has to be faced, moreover, that one is bound to write on the country's manifold attractions with enthusiasm, and nothing in this *nil admirari* world is harder than to speak appreciatively without the attendant suggestion of a lack of temperate judgment. If a thing is good one is permitted to say even that it is very good without fear of contradiction; but when one comes across something that is immeasurably superior, and ordinary adjectives fail to give a just description of its merits, there are sceptics in plenty who are prepared to discount every superlative for its own sake, even though it does not rise to a relatively accurate appraisement of the object of commendation.

None the less, in the hope of disarming suspicion in advance, I must be allowed to say that I have no special pleading to undertake on Portugal's account, but have merely to record the disinterested impressions of a journey from end to end, embarked upon without prepossessions of any kind; and if, as was the case, it proved to be fruitful in pleasurable experiences I can but endeavor to set them down in just and precise terms, primarily with the view of indicating the chief inducements which should draw the tourist to this charming but comparatively unfrequented land.

It is more than probable that he will need to disabuse his mind, in the first instance, of the idea that Portugal is merely Spain in miniature. As a matter of fact, there is little kinship between the two. On paper the languages of the two countries bear considerable similarity, but the pronunciation of Portuguese differs so materially from the Spanish that no advantage of convenience accrues from a knowledge of the latter tongue. In all other respects, moreover, everything about Portugal and the Portuguese is distinctive to an absolute degree; the most jaded trav-

A corner of the Annex, Bussaco Hotel.

Surrounded by one of the finest woods in Europe.

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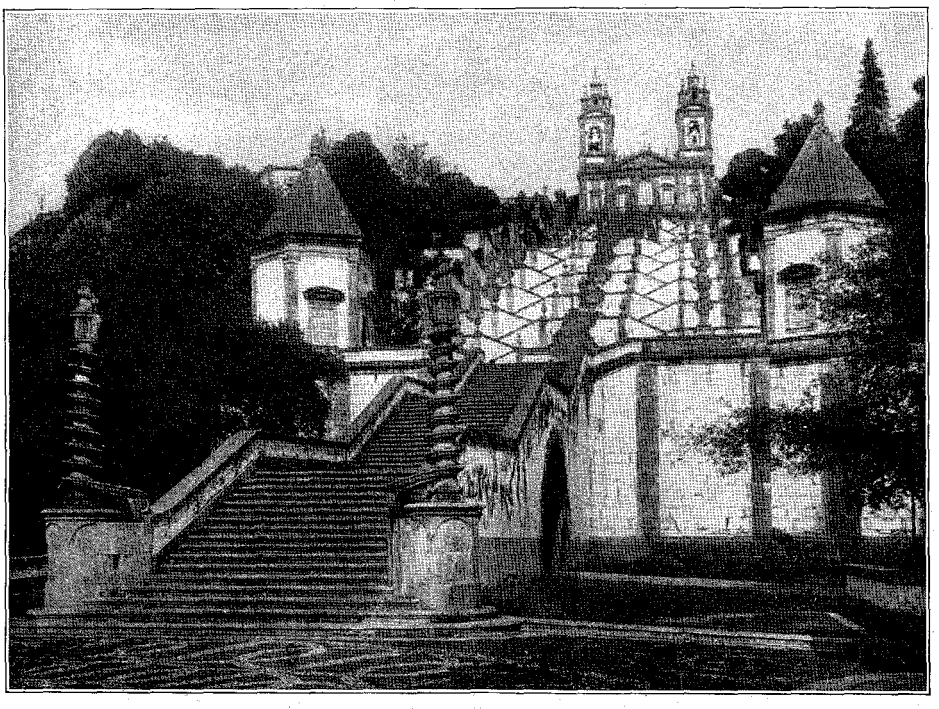
eller, indeed, will find there a freshness of aspect, in one direction or another, for which he will assuredly be wholly unprepared. Need it be said that this of itself is paramount as an attraction?

Almost unlimited is the list of characteristic features for any one of which the country is worth visiting, and each in its way is so important that priority of mention must be entirely fortuitous. Before descending from the general to the particular one may attempt a summary of these as follows, but with the premise that they might be given in any other order.



The Holy Staircase and Church, Bom Jesus.

The climate is the most wonderful in Europe. A polyglot crowd of scores of thousands flies annually to the Riviera from every part of Europe in order to enjoy the supposed maximum of sunshine, but often to be undeceived by weeping skies, and with the cruel mistral as a certainty. At Lisbon, on the other hand, cold weather as understood elsewhere is literally unknown; the temperature is not only higher than that of the Riviera, but is equable to a degree that almost defies belief. What this means in practical effect is illustrated by the fact that, in March last, I met an English lady on board ship who had stayed six weeks at Mont'Estoril, near Lisbon, and had bathed in the sea every day in February! Nor was the season exceptionally warm; if anything it was the contrary, and the Portuguese were complaining of cold at the very time that I was revelling in the sun and filled with astonishment at the contrast between Lisbon and the bleakness which I had happily left behind in England.

Accentuating this initial revelation as to climate, the amazing prodigality of the vegetation leaves one steeped in wonderment. All through the winter the camellia blooms gloriously in myriads *en plein air;* commingled with the varied greens of the luxuriant woods are the brilliant yellows of the mimosas, which are seen in two forms, as trees and shrubs respectively; oranges grow like apples in an English orchard; while the palm, the cactus, and other subtropical trees and plants abound on every side. Even the roads are lined with aloes in lieu of hedges.

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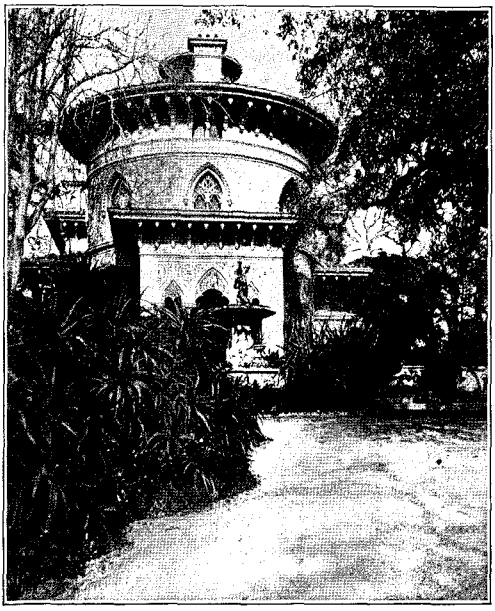
And what of the scenery? To me this was the most surprising factor of any. Portugal is pre-eminently a country of rolling landscapes. As one wedded to the delights of high ground, I expected little in the way of entrancing mountain views; and, indeed, there is no really lofty ground on the more commonly visited routes. None the less, the array of striking panoramas is nothing if not marvellous. There are summits of from two to three thousand feet which command prospects of twenty miles in extent, bounded in the far distance by the Atlantic, while the intervening range of view is of quite exceptional beauty owing to the splendid series of undulating hills, rich forests, verdant valleys, and winding rivers. The hills, moreover, run right down to the coast, so that the towns are rarely flat, but extend themselves picturesquely in tier upon tier above the level of the sea or flowing stream. Nowhere away from Alpine or Pyrenean regions have I seen such satisfying prospects as are available in almost every part of Portugal.



Entrance to the Château of Montserrate.

The peasant life of Portugal is a study in itself. It varies in type, of course, according to whether one goes north or south, but everywhere alike it is agreeable to contemplate. Much as I have learned to admire, and from long acquaintance, the stalwart natives of Tyrolean valleys, the *contadine* of Italy, and the *paysannes* of provincial France, I have nowhere seen so much that is perennially interesting in the way of rural life as in Portugal. And it is well that this should be so, for the country is mainly agricultural, and the peasants constitute the major portion of the population; sad indeed, therefore, would it be if they presented pictures of downtrodden humanity engaged in a ceaseless struggle with grinding poverty. Happily the reverse is the case. The country as a whole is poor, for the industries are few; but the peasants themselves are a hard-working but contented race, and if the women lack the striking beauty of the Italian worker in the fields, they appear to find their lot much less oppressive. As might be expected from the paucity of tourist travel, they are somewhat shy with strangers, but uniformly courteous if defi-

Native costumes at Braga.

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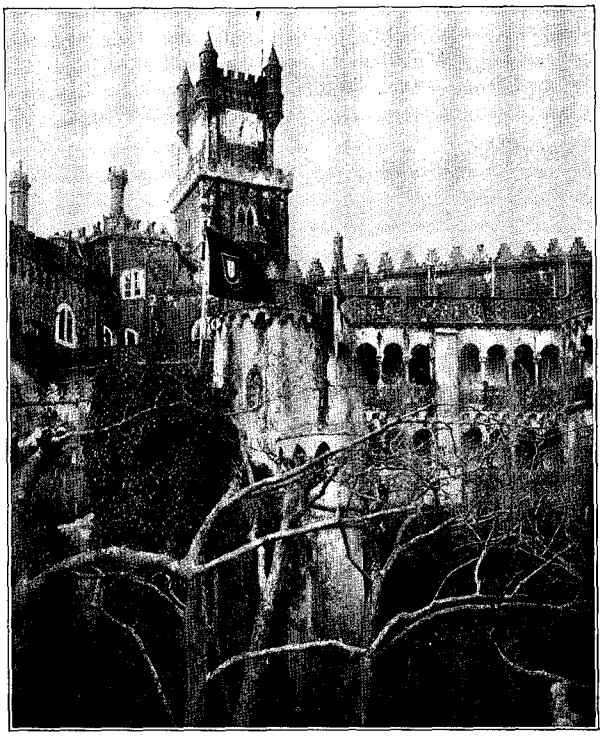
nitely approached, and exceedingly good-hearted.

Of towns the number is comparatively few, but each has characteristics of its own, and all are extraordinarily rich in architectural and historical interest. In almost any one of them a stay of weeks could profitably be made for research purposes alone. Above all else in Portugal, however, where stone and mortar are concerned, the importance of the architecture is supreme. Not only is it surpassingly rich in quality, but it is specially distinguished from the fact that much of it is of a distinct type—namely, the Manueline, on which endless pages might be written. In short, to conclude this brief summary, it may be said that the attractiveness of Portugal is vital in half a dozen directions at least, and it would be more than worth while to pass from one end of the country to the other with the sole object of specializing in any one of these to the exclusion of all the others. This leaves entirely out of the question, moreover, the political history of the country and the present state of internal affairs, which is not, unfortunately, of the most satisfactory kind. To what extent the new republican government—as to its personnel, not *quâ* republic—is destined to justify itself it would be entirely out of place for me to discuss here, the sole concern of this article being to pay emphatic but genuinely appreciative testimony to the wealth of its resources as a new field for the British or American tourist.



The Castle of Penha.
The favorite summer residence of the late King Carlos.

As to the best manner of viewing the country, there is no manner of need for the laying down of an itinerary, inasmuch as the traveller will be spared all trouble if he intrusts himself to the Booth Steamship Company. He may sail to Oporto or Lisbon by several lines, but the Booth is the only one which addresses itself to the requirements of those who desire to explore the interior with advantage, and it issues combined tickets for the sea, rail, and road journeys alike which are in every way complete and satisfactory; and, though

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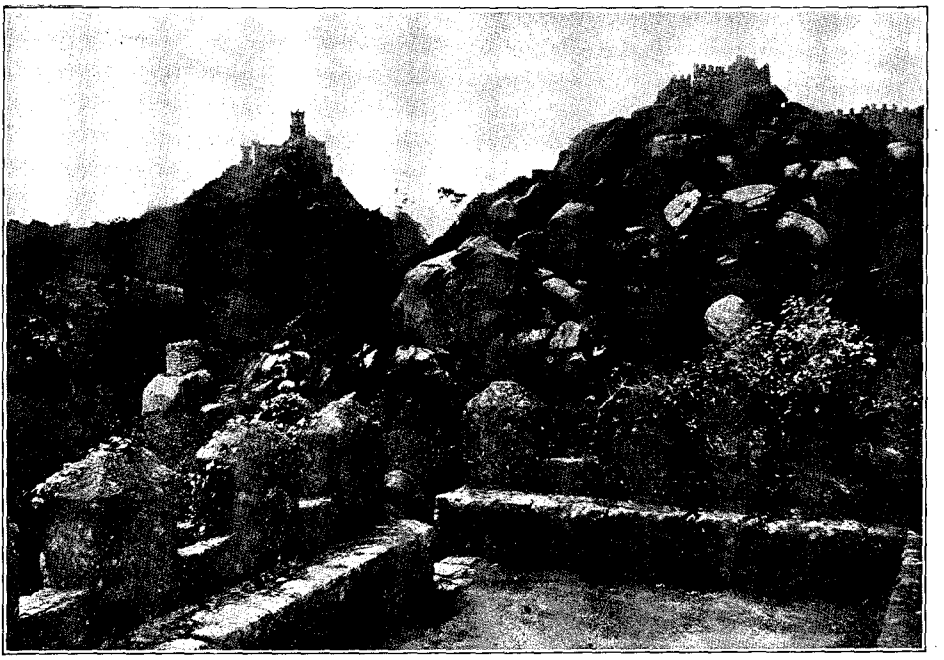

The Serra de Cintra.

Showing the Castle of Penha at left and the "Castle of the Moors" at right.

there is nothing of the "personally conducted" order, the agents of the company render all that is necessary in the way of assistance and advice. Were the case otherwise I should deem it essential to discuss practical details at greater length, especially in view of the fact that Portugal, as yet, is unfamiliar ground; but the position is virtually so simple that I may safely leave this aspect of the subject, and pass to a review of some of the outstanding attractions of the country.

The old Moorish Palace at Cintra.

First and foremost among these I would place Bussaco. It is almost worth a book in itself—and yet it is neither town nor village, but merely a hotel and a post-office. But what a hotel! And what an environment! The building is an architectural marvel; it is surrounded by one of the finest woods in Europe; and the adjoining hillsides are famous in the world's history, for it was here that Wellington defeated the French and turned back the all-conquering army of Masséna. But for this check Napoleon would have annexed Portugal, and the whole Peninsula would have lain at his feet.

Originally designed as a royal palace, on the most sumptuous lines, the hotel now stands proudly amid the woods as a striking monu-

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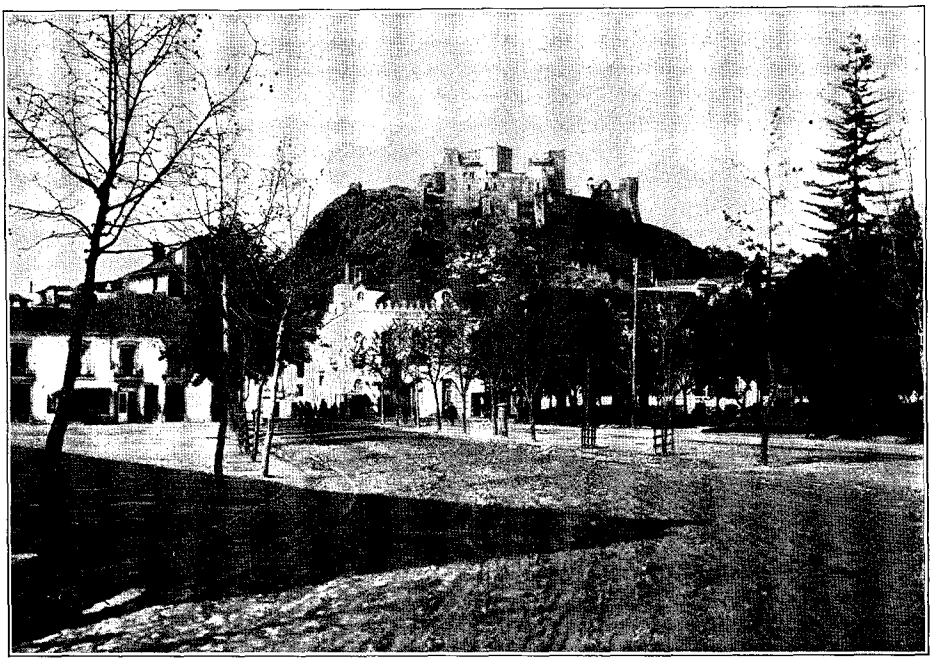

The Castle of Leiria.

ment of Manueline architecture. As it is of modern build, it embodies the best features of that style without lapsing into garishness. The magnificent entrance-hall, the stately staircase, and the cloistered terrace are superbly ornate, and, together with the wealth of sculptured ornamentations within and without, combine to set the building in a class apart as a hotel, and even as a palace. And truly the lines of the visitor to Bussaco are cast in pleasant places, for hither he may ascend from the turmoil of the world and enjoy a rest in undisturbed tranquillity, amid a panorama of transcendent loveliness. From the tower there is a view of gloriously undulating country extending for twenty miles, while he may wander amid the neighboring woods almost indefinitely without plumbing the height and depth of their attractions. Oaks, pines, chestnuts, eucalypti, cork-trees, cypresses, and countless other trees, with brilliant flashes of mimosa, and flowers everywhere, make up a field of endless study for the nature-lover.

A good carriage-road leads up to a plateau on which is an obelisk, erected in 1873 to the memory of the British and Portuguese forces that fought in the campaign of 1808–14, and recording the fact that there were "6 blockades, 12 defences, 14 sieges, 18 assaults, 215 combats, and 15 battles." The column is surrounded by eight English cannon, while a larger number of French cannon form a boundary to the plateau itself. Just below is a museum, erected in the centenary year of 1910, containing many interesting memorials of the battle, and close by stands an old chapel which was used as a hospital during the engagement.

The strategical points of the battlefield can best be seen, however, from the rocky ridge of the Serra de Bussaco, from which Wellington directed his operations. The story of the battle is soon told. Wellington reached the heights by a forced march with fifty thousand men, and secured an impregnable position; but Masséna, with eighty thousand men at his back, and flushed with an uninterrupted course of victories in Spain, spurned the advice of his colleagues and ordered an attack. His men stormed the hills with unexampled bravery, but in vain, and when they came to grips with the English and Portuguese forces they were repulsed

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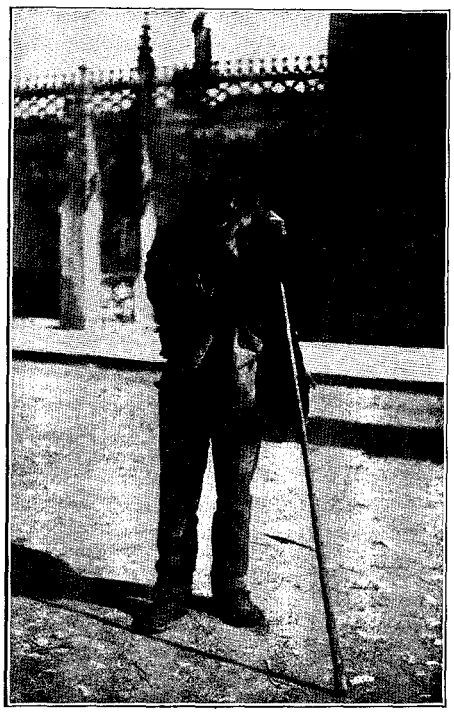
with great slaughter and their bodies were dashed from rock to rock. Masséna was forced to retire—for the first time; but he had an even worse reverse in store.



A picturesque beggar at Batalha

Hearing later that Wellington's army was marching toward Lisbon, the French commander set off after him hot-footed, only to find that the English general had intrenched his troops at Torres Vedras, and Masséna stumbled into a trap which was the grave of his own reputation and of Napoleonic hopes alike.

The full measure of the beauty of the spacious landscape is best appreciated, perhaps, from the Alta Cruz, an ancient stone cross at the very top of the mountain. There one may see the glistening Atlantic at Cape Mondego, over twenty miles away, and command the horizon in an arc of three hundred degrees; but for a few intervening trees the circle of vision would be complete. The velvety hills which meet the eye in every sector are almost as countless as the billows of a vast ocean, and I doubt if anywhere in Europe can so noble an outlook be obtained from so low an altitude as this of 1,825 feet.

There are the remains of a Roman *castrum* just outside the wall which encloses the forest; but one of the most curious features of the Bussaco district is the pro-

Women porters in Oporto.

nounced evidence of Moorish origin which the natives present. One may meet a swarthy gypsy woman, within a few yards of the palatial hotel, who might have stepped straight out of the desert, while to this day the inhabitants of the neighboring valleys retain customs that are distinctly Moroccan. When any member of the household dies, for example, the whole place is turned upside down—tables, chairs, cooking-utensils, and everything being reversed according to the dictates of ancient usage. Villagers may come up to the hotel, moreover, after dinner from Luzo, and dance strange dances, while they sing the quaintest of airs in somewhat strident tones.

Moorish traits, however, and Moorish influences on architecture are by no means confined to Bussaco, but may be encountered all over Portugal. As a result, the peasantry present two distinct types of countenance, and, while some are

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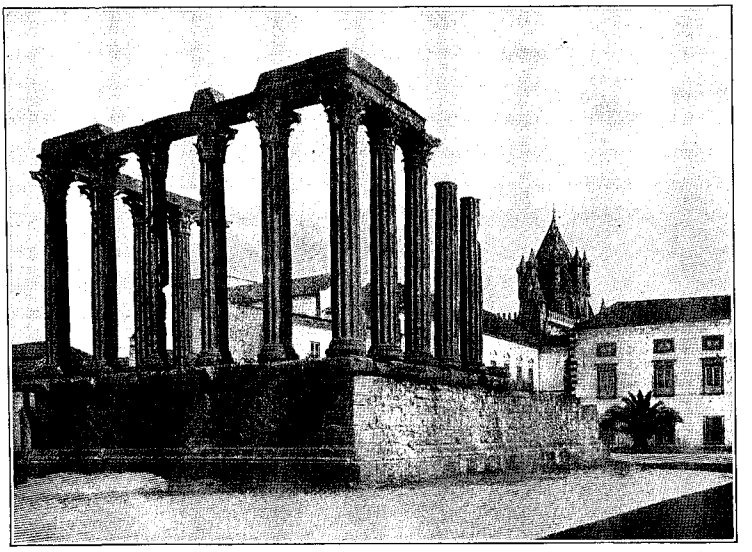
dark, others are as fair as any pink-faced English lass. The language, too, is similarly intermingled. One may pick up a Lisbon or Oporto daily and, aided by one's knowledge of French, Latin, and modern Italian, may gather the sense of the major portion of a whole column; but ever and anon one meets with monosyllabic words, of one, two, or three letters, which are Moorish, and for the meaning of which one must needs consult a dictionary.

But while speaking of racial characteristics I may mention one illustration which is peculiarly remarkable. The tourist who goes southward from Oporto toward Pampilhosa should keep a lookout from the train for what is nothing more than a Dutch settlement. Nigh on five hundred years ago a Dutch vessel was wrecked off the Portuguese coast, and the survivors landed, never to return to Holland. Their descendants do not even know that their ancestors were aught but Portuguese, but from the railroad one may see at Caica a group of windmills, while the plain is intersected by dikes, and I am assured that all the methods, domestic and agricultural, which are practised to this day in this little colony are wholly Dutch in form, while the people themselves have fair hair and the Dutch cast of countenance.



The Roman Temple, Evora Stoy.

Let us now hark to another mountain retreat which, in expansiveness of view, is not unlike Bussaco itself, though it has no memories of sanguinary encounters. This is Bom Jesus, on the Monte Espinho, which is reached by road in some five kilometres from the fine old town of Braga, in the northern province of Minho. At a height practically identical with that of Wellington's "iron ridge" stands a pilgrimage church with twin towers, and near by are two or three hotels at which one may live in clover at six francs a day. The atmosphere is refreshing in the extreme, and the available panorama almost as far-reaching as that of Bussaco, if somewhat less undulating and less sparsely filled with habitations. From the plateau, on which stand the church and hotels, a broad double staircase of stone descends for some distance, and at every corner there is a shrine, enclosing *tableaux* in carved wood depicting various incidents in the Passion. There are no fewer than thirty-three of these small chapels, and as a special privilege I was conducted to each one in turn by the landlord of the Grand Hotel! Though not appealing to a Protestant in the same way as to a member of the Roman Catholic faith, the sculptures are of no small degree of artistic merit, and the experience was as interesting as it was unique.

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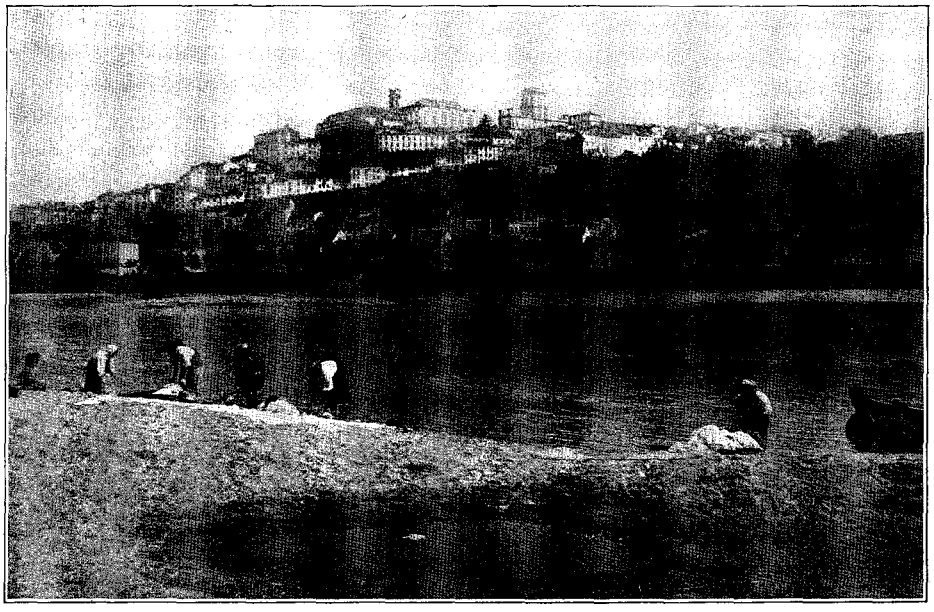

Coimbra.

Spread over a hillside, the city presents a highly effective picture from the opposite bank of Mondego River.

Around Bom Jesus itself, and all the way up to the adjoining but higher eminence of Monte Sameiro (2,444 feet), where there is another pilgrimage church, there are fine woods, ablaze with camellias in wild profusion and including a small lake, with boating, in a park. As there is tramway communication from Braga to the mountain, and a cliff car up to Bom Jesus, the number of visitors is very large, particularly in the spring. At other times, I am told, Bom Jesus is the special haunt of honeymoon couples.

Braga itself, it may be added, is full of architectural and archæological interest, as well as showing pleasing signs of prosperity. The town and the province of Minho generally are distinguished by the costumes of quite exceptional picturesqueness which are worn by the younger women on Sundays and fête days. One knows, of course, how completely the national costumes have disappeared from Switzerland, while even in Italy they are much less common than of yore; I have driven round the entire country by road without encountering anything really striking until I was as far south as Naples. The gay costumes of Minho, on the other hand, are regular features of the life of the district, and the wearers take a great pride in their appearance. The details of the dress may be gathered from the photograph herewith [page 406], but the vivid coloring must be left to the imagination. Embroidered skirts, chiefly of bright red and black, are worn with white shirts, cross-folded with yellow or many-colored scarfs; another vivid scarf serves as a head-dress, or alternately a turban. In addition to these adornments, a profusion of gold jewelry is worn, the various items being handed on as heirlooms from one generation to another

It was in Braga that I met an Englishman—*the only one in the city*—who summed up the Portuguese character in words which will bear repeating, inasmuch as I found them confirmed elsewhere. "The Portuguese," he said, "have cheerful faces and cheerful hearts. 'Live and be merry' is their motto; and they are good friends." He added that they were honorable in their dealings; and I may say that in no part of the country did I meet with anything but kindness and extreme courtesy.

Continuing this review of places and features which stand out with special prominence in my individual impressions,

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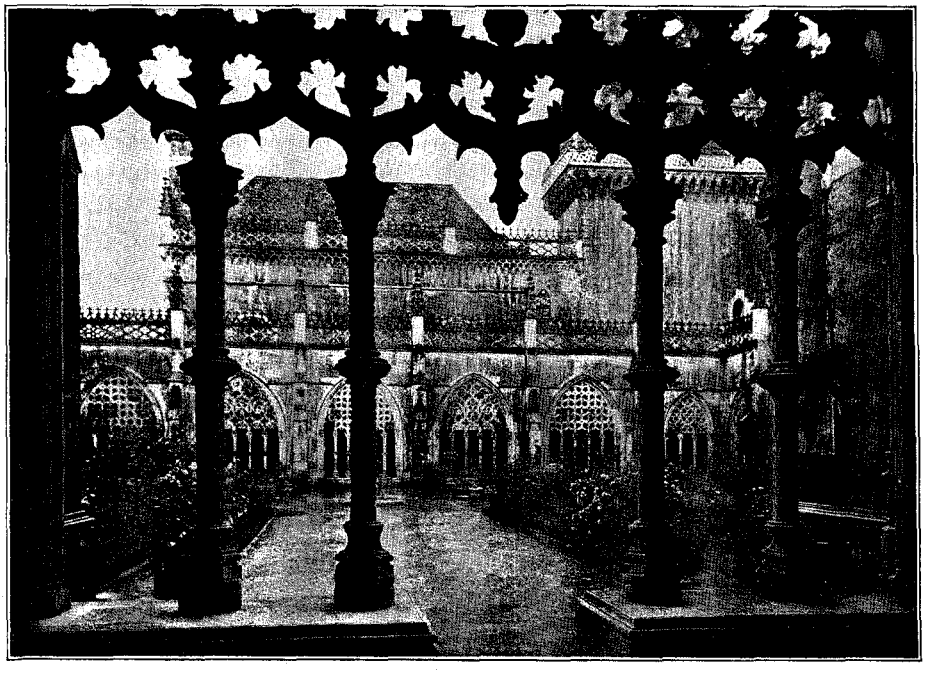
without any attempt at an itinerary or a categorical résumé of the country's resources for the tourist, I now pass to what is really the most wonderful spot in Portugal—sunny Cintra. Its fame, it is true, dates from the pre-railway days of Byron, Southey, and Beckford, who were able to reach it from Lisbon when further exploration of the interior was impossible, for even the roads of Portugal were only made some thirty years ago. But Cintra has greater attractions now than in Byron's days, and they are so numerous as to baffle description.

As a climatic station alone, where one may live in winter under conditions that constitute a perpetual spring, it would be all-sufficing, but of things to see it is metaphorically full to the brim. In the town itself there is an erstwhile royal palace, with many splendid rooms which are a storehouse of architectural interest. Behind the town, however, rises a lofty hill, the Serra de Cintra, which of itself is a natural marvel, for, though it is virtually a mass of rock, it is clothed with verdure of the most prodigal kind. On the lower slopes are numerous villas, and then one rises to the famous Château of Montserrate, formerly owned by Beckford, the author of "Vathek," and now by Sir Frederick Cook. The interior of this château, which is a little palace in itself, is rich in treasures culled from many countries, while the grounds by which it is surrounded are admittedly the most striking example of verdant luxuriance that can be found in the whole world. It is a perfect paradise, from which those privileged to inspect its beauties can with difficulty tear themselves away. The glories of Montserrate, however, do not end with its immediate *entourage*, for it overlooks a prospect that is fairy-like in its enchantment —of well-wooded hills, a fertile plain, and the sea beyond flashing in the sunlight.

One's capacity for admiration seems to have exhausted itself when one quits the neighborhood of Montserrate; but there is much more in store if one drives or walks up the steeply ascending road until one reaches the gates of the park below the Palace or Castle of Penha. A magnificent drive through woods in which camellias bloom all the winter through in riotous profusion, alternating with massive bowlders of bare rock, brings one at length to the castle itself. It was a favor-



The marvellous court and cloisters at Batalha.

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ite summer residence of the late King Carlos, and of the ex-King Manuel; it was here, in fact, that the deposed monarch spent his last night in Portugal ere the revolution precipitated his flight from the country.

The building itself, as even a photograph will reveal at a glance, is a striking example of mingled Moorish and Gothic architecture, and equally impressive from within and without, while the sense of exaltation aroused by a survey of the panorama which unfolds itself from the rooms or terraces is incapable of being defined in words.

An Algarve peasant woman.

On another pinnacle of this extraordinary Serra de Cintra stands the shell of an ancient stronghold—the "Castle of the Moors." As with the modern palace, so with this grim remnant resting on its heaped-up pile of titanic bowlders, the view it affords of the hills and vales below, bright with white villas and red-roofed cottages, amid groves of cork-trees, pines, and elms, and roads leading to infinity, is one which no succeeding impressions can ever efface.

In Portugal one seems always to be rising to some height in order to see some fresh wonder, and the traveller is ever in doubt which to admire the most—the marvel itself or the landscape on which it looks down. Thomar is another case in point. Unusually rich in mediæval buildings, the town lies in a green plain watered by the Nabao; but away on a neighboring hill is as striking and interesting a building as can be found in Europe. This is the palace, or monastery, of the famous Knights Templars of old, and so numerous have been the additions to the original convent that the place is a standing record of the growth of Portuguese architecture over a period of six centuries. The Church of the Order of Christ is declared to be the most brilliant example of Manueline architecture in the country, and especially fine is the window of the choir in the chapter-house; but there is a wealth of variety and charm in the adjoining buildings, with turrets, donjons, battlements, and other romantic survivals of the most interesting places in the world.

Few, indeed, are the lions of Portugal which are dependent upon one isolated feature; every expedition rewards the tourist to a manifold and unlooked-for degree. Almost the sole exception is Batalha, to which one drives for the sake of seeing the monastery of Santa Maria da Victoria, one of the most elaborate Gothic structures to be found in any Catholic country. As with ecclesiastical buildings generally in Portugal, the feature which leaves the visitor breathless with admiration is less the grandeur of the architectural conception than the supremely marvellous skill and exuberant variety of the carvings in stone; had they been moulded in soft plaster, instead of chiselled in stone, they could not have been more amazingly ornate. No one who has not viewed the cloisters of Batalha can hope to realize the heights to which the skill of man has attained in sculptured tracery and fretwork.

Not far from Batalha is yet another place which is visited perhaps for the sake of a single attraction, and that is Leiria, a town set among pine-clad hills, the highest point of which is crowned by a ruined castle, built by King Diniz, which offers a

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Bullock-carts, Oporto.
Note the carved yoke.

landmark from many miles around. Yet even here, if one ascends the hill, the interest of the ruins is enhanced by the glorious views of the surrounding country; while in the town itself one may see any day a picturesque group of women round a sixteenth-century fountain in the Praca de Rodrigues Lobo.

The finest town in Portugal, away from Lisbon and Oporto, is undoubtedly Coimbra, which boasts a handsome and spacious university. Spread over a hillside, as usual, the city presents a highly effective picture from the opposite bank of the Mondego, the most beautiful river in Portugal, as well as the only one which is Portuguese from source to estuary. Ancient and modern mingle in Coimbra in pleasing juxtaposition, and it is a place which attracts one for an indefinite period, from the scholarly atmosphere of the university to the peculiarly handsome peasant women, while the natural surroundings are charming.

On a wooded ridge stands the long white convent of Santa Clara, which contains a statue of Saint Elizabeth, consort of King Diniz, illustrative of a curious legend. The benevolent queen was forbidden by her husband to give alms to the poor, but he met her one day with something obviously bulky in her apron. Suspiciously he demanded what she was carrying, and in trepidation she answered, "Roses." As a matter of fact, they were loaves of bread! Roughly he insisted upon seeing for himself; but, as she let the apron fall, the loaves were turned by the Almighty into a shower of roses. Statues and pictures of the queen are almost as common in Portugal as those of the revered Princess Elizabeth of Prussia in Germany, and to this day a wife's lie to a husband is justified by the Roman church if uttered in the cause of charity.

A legend of a more tragic kind is attached to the Quinta das Lagrimas, or "Villa of Tears," on the north bank of the Mondego. In the grounds is the Fonte dos Amores ("Lovers' Fountain"), the waters of which are said to have conveyed secret letters from Dom Pedro, son of Affonso IV, to Iñez de Castro. She was foully murdered at the spring itself by

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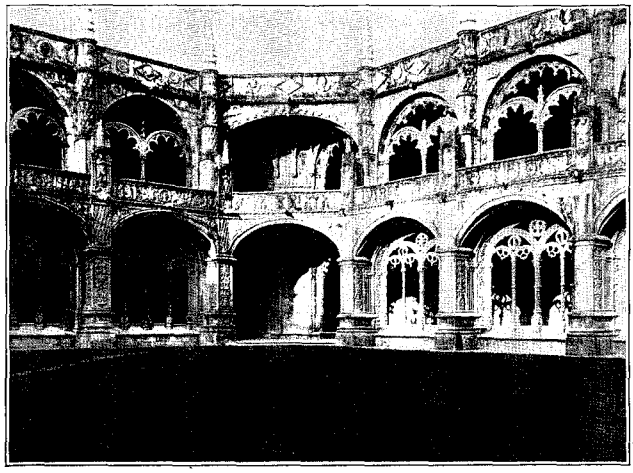
three of Affonso's courtiers, but when Dom Pedro came to the throne he had her body disinterred, enthroned, and crowned, and made his courtiers do her homage. The story is graphically told in the epics of Camöes, the immortal Portuguese poet. did King Manuel keep his vow, and the splendor of the building is akin in many respects to nothing else on earth. It is the Manueline style at its very best; Batalha is more elaborate, but in chaste yet ornate beauty the Jeronymos is unrivalled, nota-



A view in the courtyard of the Jeronymos, at Belem.
The most beautiful cloisters in the world.

Of the Roman remains to be seen at Evora, Stoy, and elsewhere, and the Celtic excavations at Citania and Guimaraes; of the charms of Mont'Estoril, Cascaes, and other coast resorts; and of many other interesting or beautiful spots, I can say nothing here, but must reserve the remaining space at my disposal for the two best-known towns, Lisbon and Oporto, and the least-known province, the Algarve. It is almost superfluous to expatiate upon the capital or Oporto; all that need be said is that they more than bear out the promise of the guide-books. Lisbon is clean, bright, and handsome; grandly situated on the Tagus; blessed, as already mentioned, with the most balmy of climates; and, above all, it contains in the Jeronymos, at Belem, the most superb memorial ever erected to human achievement. At this spot landed, in 1499, the great Vasco da Gama, when he returned with only one-third of his companions from the fateful voyage which resulted in the discovery of India; and a grateful monarch vowed there and then to build in his honor a monastery which should commemorate the event for all time. Nobly bly in the cloisters—the finest in the world —and the supporting columns of the church itself. A distinguishing feature of Manueline work may be noted here as elsewhere: no two columns are alike in design, but each is wrought in the most delicately traced patterns, and every one different from its neighbor. The same thing may be noticed, in the chapter-house, on the stately tomb of Herculāno, the national historian—certainly the finest sarcophagus which ever enclosed mortal remains. Portugal, indeed, knows how to honor its dead, even if his contemporaries did allow Camöes to die a pauper.

At Oporto there are many noteworthy churches and other buildings, and the Arab room of the Exchange is worth going a long way to see. But the great charm of the place lies in the bustling life about the quays, and the quaint streets which lead up to the more modern parts of the town. It is an experience in itself to see the women porters carrying huge and varied loads, marvellously poised, on their heads; and, if it does not accord with western notions of the division of labor, one may at least say that the women bear their burden

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The richly carved columns in the Jeronymos Monastery

strongly and cheerfully, and do not extort the pity that is inevitable when one sees the basket-carriers of the Lombardy plains, bent double under unnatural weights.

The main industry of Oporto is the production of tiles, which are even seen in elaborate designs on the walls of churches. There is also an interesting and really artistic manufacture of filigree work, examples of which no visitor should fail to secure; its delicacy is remarkable. To the world at large, however, the town is synonymous with the trade in port, and very remarkable sights are the chief "lodges" adjoining the Douro River. In one of these —that associated with the famous name of Dow—I have seen a single vat holding 244 pipes of 118 gallons each, equivalent to one million and a half glasses of the ruby liquor. Over four hundred thousand gallons are produced annually by this one firm alone, and the wine may be seen running literally in a gushing stream from the press to a mammoth vat.

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Twentieth-century development of Portugal, where the tourist is concerned, will largely centre in the exploitation of Algarve, the southern province which borders on the Atlantic's approach to the Mediterranean. On the beautiful bay of Lagos, whence da Gama set sail for India, a modern hotel is to be raised, and other schemes are afoot which deserve encouragement and success. The climate is far superior to that of the French Riviera, and generations must elapse before the picturesque and fertile coast could possibly become spoiled. Meanwhile let me say that even now there is comfortable hotel accommodation to be had at Praia da Rocha and Faro, and those who wish to enjoy "Côte d'Azur" conditions on simple lines, far from the madding crowd of gambling plutocrats of all nations, may reasonably set off for the Algarve littoral "right now."

One word as to motoring in Portugal. I did a great deal of road-travelling by car, and in many places found it indispensable; but, much as I should like to say otherwise, I cannot recommend the motoring tourist to take his own vehicle so far afield. The roads, like the curate's egg of the story, are "good in parts"; but through travelling by road is not to be lightly undertaken, especially as the country would have to be approached through Spain unless the car were shipped from England by sea. There are garages, nevertheless, in the chief towns, and I would advise the hiring of cars for intermediate journeyings after suitable inquiries on the spot as to the available possibilities.

The tourist who sees Portugal by ordinary means need have no fear as to his comfort at hotels, or the welcome he will receive if he speaks the English tongue. If he finds himself in any difficulty in the streets, however, and knows nothing of the language of the country, the best tip I can offer is: "Do not try English or French on an adult, but lay hold of the nearest schoolboy." English is understood by the rising generation to a surprising degree, and probably there are more Portuguese youngsters who could go through all three verses of the English national anthem than could be found in England itself.

As for the learning of Portuguese, the pronunciation is everything; and let not the tourist ask when the boat will arrive at Leixöes—the port for Oporto—with any phonetic approach to its spelling. The actual pronunciation is "Leshoines," or sometimes "Leshines"!

The Dom Pedro Square, Lisbon.

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THE CASE OF PARAMORE

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

FOR the sake of moral values I ought to wish, I suppose, that Paramore had been a more conspicuous figure. There is moral significance in the true tale of Paramore—the tale which has been left to me in trust by Hoyting. I cursed Hoyting when he did it; for Paramore's reputation was nothing to me, and what Paramore knew or didn't know was in my eyes unspeakably unimportant. I wish it clearly understood, you see, that if Paramore deliberately confused exogamy and endogamy in the Australian bush, it doesn't in the least matter to me. Paramore is only a symbol. As a symbol I am compelled to feel him important. That is why I wish that his name were ringing in the ears and vibrating on the lips of all of you. His bad anthropology doesn't matter—a dozen big people are delightedly setting that straight—but the adventure of his soul immensely does. Rightly read, it's as sound as a homily and as dramatic as Euripides. The commonest field may be chosen by the opposing generals to be decisive; and in a day history is born where before only the quiet wheat has sprung. Paramore is like that. The hostile forces converged by chance upon his breast.

I have implied that Paramore was never conspicuous. That is to be more merciful than just. The general public cares no more, I suppose, than I do about the marriage customs of Australian aborigines. But nowadays the general public has in pay, as it were, an army of scientists in every field. We all expect to be told in our daily papers of their most important victories, and have a comfortable feeling that we, as the age, are subsidizing research. By the same token, if they deceive us, we—the age—are personally injured and fall to "muckraking." It is typical that no one had been much interested in Paramore until he was discredited, and that then, quite without intelligible documents, we all began to despise him. The situation, for that matter, was not without elements of humor. The facts as I and the general public knew them were these—before Hoyting, with his damnable inside information, came into it.

Paramore sprang one day full-armed from some special academic obscurity. He had scraped together enough money to bury himself in the Australian bush and grapple face to face with primitive religion in its most concrete form. Each to his taste; and I dare say some casual newspaper readers wished him godspeed. There followed the proper interval of time; then an emaciated Paramore suddenly emerging, laden with note-books; then the published volume, very striking and revolutionary, a treasure-house of authentic and indecent anecdote. He could write, too, which was part of his evil fate; so that a great many people read him. That, however, was not Paramore's fault. His heart, I believe, was in Great Russell Street, where the Royal Anthropologists have power to accept or reject. He probably wanted the alphabet picturesquely arranged after his name. At all events, he got it in large measure. You see, his evidence completely upset a lot of hard-won theories about mother-right and group marriage; and he didn't hesitate to contradict the very greatest. He actually made a few people speak lightly of "The Golden Bough." No scientist had ever spent so long at primitive man's very hearth as Paramore had. It was a tremendous achievement. He had data that must have been more dangerous to collect than the official conversation of nihilists. It was his daring that won him the momentary admiration of the public to whom exogamy is a ludicrously unimportant noun. Very soon, of course, every one forgot.

It was not more than two years after his book was printed that the newspapers took him up again. Most of them appended to the despatch a brief biography of Paramore. No biographies were needed

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in Great Russell Street. This was the point where the comic spirit decided to meddle. A few Germans had always been protesting at inconsistencies in Paramore's book, and no one had paid any attention to them. There is always a learned German protesting somewhere. The general attitude among the great was: any one may challenge or improve Paramore's conclusions—in fact it's going to be our delightful task for ten years to get more out of Paramore than he can get out of himself—but do get down on your knees before the immense amount of material he has taken the almost fatal trouble to collect for us. No other European was in a position to discredit Paramore. It took an Australian planter to do that. Whitaker was his quite accidentally notorious name. The comic spirit pushed him on a North German Lloyder at Melbourne to spend a few happy months in London. It was perfectly natural that people who talked to him at all should mention Paramore. The unnatural thing was that he knew all about Paramore. He didn't tell all he knew—as I learned afterward—but he knew at least enough to prove that Paramore hadn't spent so much of his time in the bush as would have been absolutely necessary to compile one-quarter of these note-books. Whitaker was sufficiently reticent about what Paramore had been doing most of the time; but he knew for a fact, and took a sporting interest in proving it, that Paramore had never been west of the Musgrave Range. That in itself sufficed to ruin Paramore. It was perfectly easy then for the little chorus from Bonn, Heidelberg, etc., to prove in their meticulous way that both his cribbing and lying (his whole treatment of Spencer and Gillen was positively artistic) had all been mere dust-throwing. Of course what Paramore really had achieved ceased from that moment to count. He had blasphemed; and the holy inquisition of science would do the rest. It all took a certain amount of time, but that was the net result.

Paramore made no defence, oddly enough. Some kind people arranged an accidental encounter between him and Whitaker. The comic spirit was hostess, and the newspapers described it. It gave the cartoonists a happy week. Then an international complication intervened, and the next thing the newspapers found time to say about him was that he had gone to the Upper Niger, still on folk-lore bent. That fact would have been stupendous if it hadn't been so unimportant. Two years later the fickle press returned to him just long enough to say that he had died. I certainly thought then that we had heard the last of him. But the comic spirit had laid her inexorable finger on Hoyting. And suddenly, as if in retribution for my spasmodic interest in Paramore's beautiful fraud, Hoyting sent for me.

I went to one of the rue de Rivoli hotels and met him by appointment. Of course he hadn't told me what it was about. Hoyting never writes; and he puts as little into a telegram as a frugal old maid. Any sign from Hoyting, however, would have sufficed to bring me to Paris; and I stayed in my hotel, never budging even for the Salon so close at hand, until Hoyting appeared in my sitting-room.

I asked Hoyting no questions. I hadn't an idea of what he wanted. It might, given Hoyting, be anything. He began without preliminaries—except looking frightfully tired. That, for Hoyting, was a rather appalling preliminary.

"Three months ago I was in Dakar. I don't know just why I had drifted to Sénégal, except that I've come to feel that if there must be colonial governments they had better be French. If there was any special thing that pushed me, I've forgotten it.

"They were decentish people, those French officers and their wives. A little stiff always, never expatriated, never quite at ease in their African inn, but not half so likely to go *fantee* as the romantic Briton. And once a fortnight the little boats from Bordeaux would come in bringing more of them. I rather liked them; but even so, there wasn't any particular reason for my staying on so long in Dakar. I hung on like an alarm that has been set. I couldn't go off—or on—until the moment I was set for. I don't suppose the alarm-clock knows until the vibration begins within it. Something kept me there in that dull, glaring, little official town, with its dry dock and torpedo-basin, which, of course, they had managed to endow with the flavor of pro-

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vincial France. They do that everywhere —you'll have noticed?

"I used to go up sometimes in the comparative cool of the evening to dine with the fathers. It isn't that I hold with them much—Rome was introduced to me in my childhood as the Scarlet Woman—but all travellers have the same tale to tell. They are incomparable missionaries. And it stands to reason that they can get on better with savages than the rest of you. You can meet magic only with magic. . . . It was they who introduced me to Paramore."

"Oh, it's Paramore!" I exclaimed. "Heaven forgive you, Hoyting, you are always in at the death. How do you manage it? But fancy being in at Paramore's! By the way, I suppose you know that no one knows anything except that he's dead."

"Umph! Well, I do," returned Hoyting. "That's what I was set for—like the clock: to turn up at the Mission House just when he was brought in there with fever. I don't go hunting for things like that, you understand. I'd as soon have thought of staying on for Madame Pothier's *beaux yeux*."

"I didn't know you knew whether eyes were fine or not."

"I suppose I don't. But I can guess. There are always other people to tell you. Anyhow, her fine eyes were all for *le bon Dieu* and Pothier. She was a good sort—married out of a little provincial convent school to a man twice her age, and taking ship within a month for Sénégal. She loved him—for his scars, probably, Desdemona-fashion. Have you ever noticed that a woman often likes a man better for a crooked white seam across his face that spoils all the modelling? Naïve notions women have about war! They tiptoe round the carnage, making eyes at the slayers. Oh, in imagination, of course. And if they once appreciate how they really feel about it, they begin to gabble about disarmament."

Hoyting fingered the dingy little packet that he had taken out of his pocket and laid on my table. He looked far away out of the window for a moment, narrowing his eyes as if trying to focus them on another hemisphere.

"So he was taken to the Pothiers'."

"You're leaving out a lot," I interrupted. "Why 'so,' and why to the Pothiers'? You said to the mission."

"Oh"—his brows knitted. He didn't like filling up his own gaps. The things Hoyting takes it for granted one will know about his exotic context! "The mission was full of patients—an epidemic had been running through the converts, and it was up to them to prove that the sacrament of baptism wasn't some deadly process of inoculation. As I say, it's all magic, white or black. Poor Paramore wasn't a convert—he was by way of being an agnostic, I imagine—and the fathers weren't, in a sense, responsible for him. Yet one must do them the justice to say that they'd never have sent him away if they hadn't had a better place to send him to. The mission was no place at the moment for a man with fever—sweating infection as it was, and full of frightened patients who were hiding *gri-gris* under their armpits and looking more than askance at the crucifixes over the doors. The Pothiers had known Paramore two years before, when he had stopped in Dakar on his way into the interior. They took him in quite naturally and simply. Paramore had noticed her fine eyes, I believe—oh, in all honor and loyalty. There were lots of ways in which he wasn't a rotter. He was merely the finest liar in the world—and a bit of a Puritan to boot.

"Is there any combination life hasn't exhausted, I wonder?" Hoyting walked to the window, his hands in his pockets, looking down at the eternal race of the taxicabs below. "Think of what may be going by in any one of those taxis. And Paramore *was* a bit of a Puritan, for all his years of fake anthropology."

His face was heavily weary as presently he turned it to me.

"I was involved in Paramore's case. I've been to the bottom of this thing, I tell you. Paramore overflowed—emptied himself like a well; and at the end there was absolutely nothing left in his mind; it was void up to the black brim. Then he died—quite vacuous. He had simply poured out his inner life around me. I was left alone in Dakar swimming in the infernal pool of Paramore's cerebrations. You can't, on the banks of the Sénégal,

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refer a man to his solicitors. If Paramore had been a Catholic, I could have turned his case over to the bishop. But bishops had nothing to do with Paramore. And that's where you come in."

"Oh, I come in, do I?" I asked a little fearfully. No one wants to come in where Hoyting leaves off.

"Of course. Why else did I make an appointment with you? You'll take this packet when you leave. You don't suppose I'm going to London!"

"I didn't know Paramore."

"No; but I did. And when I've told you, you'll see. I don't take a trip like this for nothing. I hate the very smell of the asphalt."

"Go on." It's what one always says to Hoyting.

"I can't tell it coherently—though I can tell it, I suppose, more coherently than he did. In the first place, what do you know about him?"

The question sent a flood of dingy reminiscence welling slowly and muddily up through my consciousness. I thought for a moment. What, after all, was there to tell about Paramore except that he had lied, and that in the end he had been discredited as lavishly as for a time he had been believed? For any one else I might have made a sprightly little story out of the elliptical narrative of the newspapers; but no one that I know of has ever tried to be a *raconteur* for Hoyting. He has use only for the raw material; art disgusts him. I gave him as rapid a *précis* as I could, suppressing all instinct to embroider it.

When I had finished: "He's completely discredited, then?"

I waved my hands. "My dear Hoyting, no one would take Paramore's word about the manners and customs of his own household."

"It's a pity," said Hoyting simply. "It makes it harder for you."

"I've nothing to do with Paramore. If there's one thing that interests me less than his disaster, it's his rehabilitation." I didn't mean to be flippant, but Hoyting's ominousness invited it.

"Oh, rehabilitation—no, I dare say between us we couldn't manage that. I merely want to get the truth off my hands."

Hoyting lighted another cigarette. The atmosphere of my room was already densely blue, and I opened the window. His hand shot up. "Shut that, please. I can't be interrupted by all those savage noises. God! for a breath of sea air!"

I sat down and faced him. After all, the man has never lived who could stage-manage Hoyting.

"Did you ever meet the Australian?" he asked.

"Whitaker? No."

"A pretty bad lot, I gather."

"Do you mean that he lied?"

"Oh, no. From what Paramore said, I should think that was just the one thing he didn't do."

Hoyting dropped his chin on his breast and narrowed his eyes. Then he shook his head very slowly. "At my time of life it's silly to be always saying how strange things are, and how clever life is, and all that literary nonsense; but, on my word, if ever a scene was arranged to make a man a protagonist in spite of himself this was it. Every element in that Dakar situation was contrived to bring Paramore out. He had fever and the prescience of death—which is often mistaken, but works just as well notwithstanding; he had performed his extraordinary task; he was in love with Madame Pothier. The cup was spilling over, and I was there to wipe up the overflow."

Hoyting was silent for a moment. Then he spoke irritably.

"I don't know where to begin. There isn't any beginning to this story. It hasn't any climax—or else it's all climax. It's just a mess. Well, I shall have to begin, I suppose, if Paramore didn't. Perhaps the first thing was his sitting up in bed one morning and peering out at me through his mosquito-netting. It gave him a queer, caged look. His voice went with it—that cracked and throaty voice they have, you know. 'Do you know Whitaker?' he asked.

"'No, indeed,' I said. 'You'd better lie down.'

"If you could have seen him then, you'd have felt, as I did, that he'd better not talk: that he wouldn't say anything one wanted to hear.

"'It was Whitaker that finished me.' Still he peered out at me.

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"'You're not finished.' I remember lying quite peevishly about it. He so obviously *was* finished.

"'Yes, I am. And Whitaker did it. Oh, I mean I really did it.'

"I give you my word that he was startling, with that unnatural voice, that cunning look in his eyes the sick often get, and those little white cross-bars pressed against his face.

"'Lie down,' I said again. 'What did Whitaker do?'

"He shook his head a little, and the netting moved on his face. It was horrid.

"'He told them I couldn't have done the stuff I'd brought back.'

"'Did he know?'

"'He didn't know anything about folklore, but he did know where I'd been.'

"He spoke so impersonally that it led me on to ask questions. After all, I had told Madame Pothier I would stay with him through the morning, and I had to make the time to go somehow for both of us. It was remittent fever without the chills, and there were fairish mornings at first. The afternoons and nights, when the malady rose like a wave and broke horribly after midnight—oh, those were bad. Madame Pothier and the regimental doctor took care of those. It looked fairly hopeful when he arrived, but finally all the worst symptoms came out, and before the end it was very bad. It was one of those cases that might, at the last, be yellow fever and just technically isn't. Poor Paramore! Did I say that his face looked as old as all time under that shock of sun-bleached hair? It did.

"That questioning was the first of it. It fixed the name of Whitaker in my mind. I thought I'd find out something about him. You never can tell what will comfort a man in that state. But the Pothiers had never heard of him, or the fathers at the mission. I only mention those first remarks of Paramore's to show you how I came into it. I had never heard of Paramore himself until that time in Dakar. I never read newspapers. All those good people said Paramore was a 'grand savant,' but they seemed a little vague themselves. The only person who wasn't vague was a lean old parchment-colored father who was waiting for the next boat to take him home. He had been twenty years in the interior, and he was worn out—all except his voice, which was startlingly deep. He said no one could afford to study fetich but a priest. Père Bernard had no respect for anthropologists—thought they took a collector's interest in preserving various primeval forms of sin, I suppose. I didn't care for his mediæval manners, and I went back to Paramore with more sympathy. What a world! I always wondered if Paramore had sometime, somewhere at the back of beyond, got him on the raw. Well, we shall never know. And yet I dare say the reverend old gentleman is here in Paris at this very moment. What a world! Nothing in it, according to Père Bernard, that isn't magic—either white or black.

"I can't tell you by what steps Paramore led me to his tragedy. I don't remember those days separately at all. They went in jagged ups and downs—times when he talked, times when he was dumb, times when he might be said to rave. Then, too, he brought things out in no order at all. It was as if he lay in a world beyond perspective and expected you to sit outside of space and time too, and see it all whole, as he did. That was unpleasant at times—he had so the manner of being dead and seeing his life from so far off that one thing in it was as near and as real as another. There was absolutely no selection. It was only by recurrence of certain things that you got any stress. And out of it all I managed to get the three main facts: the Royal Anthropological Institute, Whitaker, and the soul of Paramore. Madame Pothier was a close fourth, but she was only an accessory after the fact. That I swear. You believe it?"

I jerked my head up. "Good heavens, Hoyting, how do I know? You haven't told me anything yet."

He rubbed his hands over his brows and frowned with closed eyes. "No. I beg your pardon. But, as I say, I see the thing whole. It's hard to tell. It never was told to me. . . . And I didn't want you to think it was one of those silly tales of a man's turning hero because he's in love with a woman. If Paramore had asked me to tell Madame Pothier the story I'm telling you, I'd have turned on my heel and left him, if he'd been at the death-gasp. I swear I would."

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Hoyting lighted another cigarette—the world's supply must be inexhaustible!—and seemed to brace his huge body for concentrated effort.

"Well, here it is. Paramore had one passion in life; one double-distilled, quintessentially pure passion. And that passion was anthropology. There never was a stiffer, straighter, more Puritanical devotion to an idea than his. Get that into your head first, if you want to understand."

I could be forgiven, it strikes me, for being sceptical, in the light of that neat *précis* I had compiled from the newspapers. "Oh, come, Hoyting," I said, "science doesn't recruit from liars—not even when they've got Paramore's deuced cheek. You are upset."

One look at Hoyting's gigantic lassitude put me in the wrong. It would take more than Paramore to upset Hoyting. He was perfectly firm, though very much bored. Imagine neurasthenia and Hoyting bunking together! One can't. Hoyting smiled.

"No, it's not nerves. Only you people who want everything all of a piece—you irritate me. The point about Paramore is that he combined contradictions. He was magnificently human. And as I am in possession of facts, I ask you to suspend your silly judgment until I've done. If you know anything about me, you know that I don't go in for theories."

I was silent.

"It was the only thing he cared about, I tell you. Nature implants something in every man that kills him in the end. Paramore wanted recognition from a very small, almost undiscernible, group of people whom neither you nor I nor any one else gives a damn for—a few old gentlemen in frock coats and gold eye-glasses who raise their poor, thin old eyebrows over the sins of Paris, but feel a tremulous pleasure in the nastiness of Melanesia. Why did he? Just because he believed they are a sacred sect. He honestly believed that anthropology was important. He thought it was big and real and vital and solemn. He had supreme respect for facts. He put every penny he had or ever hoped to have into going out to acquire them in the bush. The bush isn't nice. The climate distressed him, the natives shocked him, the solitudes terrified him. Why did he go? Because he held, quite austerely, the scientific attitude toward data, evidence, material. Those old gentlemen needed more facts to feed their theories with. And Paramore was the boy to get them. When there's neither health nor wealth nor pleasure to be got from doing a thing, a man doesn't do it except for an idea."

"Fame?" I suggested.

"Fame? Well, even if Paramore had told the truth, he wouldn't have had any fame that you'd notice. It was just a pathetic belief in the sanctity of those few old gentlemen who potter round among unclean visions of primitive man. They can't, in the nature of the case, be very numerous. If you want fame, you go for the crowd. He could have done a little fancy exploring, if he'd wanted fame. No! Paramore had the superstition."

"What really happened in Australia?"

"The only interesting thing happened inside Paramore. He decided to lie."

"He must have been a bit of a coward. If he wanted so desperately to collect those filthy facts, why didn't he collect them?"

"Bad luck—nothing else. He went as far as he could. But he was no seasoned traveller, you know. He just came to grief, as any man might, there in the wilderness. The stars in their courses—and so forth. He didn't get so far west as he had meant to. Men went back on him, maps turned out incorrect, supplies failed awkwardly, everything happened that can happen. Then his interpreter died—his one absolutely trustworthy man—and the whole game was up. He lost his head, he believed his eyes, he believed lying natives. They made game of him, I dare say, in some grim neolithic way. They said anything and everything about marriage customs—quite different things from group to group. He had bad luck with his own men—half a dozen of them died of dysentery or something—and he had to recruit on the spot. Why on earth should they tell him the truth? It was more fun not to. And of course now and then he pushed into some corner where the only use they had for him was to eat him. From those places he had to withdraw speedily. It's not an anthropologist's business to get killed unless he

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can be sure of getting his note-books home. He's more like a spy, apparently, than a soldier.

"After eight or ten beastly months, despair was reeking round him like a mist. I think he said that, himself. His mind tried to peer out through it. He got nothing but a jumble of reports from those aborigines. Time after time they'd promise to let him in on some rite, and then their faces would be shamelessly blank when he kept his appointment. They said nothing that wasn't carefully contradicted. Certain things he did get hold of, of course. Paramore swore to me that a good bit of his book was true as truth—but not enough to prove anything, to found theories on. About three of the note-books were genuine, but they made nothing coherent, he said. He put everything down, always intending to check and sift later."

I may have looked a little bored, for Hoyting suddenly interrupted his narrative. "I'm telling you all this," he said, "because it's essential that you should know everything you can know about it. The thing's going to be in your hands, and the more information you have the better. I'm not dragging you through this biography because I think it's beautiful. I can see you loathe it all. Well . . . if only you stay-at-home people would realize how much luck counts! You don't dream of the mad dance of incalculable forces. What you really hate Paramore for is his having luck against him."

"No," I protested stiffly; "for lying."

"If he had had luck he wouldn't have lied. He would have been prettier if he had been incapable of lying, but if he hadn't needed to lie you never would have known that he wasn't as pretty as any one else. You're quite right, of course. I'm not asking you to love Paramore, but I advise you to understand him as well as you can. You'll find the whole business easier."

"Say what you have made up your mind to say." I couldn't, at the moment, go further than that.

Hoyting swung back, as if there had been no interruption, as if I had been pleading with him not to stop.

"One day, when the despair was thickest, he had an idea. He may have been a little off his head, you know. . . . He wouldn't confess his failure at all. He would let his imagination play over those note-books; he would supply from his generous brain everything that was needed. A good deal of it was new country, quite aboriginal and nasty, and his learning was sufficient to warn him off ground that had been authentically covered. It was also sufficient to keep him magnificently plausible. He would take his meagre gleanings to some secluded spot, and he would return to England with the completed sheaf. He would squeeze the last drop of significance out of every detail he had learned; and if he were put to it he would invent. 'No, not invent, exactly,' he corrected himself when he told me. 'I would draw conclusions and parallels; I would state probabilities as facts, and I would put in some—a very few—of the things I suspected but had no proof of. And then I would contradict a few things.'

"Those were his words, describing that ancient intention of his. 'My pen got away with me,' he confessed; 'and the lust of making a beautiful book. There were things that occurred to me—I put them in. Any one who knows any folklore can make up customs with his eyes shut. After a little you get to feel that if the beastly creatures didn't do it that way they must be awful fools. And then you get to believe that they did. But I marked everything on the margin of my own manuscript as I wrote it, true or not true, inferred or just invented. That was later—much later—at Whitaker's place.'

"I give you some of his words that I remember, you see. I don't remember much. But that was the gist of his great confession. He had the idea—his one way to snap his fingers at luck. Until he got into the work he didn't know how his idea would dominate him. He first had the notion of putting just enough alloy into his work to give it body. In the end his idea rode him—and damned him. I'm leaving out a lot, but you can work that out for yourself—how his inspiration would have come, and what would have happened."

"But what about his scientific passion? That has nothing to do with the 'lust of making a beautiful book'—quite the contrary."

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"Wait till I've finished. Now comes Eve. *Place aux dames!* . . .

"Before he had struck out into the fatal west for himself he had stopped with a planter. The planter's name, of course, was Whitaker. There was a man who had isolated himself and worked like a navvy, and made good. His history, I suppose, was much like all other local histories. His place, on one of the rivers that flow into Lake Eyre, was a kind of outpost. He was very glad to let Paramore sit on his veranda and talk to him in the evenings. Paramore must have been there six weeks before he finally started on his expedition—if you can call an unsuccessful, hand-made thing that leaked at every pore, an expedition. The daughter, Joan Whitaker, was back from school in Melbourne. There was a fiancé of sorts about the place. I don't remember much about him, least of all his name. He was approved by Whitaker. Paramore seems not to have noticed the girl—rather deliberately not to have noticed her, she being another man's property. So Whitaker had no objection to prolonging Paramore's stay. Paramore talked, I feel convinced, as well as he wrote. I saw of him only dregs and delirium, but I made that out. The love-affair went on all over the plantation, while Whitaker and Paramore sat on the veranda and constituted society. They got on well enough, apparently. Paramore certainly liked Joan Whitaker, but he kept out of the way of the fortunate affair. Remember that: there's no reason to doubt his word. All came out, bit by bit, in troubled references—mixed up with his symptoms and medicines, and the ebb and flow of the fever.

"But out in the bush, later, the memory of her had grown upon him; I suppose, simply because, though so far away, she was the nearest feminine thing. At the heart of all that despair over the frustrated research was an irrelevant sentimental regret that he shouldn't be able to make love to her if he ever saw her again. In her flittings about she had pricked his imagination once or twice—this bright creature that flitted at another man's behest. You can see how it might be; and Paramore up to that time had been heart-whole. Moreover, his exploration was shocking and disgusting to him, as I've said—it was aimless nastiness without even the grace of bolstering up a theory. He didn't love the work for itself, remember; only for its results and what he believed its sacred importance. He hated the technique of it. And Joan Whitaker was as different as a Melbourne schooling, and a fair complexion, and the awkwardness of innocence, could make her. She was all the things those unsatisfactory aborigines weren't. I don't think it went deeper than that. She merely served the moment. Any other girl would have done as well. Or at least that's my notion.

"Well—you can see the rest from here. He went back with his big, insane idea, leaving despair farther behind him at every step. He struck straight back again to Whitaker's place, and after nuisances and delays and impossible absurd misadventures, he got there. All the time he carried his idea carefully intact, like a cup filled with precious liquid. He was most anxious to get to some place where he could sit down with pens and ink. He didn't doubt Whitaker would take him in. Everything was to be completed before he sailed for England. The story would have been very different, I'm inclined to think, and Paramore might have been living to this day, if the fiancé hadn't turned out a bad lot and been shipped—or if Paramore himself hadn't been a bit of a Puritan.

"He found Whitaker very much surprised to see him back so long before the date he had set, but only too glad to have him stay; and he also found the girl, no longer flitting about, but brooding on the bough. The rest was inevitable. . . .

"Paramore got to work at once—making love to Joan Whitaker in the intervals, almost from the beginning. Then—mark the nature of the man—he found that the two things he was doing were incompatible. There's no telling whether Joan Whitaker would have objected to his idea, but he seems to have been sure that she would, if she knew. His idea rode him—the idea of getting the better of his bad luck. He didn't want to cheat his fellow scientists who had done him no harm; but he did want to cheat his mean destiny. He personified it like an enemy, I fancy. It must have been an obsession with him.

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Day by day, he saw better what the book —his revenge—was becoming; and in the end there was no mistaking it for a monstrous, magnificent lie, out of all proportion to what he had first intended. Some men might have managed even so—the men who keep life in water-tight compartments. Not Paramore. He didn't see his way to offering Joan Whitaker a liar for a husband. It apparently never occurred to him to put the case before her. There are very few cases you *can* put to a girl of eighteen. And, as I've said, his feeling for her was all reverence and illusion and reversion to type. Any nice-ish girl would have done the trick for him; and any man would have looked eligible to her smarting conceit. But it was no marriage of true minds—just an affair of circumstance and of innocent senses, riotously collaborating. Madame Pothier—a finished creature—would have been a very different matter. But he had never seen her then. . . .

"Oh, well; you see how it went. He was virtually staking everything on that book, which was virtually writing itself, 'like a damned Planchette,' he told me. But he couldn't let her stake anything on it; he couldn't even ask her to. Moreover, it was one of those inconvenient situations where no explanation except the right one is of the slightest use. So he packed up his manuscript and left for some address, that he didn't give, in New South Wales."

"Like that?" I asked. The sudden turns of the thing were beginning to interest me, in spite of my Pharisaism.

"Oh, there were alarums and excursions, of course. But I had to guess them myself. Paramore's mind had other things to dwell on. You can see it all, though: the girl, who had thought he was drifting toward a proposal; the man, Whitaker, who wanted his daughter settled and happy, and thought Paramore would do —oh, a lot of primitive instincts that we don't recognize until they're baffled. Paramore, behaving as well as he knew how, granted his obsession, and they choosing to consider him a blackguard. Nothing violent happened, apparently, but you can understand the zest with which Whitaker probably spoke in London. There was black hate in his truth-telling. I fancy what Paramore had done wouldn't in the least have shocked Whitaker if it had been done by his son-in-law. He didn't mention the girl in that famous interview, and Paramore never knew what had become of her. I don't think he cared. He never saw Whitaker again."

Hoyting rose and walked to the window. The gray eyes looked curiously down on the rue de Rivoli, as if for charity he had taken a box at a pageant that bored him.

"This isn't in my line, you know," he said finally, turning back—"any of it. Paramore reeked of civilization—Great Russell Street, if you like. Hang civilization! Yet he went down with fever like a sick Kruboy. Well; I must get on with this. I wouldn't stop in Paris another night for anything you could offer me."

He sat down, his big frame shaking the little gilded armchair. But he seemed loath to begin. His gray eyes were closed.

"How did he get to Dakar?"

Hoyting's eyes were still closed as he answered: "That was Paramore trying to wash himself white again. He was discredited, deservedly. He had lied, deliberately and rather long-windedly. No loophole anywhere for excuse. Paramore himself was the last man to find any excuse for it. He never carried a Devil's Advocate about with him. Doubtless at home his own conscience had returned to him, in place of the changeling conscience that had dwelt with him in the wilderness. He knew his reputation was dead and buried with a stake through its heart. But he set himself to atone. Some men, feeling as he did, would have shaved their heads and put on a hair shirt. Not Paramore—though he would have saved me a lot of nuisance if he had. No; he wanted to retrieve himself in kind, as you might say. He would spend his life and his few crumbling bits of fortune in *doing* the thing he had pretended to do. He would go to an utterly new field and stay till he'd amassed a treasure—priceless authentic facts, each an unflawed pearl. That's why he went to the Upper Niger—and here is his treasure."

Hoyting opened his eyes suddenly, bent forward, and tossed the packet across to me.

"There you have it all. He went, he

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did the incredible thing, and then, quite properly, he died. The rest—the rest is mere drama." He sat back.

I put the packet down. "Do you mean that these are his documents, and that you believe in them? Have you read them?"

"Have I read them? Do I look as if I would read an anthropologist's notebooks? Of course I can see the humor of throwing over Christianity, lock, stock, and barrel, only to spend your life studying Totemism—and on top of that, calling it a 'career.' If you think the absurdity of it is lost on me, you're quite mistaken. But I would be willing to take my oath before the Last Tribunal that there isn't a false word in that whole pile. Paramore did it—the more honor to him. When it comes to expecting any one else to believe it—I'm not such a fool. But I should think my word might suffice for you."

I shrugged my shoulders.

Hoyting lighted another cigarette, folded his arms on the table, and looked at me. "I knew everything there was to know about Paramore before he died," he affirmed. "I didn't in the least want to know any of it, but it was inevitable. He had no control over his mental muscles—complete paralysis of the reticent nerve, you might say. I know, I tell you. If you don't choose to believe it—you'll have doubted my word, that's all. I have all the evidence there is; and why should I lie about it?"

"Oh, I believe it—but it's extraordinary."

"Should I be here if it weren't extraordinary? It's preposterous. But there it is."

"And the rest, you said, was drama?"

Hoyting looked out. "Let's go to a café," he said; "I want a rest."

I assented. There is something in the transitoriness of a café crowd that quiets Hoyting. No one can be expected to stay over night in a café. He likes the restlessness, the ridiculous suggestion that every one else may be as foot-loose as he. Besides, Hoyting is always restive under the strain of a story; he chafes at the bounds and limits of any rounded episode. He needs to draw breath and come back to it, as it were, from very far. So we ordered things; sitting on the very edge of the boulevard, we sipped and watched for an hour. In the end I saw signs of his return to the matter in hand.

"Beauty," he began suddenly, pushing his glass aside—"it's something I never see. But now and then a man or a woman delights me curiously. Madame Pothier was like that. She showed you what civilization of the older sort can do when it likes. And Paramore saw it, too. He was clean gone on her. He would have told her everything if he had had any right to. I said it wasn't a silly tale of woman's ennobling influence, didn't I? No more it was. Yet he saw her as soon as he reached Africa, and I am sure he carried her image into the interior with him—as he once did Joan Whitaker's, only with an immense difference, after all. This time he brought back truth instead of lies. So at least it couldn't have been a bad image to live with.

"I got all this that I've been telling you in bits and snatches, while I sat with him. The fever didn't seem so bad at first—the doctor thought we could pull him through. You absolutely never know. I never thought he would pull through. Those very first questions of his, when he sat peering out at me through the mosquito-netting of his bed, didn't seem to come from a man who had life before him. And when I had got those early details out of him, I somehow felt sure he'd go. I'm no pessimist; but I didn't see life giving him a second chance. It was too much to hope that life would let him make good after all. And yet—he so nearly did. Damn fever! . . .

"Madame Pothier did everything she could. She was a good sort. I've always wondered, as much as it is permitted to wonder, whether she felt anything for Paramore. If she did, I am sure that she never knew it. There are women like that, you know. I don't mean the women who gaze out of cold, sexless depths at the fires burning above, and wonder pruriently why the fires burn. She wasn't that kind. I mean the women who, when they become wives, remain women only for their husbands. I don't believe it would ever have occurred to her that any man save Marcel Pothier could look upon her with romantic interest. I don't pretend

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to understand the phenomenon, but I know that it exists. A woman like that simply assumes that she is no longer a wandering lure constantly crossing the path of the male. She thinks all men's eyes are veiled because hers are. A very pretty, pathetic ostrich-trick. Sometimes it doesn't work, but astonishingly often it does. With Paramore it did. All I mean is that she hadn't dreamed Paramore worshipped her. She remembered him as a friend they had made two years before, and of course he was to come to them out of that pitiful Mission Hospital. No one in Dakar knew anything about Paramore's fiasco. He wasn't precisely famous, you see. Dakar was perfectly provincial. And Paramore was hoping, I dare say, that he could stave off the tale of his lie until he could lay before her the news of his atonement as well. The hardest thing he had to bear, probably, was dying and leaving his story to the telling of chance tongues, not knowing in what form it would eventually come to her. That, I am convinced, is why he told me so much —let his parched lips articulate those memories for me. But not once did he break down and ask me to tell her. Oh, I've good reason for respecting Paramore —a second-rate respect it must always be, I dare say, granted that extraordinary crumpling-up in Australia. But he never crumpled up again.

"For a day or two he hung in the balance. Then, after one exceedingly bad night, which left Madame Pothier blue under her fine eyes and white round her carved lips, he had his last coherent hours on earth. . . .

"I shall never forget that morning. Pothier was away on duty. There were only the doctor, Madame Pothier, and I, and one or two frightened servants who wouldn't come near. They thought it was yellow fever. Old Séraphine, Madame Pothier's Auvergnat maid, hovered round in the corridors with a rosary. You could hear the click and shake of it in the still intervals. Once a 'Je vous salue, Marie, pleine de grâce,' cut across a delirious whispered oath. The pitiful part of it was that there was nothing to do. We just had to lift him through the agony and weakness as best we could until the coma should set in. There is nothing romantic about coast-fever. It attacks you in the most sordid ways—deprives you first of dignity and then of life. Yet poor Paramore's death-bed had a kind of nobility; perhaps because Madame Pothier was there. She was dressed in white and looked as wan and distant and compassionate as a nun. The straight black masses of her hair, arranged in an odd, angular way, looked like some kind of conventual cap. Paramore's eyes followed her about. . . .

"It was that morning he gave me the packet—told me where it was, made me get it out and take formal possession of it before him. Once, when the demon was leaving him a little quiet, he lifted his right hand. 'I swear by—by all that I hold sacred' (his eyes were fixed on her, though he was speaking to me) 'that I have told nothing there that is not true. All second-hand reports are in a note-book by themselves. It is labelled. Tell Beckwith especially about the Sabbath. Beckwith ought to follow it up. I sat in the hut by the sorcerer in his trance and waited for his spirit to come back. When he waked he said he had delivered my message. He had delivered it. Three days later the man I had sent for came running into the village. The sorcerer had told him, as he said he would, on the way to the Sabbath. I depose solemnly that the man came. His village was three days away. He had heard a voice at his door the night of the Sabbath; a voice that gave my message, that said it was in haste and could not stay. Very curious. Beckwith ought to know. It's all there; but tell him. Of course, I never could get anything out of the sorcerer about the Sabbath. But Beckwith might put it in a foot-note, if they won't print *me*.' Then the sordid agony again. . . . Madame Pothier and the doctor didn't understand English, by the way, and of course didn't, in any case, understand the situation. They hadn't listened to what I had listened to all those earlier days. So when the doctor told me fussily that Paramore oughtn't to talk and that death was only a few hours off, I paid no attention. Why shouldn't he talk if death was so near? The only thing I could do for Paramore was to let him talk when he had strength. I sat tight and listened."

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Hoyting stopped. The lights winked out along the boulevard. Night had fallen with capricious suddenness. I ordered more drinks quietly. Hoyting was breathing hard; tired out, and, as I thought, very weary of it all, longing to slip the leash and be off. The air was cool and soft, and the crowd was thinning a little. People were dining and making ready to "go on." I couldn't have stirred, but that worn packet suddenly felt very heavy in my pocket.

Hoyting began sipping vermouth again. Finally he spoke. "He didn't say a great deal more. The end was too near. But he spoke very clearly when he did speak; and whenever his eyes were open they were fixed on Madame Pothier. Toward the last he put out his hand to me. I was holding the note-books—I shouldn't have dared put them down so long as he was conscious. 'There is only one woman in the world,' he said; 'and she belongs to Pothier. Look at her.' I didn't look at her, and he went on: 'There may be other women alive, but I can't believe it. Do you believe it?'

"He wasn't wandering, you know. His mind had merely stripped his situation to its essentials; he was quite alone with the only facts that counted. He had summed life up, and didn't have to keep truce any longer with mortal perspectives. He drew the real things round him like a cloak. . . . Absurd to talk of inconsequence; there was no inconsequence.

"I bent over him. 'I'm not blind, Paramore.'

"'No, but I am; blessedly blind. . . . And some day she'll hate me, you think?'

"His lips were straining to ask me to see to it that she didn't, but he controlled them. That—as much as anything—is why I'm here with you now. It was more than decent of him; it was fine. But, by the same token that he couldn't ask, I couldn't promise—though I saw that another *crise* was near, and the doctor was crossing over to the bed.

"'I don't believe she ever will,' I said. 'There's so much she'll never know.'

"I was thinking of his forlorn and beautiful passion for her, which she would have hated him for, because she would always have been afraid it was somehow her fault. Not quite fair when you work it out, but those women are like that. I saw in a flash, though—he took his eyes off her and looked at me, just once—that he thought I meant his miserable discredited past. Then the doctor thrust me aside. The matter was never explained between us.

"There were only one or two more speeches of Paramore's to record. The monosyllables wrung out of his weakness didn't count—except, immensely, for pity. Very likely you know what the fatal fever symptoms are—ugly beyond compare. I won't go into that. We were all pretty nearly done by the time the blessed coma settled over him. He opened his eyes just once more, and fixed them on Madame Pothier, who stood at the foot of the bed. All his strength was in his poor eyes: his body was a corpse already. It was to me he spoke, but he looked at her until the lids fell. 'Damn Whitaker! He's a worm. But not such a worm as I.'

"A strange little blur came over his eyes. I turned my head for one instant. Madame Pothier, weeping, was holding up a crucifix. 'I don't believe God knows,' he said. The words came very slowly from far down in his throat. We heard the voice just once more. 'Madame!' Then the eyes shut, and the scheduled number of hours followed, during which he was completely unconscious, until he died officially."

Hoyting smoked quietly for a moment. Then he spoke hurriedly, as if he had to complete a report. "We buried him out there. The Pothiers were perfect. She was worn out by the strain of the illness and the nursing, but not more than any one would have been after any such experience. To the last I searched her face to see if she knew. It interested me curiously. I gave her a dozen chances to question me about Paramore. She behaved throughout as one who had no suspicion. She was polite about the note-books, and asked if they were to be edited, but she evidently didn't in the least understand what he'd been up to. He was a 'grand savant,' she was sure, though Père Bernard thought perhaps his powers could have been more fortunately employed. Of course, *ce pauvre monsieur* was not religious, which must be a great regret to his Catholic friends. She believed firmly, however, that the Divine Mercy was in-

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finite, and that there were more ways than one of making a good death. They were taking the liberty of having some masses said for his soul. Everything was said with the most perfect feeling, the utmost sincerity and gravity. What more *could* a blind woman have said? I haven't a shadow of doubt that, if ever the whole story were forced upon Thérèse Pothier, she would summon her intelligence gallantly, and understand it all. Only, what on the face of it was there for her to understand? . . . I rather wish she were dead."

"You wish—" I didn't follow him.

"I'd like to be sure that, since she'll never know the whole truth, she'll never know more than she knew in Dakar. I was sorry for Paramore. . . . He was tempted, and he fell, and he struggled up again and damned temptation to its face. Not a hero, oh no. But there is something exhilarating in seeing the elements of heroism assemble in a man who is supposed to be a putty of cowardice."

It was late, and though Hoyting had not yet informed me of what he intended me to do with the packet I suggested dining. We made our way to a very secluded and unfashionable restaurant, and ate, surrounded by French commercial types. Over our liqueurs, I asked him why he had given me the note-books.

"Why did you give me this stuff?"

Hoyting looked surprised. "I can't do anything with it. I don't know that sort of person. Can't you look up the man Beckwith? I never heard of him, but he ought to be easy to find. I could tell all this to you, but I couldn't go over to London and tell it to a court of inquiry. I don't hold you responsible in any way, of course, but something ought to be done. I'm taking the night express to Genoa."

"If you imagine I'm going to drop down from the blue on Sir James Beckwith—" I began.

Hoyting shrugged his shoulders. "You at least know who he is, apparently. That in itself is a sign."

"But no one will read the tragic stuff," I cried. "And yet you place Paramore's reputation in my hands. You *do* make me responsible."

Hoyting looked at me across the table, smiling faintly and shaking his head.

"Didn't I tell you that I don't believe we can rehabilitate him? But we owe it to him to put his papers in the right hands. Beckwith couldn't refuse to take them, at least. And then our duty would be done."

I took the "our" without flinching. The tale of Paramore had weighed on me. "I'll do it," I said at last—"but never again, Hoyting."

"Have I ever made such a request before?" he interrupted sharply.

"No, never."

"Then, in God's name, take it!" With his strong hand he made a gesture as if to sweep it all away from him. The liqueur glasses fell with a broken tinkle to the floor. Hoyting bit his lip. "I wouldn't have the things back in my fingers again for anything under heaven. Good-by."

I started to my feet, but he had reached the door. He had the luck to step into a taxi the next instant with an indescribable farewell gesture.

It was part of Paramore's persistent bad luck—the devil that pursued him was not put off by change of scene—that Sir James Beckwith died before I could make an appointment with him. From all I have heard of him, he certainly was the man to go to. Paramore's note-books were coldly accepted in the quarters to which I finally took them, and I have always suspected that if my mien had been less desperate they would have been politely handed back to me. No faintest echo of their reception has ever come to me, though I have, entirely on their account, subscribed to a dozen learned journals. I do not expect anything to happen, at this late date, in Paramore's favor.

There is little reason to believe that the packet Hoyting cherished will be piously guarded by the hands to which I committed it. And, even if it were, no minor corroborations drifting in after many years could ever reconstitute for Paramore such a fame as he once lost. When I think of the matter at all, it is, curiously enough, to echo Hoyting's wish that Madame Pothier would die. The best thing Paramore's restless ghost can hope for, it seems to me, is that she may never know the very little the public knows about him. Sometimes that silence seems to me more desirable for him than rehabilitation itself. But then, I have never been interested in anthropology.

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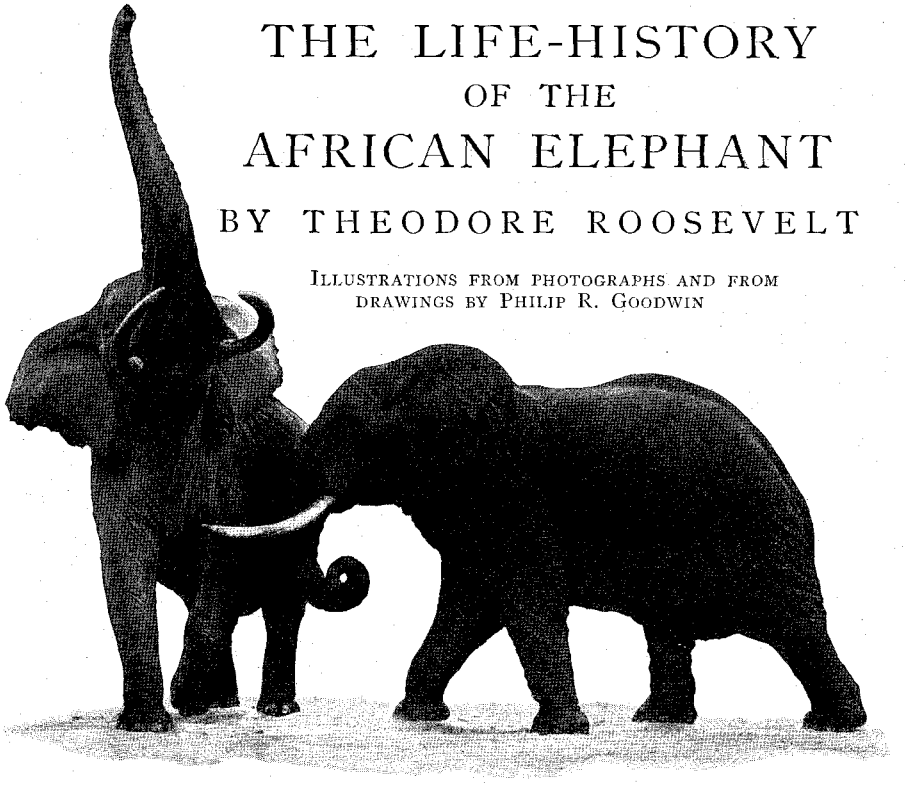
THE LIFE-HISTORY OF THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM DRAWINGS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN



Mount Kenia elephants in the Field Museum of Chicago, mounted by Carl E. Akeley.

The male with trunk raised was shot by Mrs. Akeley. The charging male is a single tusk elephant, showing one ear folded in on the upper margin, giving it a triangular shape.

WE found elephant in the cool forests and bamboo belts of Mount Kenia, and among its foot-hills; in the open plains and scanty thorn-woods near the 'Nzoi River; in the tree-jungle and tall elephant-grass of Uganda; and in the hot, dry country along both banks of the upper White Nile.

With the possible exception of the lion, the elephant is the wisest and most interesting of all the kinds of big game. Most wild animals lead very simple lives; and while most of them at times perform queer and unexpected feats or show traits that upset the observer's previous generalizations, there is ordinarily not much variety or originality in what they do. But the lion is forced by the exigencies of a life of prey to develop abilities as marked as they are sinister; and the elephant, instead of growing in stupidity as well as weight, has become the most intelligent of gramnivores, with an emotional and intellectual nature sufficiently complex to make him a subject of endless interest to the observer.

The elephant's physical and mental equipment fits it for life under utterly diverse conditions. Most game animals live in narrowly circumscribed habitats; for instance, the bushbuck in the forests, the hartebeests on the plains, the oryx in dry, almost desert country. But the elephant wanders everywhere, being equally at home in the haunts of bushbuck, oryx, and hartebeest. It goes high among the cold bamboo belts of the mountains, it loves the hot, dense, swampy lowland forests, it lives in the barren desert where it has to travel a score of miles for a drink of bitter water. Sometimes herds make long migrations, swarming for several months in a locality, while during the rest of the year not an elephant will be found

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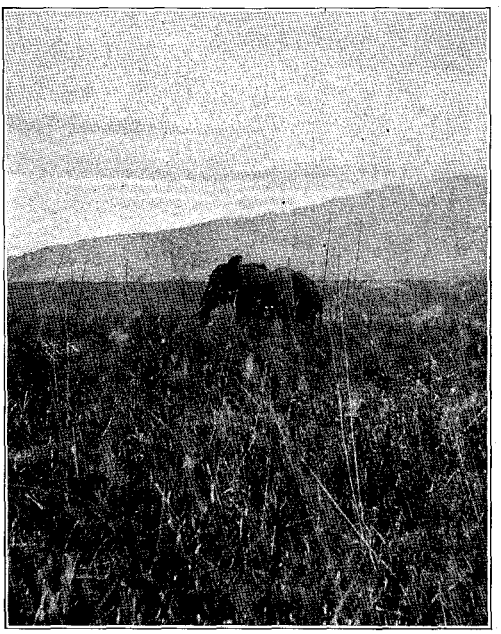
within a hundred miles of it. Elsewhere they may live in the same neighborhood all the year round. On the south slope of Mount Kenia I found the elephants living in the daytime in the thick forest, but at night often wandering down into the plain to ravage the shambas, the cultivated fields near the native villages. In the Lado I found herds of elephants living day and night in the same places, in the dry, open plains of tallish grass, sprinkled with acacias and a few palms. The old bulls usually keep by themselves, alone or in small parties; herds exclusively composed of cows and calves are common; but often both sexes mingle in a herd, and some of the largest tuskers are always accompanied by herds of cows, which seem to take a pride in them and watch over and protect them.



From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

A cow elephant.

The wide individual and local variation in habits should make the observer very cautious about making sweeping generalizations; and, moreover, there is often an undoubted difference of personal equation in the observer. In Sanderson's capital book on the "Wild Beasts of India" he states that elephant cows do not leave the herd to calve, and that both bulls and cows habitually lie down. In the parts of Africa I visited the elephants practically never lie down at all; that is, the cases where they do are so wholly exceptional that they can be disregarded. I heard of such instances from the 'Ndorobo or Wakamba hunters, or from old white-elephant hunters, but always as something curious and unusual. In carefully following various herds and individuals, carefully examining the trails they had made during the preceding twenty-four or even forty-eight hours, we never came across an instance where any elephant had lain down. They slept and rested standing. But in the desert, north of the Guaso Nyiro, Heller found them lying down. Whether the cows ever calve without leaving the herd I can not say; in the only case brought to my attention of the site of a calf's birth being found, the cow had retired to an isolated place, where she had evidently spent the first two or three days after the baby was born before rejoining the herd.

By the time the calf is a week old the mother has joined the herd, usually composed of other nursing or expectant mothers and of half-grown animals of both sexes. The cow takes the utmost care of the calf; if it is drinking at a pool she will chase away any other member of the herd which she thinks may interfere with it. The cows guard the calves against the attacks of wild beasts. In extremely rare cases three-parts-grown elephant cows, or half-grown bulls, have been attacked by parties of hungry lions; but, as a rule, an animal is safe after it is three or four years old. Young calves, however, are eagerly sought after by lions and even by leopards and hyenas. The cows are always on the alert against such foes, and drive them away in a twinkling if they are discovered, uniting in the rush against them, just as they frequently unite in a rush against the human hunter. Tarlton once witnessed such a charge by a party of elephant cows against a lion. They chased it several score yards. It just managed to escape into a belt of thick forest, which the cows in their rage then

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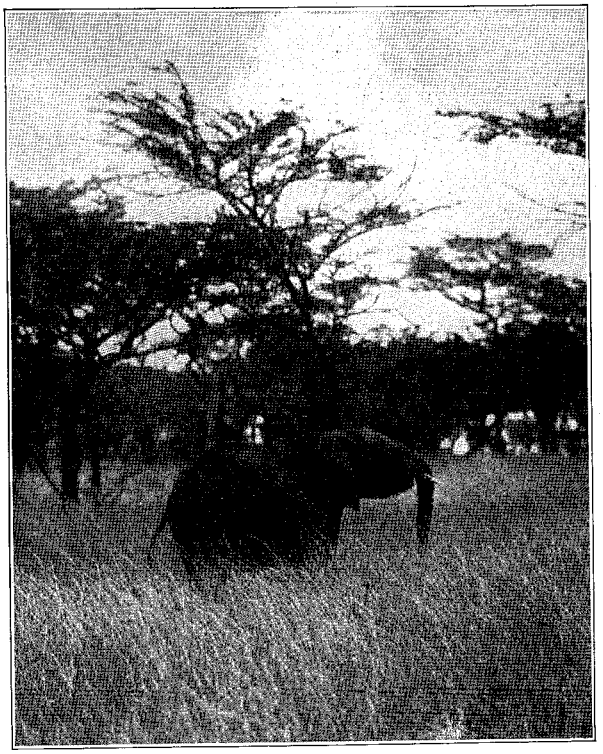
proceeded to wreck for an area of many yards.

Elephants are at home in all kinds of ground. They climb astonishingly well, clambering up and down places where it seems extraordinary so huge a creature can go at all. They also frequent swamps and marshes, and swim broad rivers; but they sometimes get mired down. The captain of the launch that took us to Butiaba told me that he once found three elephants still alive, but fast in the deep mud, some distance from the bank of the Nile. They were youngish beasts, nearly full-grown. Elephants travel very great distances when thoroughly alarmed, or when on migration; no other game comes anywhere near them in this respect. They prefer shade at noon, but do not find it essential. Again and again I saw herds standing throughout the hot hours, in bush no higher than their backs, in tall grass that did not reach as high as their backs, or in short grass among almost leafless acacias; and this not only among the fairly cool foot-hills of Kenia and by the 'Nzoi River, but by the banks of the White Nile. By the Nile the elephant herds, like the rhinos, and like the buffalo near Nairobi, were often accompanied by flocks of white cow herons. It was often possible to tell where the great beasts were by watching the flocks of white herons circling over the reeds or perched in the tree-tops near by. On burnt ground or in short grass the herons would all march alongside their hosts, catching the grasshoppers which were disturbed by the tramping of the huge feet. As soon as the elephants entered reeds or tall grass the herons all flew up and lit on their heads and backs. With their trunks the elephants could readily have gotten rid of the birds, but from the oldest to the youngest—perhaps a pink calf—they evidently accepted the situation as a matter of course.



From a photograph, copyright, by Carl E. Akeley.

Even near by, if a man is absolutely motionless, he stands a good chance to escape observation.—Page 435.

This photograph was taken in the Uasin Gishu Plateau, British East Africa.

Elephants, like most game, spend the major part of their time eating; but unlike most game their food is of great variety. They graze and browse indifferently. They are fond of making inroads on the fields of the natives, devouring immense quantities of beans and corn and melons, and destroying far more than they devour. They are fond of various fruits, some of them so small that it must be both laborious and delicate work to pick them in sufficient numbers to stay the giant beast's appetite. I have watched one feeding on grass; it behaved in the usual leisurely elephant manner, plucking a roll of grass with its trunk, perhaps waving it about, and then tucking it away into its mouth. In the stomach of another I found bark, leaves, abutilon tips, and the flowers and twig-ends of a big shrub or bush, *Dombeya nairobiensis*. They wreck the small trees on which they feed, butting or rather

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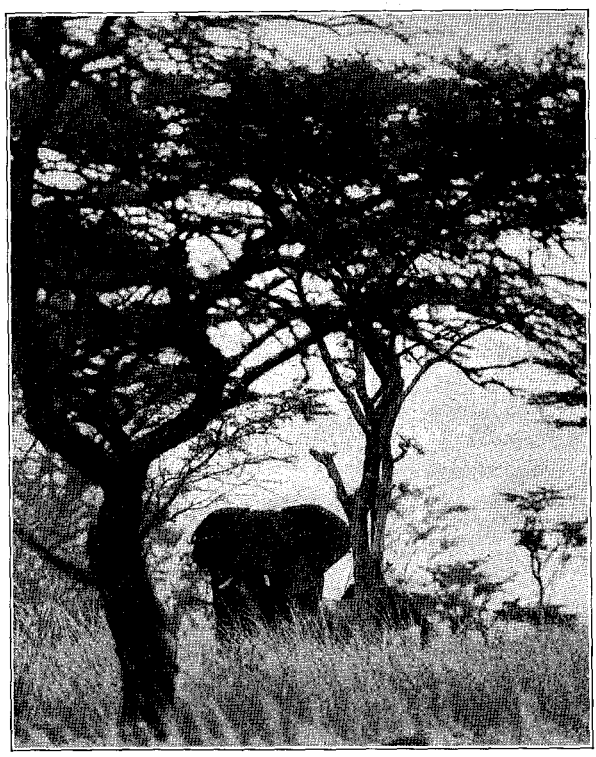
pressing them down with their foreheads, or getting on their knees and uprooting them with their tusks. They are fond of feeding on the acacias, although it is hard to see how they avoid wounding both their trunks and their tongues and jaws with the thorns. I have watched one break off an acacia branch, thrust it into its mouth, and withdraw it with the leaves stripped off. Many of the branches it will chew to get the sap, and then spit out; these chewed branches or canes, together with the wrecked trees, mark plainly the road a herd has travelled. They do not often feed at noon; but during all the remainder of the day and night they feed at any time they choose. They drink great quantities of water; but in desert lands this may be only on every other day, and they may travel fifty miles between drinks. If much hunted they drink only at night.

Elephants are interesting because they have such varied feelings, such a wide range of intelligent appreciation. Doubtless this is in part due to the possession, in the trunk, of an organ the development of which has itself permitted development of brain power. Very great brain power could not have been developed as an accompaniment merely of hoofs; hands, however imperfect, were necessary, or else something that would serve as a partial substitute for hands. By watching a herd of elephants any one can speedily see the large range of uses to which the trunk is put and the large range of needs and emotions which it develops and satisfies. During courtship the bull and cow caress one another with their trunks. Elephants are very curious, and the trunks are used to test every object which arouses their curiosity. The cow is constantly fondling and guiding the calf with her trunk. The trunk is used to gather every species of food and to draw water. It is used to spurt dust or water over the body; it is used to test rotten and dangerous ground. It is in constant use to try the wind so as to guard against the approach of any foe.



Now and then a great ear is flapped.
From a photograph taken in the Uasin Gishu Plateau.

As one watches the great beasts the trunks continually appear in the air above them, uncurling, twisting, feeling each breath of air. Now and then a great ear is flapped. Now and then the weight of the body is slightly shifted from one colossal leg to another. The huge beasts are rarely entirely motionless for any length of time. Nor are they long silent, for aside from subdued squeaks or growls, and occasional shrill calls, there are queer internal rumblings. Their eyes are very bad. Like the rhino, they can see only as a very near-sighted man sees. At a distance of eighty yards or so, when in my dull-colored hunting-clothes, I could walk slowly toward them or shift my position without fear of discovery. Even near by, if a man

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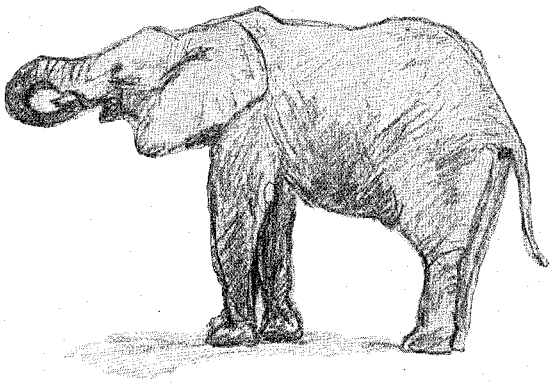
is absolutely motionless, he stands a good chance to escape observation, although not hidden. But the hearing is good, and the sense of smell exquisite. They make many different noises, and to none of these ordinary noises do the other elephants pay any heed. But there are certain notes, to my ears indistinguishable from the others, which signify alarm or suspicion, and it is extraordinary to see the instantaneous way in which, on the utterance of such a sound, a whole herd will first stand motionless and then move away.



Sketch of an elephant drinking water, by Philip R. Goodwin.

From immemorial ages elephants have been hunted for their ivory. Whether the great Egyptian monarchs hunted the African elephant is uncertain, although on their Asiatic forays they certainly killed the Asiatic elephants which then existed in Syria and along the valley of the Euphrates. But the big tusks of the African elephants were already at that time obtained by barter from the negro tribes south of the deserts which border the lower Nile. For thousands of years the range of the great beast has slowly shrunk; but the slaughter did not become appalling until the nineteenth century. In that century, however, the white-elephant hunters, and later the natives to whom the white traders furnished firearms, worked huge havoc among the herds, the work of destruction being beyond all comparison greater than ever before. In South Africa, and over immense tracts elsewhere, the elephants were absolutely or practically exterminated. Fortunately there is now efficient protection afforded them in many places by the laws of the European governments, especially by the British Government. In Uganda and British East Africa, and along certain parts of the Nile, the killing of cows and young stock has almost ceased and the herds are quite, or nearly, holding their own.

Naturally, where the beasts are much hunted they become exceedingly shy. They then drink only at night and, if possible, never twice at the same place, and they travel extraordinary distances between times. The slightest taint in the air will stampede them, and they then go many miles without stopping. Sometimes their way will be for many miles across the burning plains, sometimes through dense jungle, sometimes through soft, wet soil, in which their feet punch huge holes. Under such conditions elephant-hunting becomes a work of wearing fatigue, entailing severer and longer-continued labor than any other form of the chase. But where the herds are not much molested they often show astonishing tameness and indifference to man. Near one of our camps in the Lado we one morning encountered a herd of thirty or forty cows, calves, and young beasts, half and three-quarters grown. They were in a broad, shallow valley, evidently a swamp in the wet season. The valley was covered with tall, rank grass, burnt off in places, and dotted here and there with ant-heaps and bushes and acacias. A big flock of cow herons accompanied the herd. The beasts were feeding on the grass when we first saw them, and we

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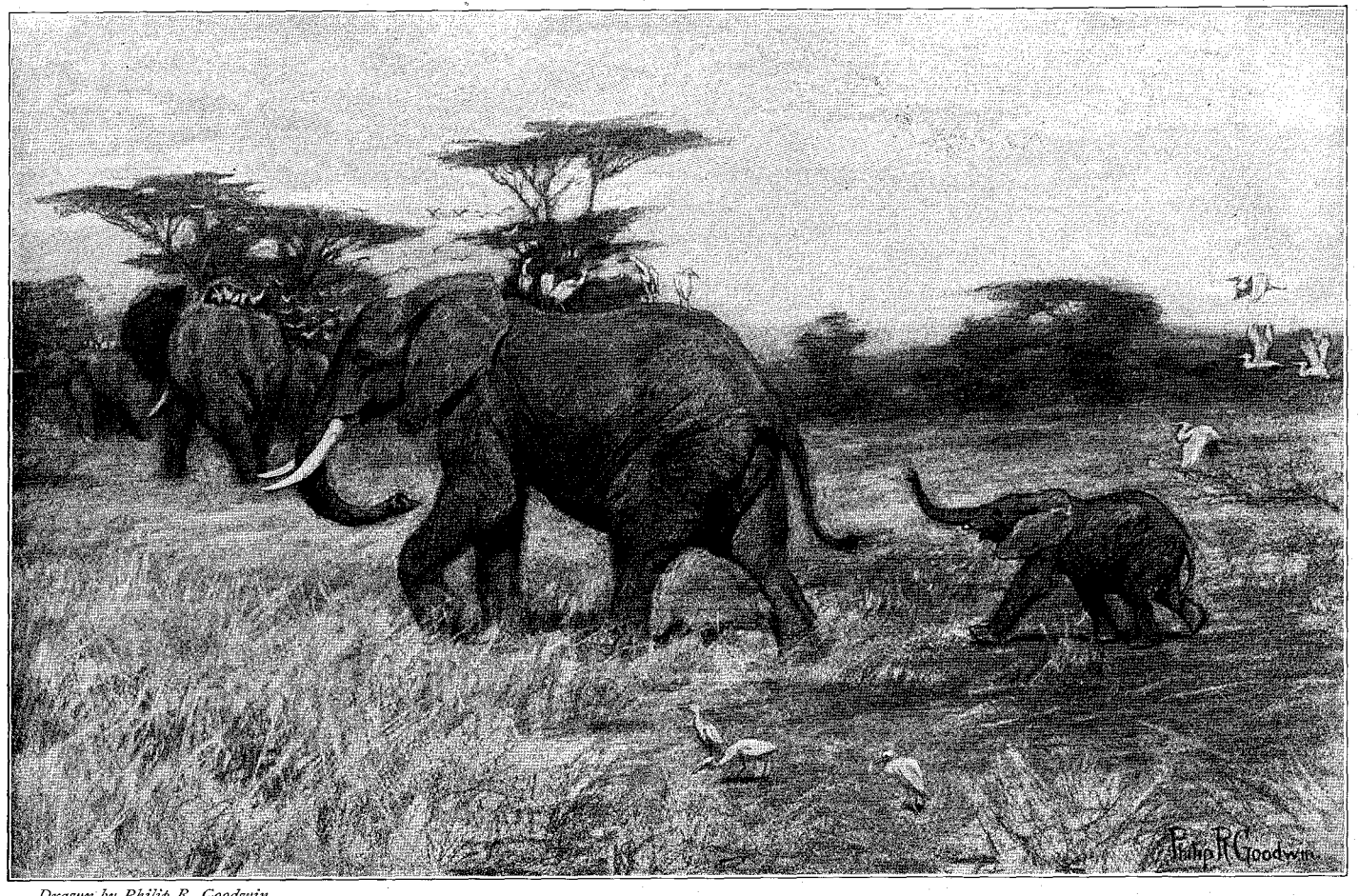

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

After finishing feeding they moved off up the valley, the herons riding on their backs, but dismounting to stalk through the burnt places so as to catch grasshoppers.—Page 438.

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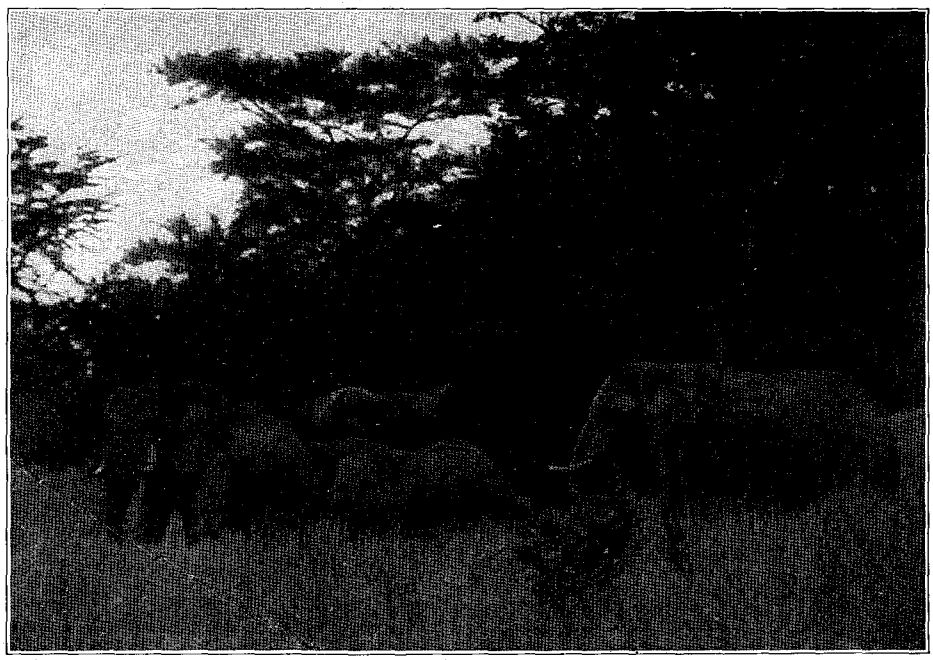

From a photograph by Carl E. Akeley.

On the utterance of such a sound, a whole herd will stand motionless—

approached them closely enough to see that there were no big bulls. After finishing feeding they moved off up the valley, the herons riding on their backs, but dismounting to stalk through the burnt places so as to catch grasshoppers. The herd stationed itself for the day among the thorn-trees on one of the small rises of ground, the herons advertising the place by perching in a snowy mass on the acacias. In mid-afternoon the elephants again strolled forth to feed. They went to water, and were feeding when night fell. They spent most of the following day in the neighborhood. During all this time they were within a couple of miles of camp, and as we watched them close by we could distinctly hear an occasional camp noise, and the report of the shot-guns of the ornithologists of the expedition. Yet the elephants were totally unconcerned.

In regions where the natives are timid and unarmed the elephants sometimes become not merely familiar but dangerous. They are always fond of ravaging fields and gardens, and when they find that they can do this with impunity they are apt to become truculent toward mankind. In Uganda we more than once came across deserted villages, already far on the way again to becoming parts of the jungle, which we found had been abandoned by the inhabitants because of the ravages of elephants. At one camp the chief of a neighboring village called on us to ask us to kill a rogue bull, the leader of a small herd of elephants which were in its immediate vicinity. He said that the elephants were very bold, were not afraid of men, and that the bull had grown so vicious that he attacked every man he came across. Kermit and I went after the rogue. We found the herd so close to the camp that we could hear the porters talking and the sound of the axes, and were charged by the bull as soon as he made us out, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. We killed him. We learned that the village, which was a couple of miles away, had been destroyed by these elephants, under the lead of the rogue bull. The elephants had begun by ravaging the gardens and plots of cultivated ground; the natives tried to drive them away; the beasts grew bolder, and finally, one night when the natives yelled at them, they charged them, drove them

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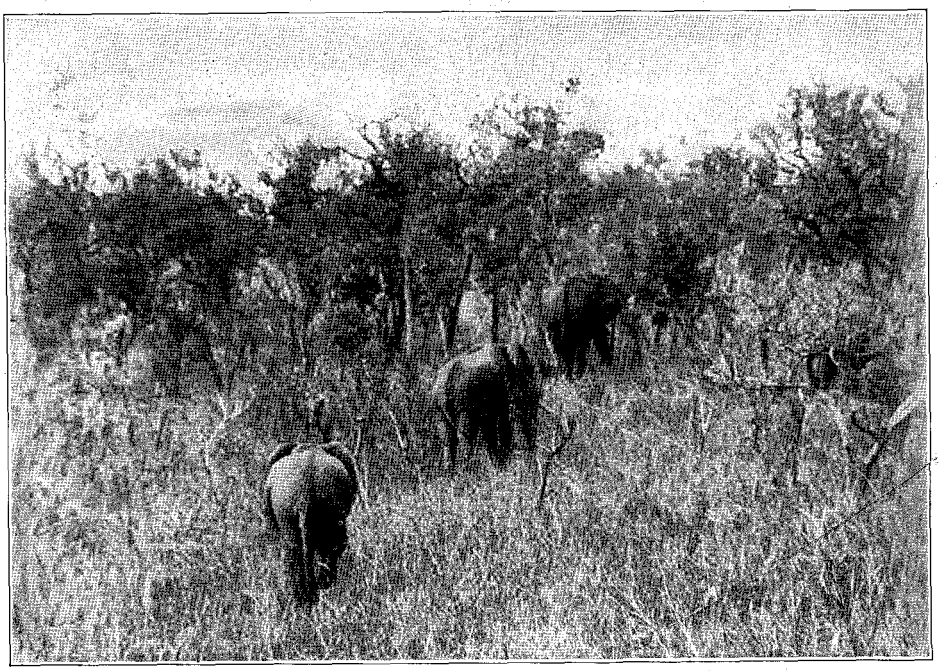

From a photograph by Carl E. Akeley.

—and then move away.—Page 436.

into their huts, and then destroyed several of the huts; and one, the rogue bull, killed one and maimed another of the inhabitants. In out-of-the-way places wicked herds will sometimes thus attack hunters' camps, being attracted rather than repelled by the fire. Mr. Paul Niedeck, in his "With Rifle in Five Continents," describes an attack thus made on him in which he nearly lost his life. Not only are some individual elephants particularly vicious, but there are whole herds which are vicious.

Elephant-hunting, in addition to being ordinarily very hard work, is often dangerous. As I have elsewhere said, experienced hunters often differ widely in their estimates as to how the different kinds of dangerous game rank as foes. There are many men who regard elephants as the most dangerous of all; and again there are many others who regard the lion and the buffalo as beyond comparison more formidable. My own view is that there is a very wide range of individual variation among the individuals of each species, and moreover that the conditions of country and surroundings vary so that one must be very cautious about generalizing. Judging partly from my own limited experience and partly from a very careful sifting of the statements of many good observers with far wider experience, I believe that, taking the average of a large number of cases under varied conditions, the lion is the most dangerous; that a buffalo that does charge, especially a bull, when it has actually begun its charge is more dangerous than a lion and much more dangerous than an elephant; that a single elephant is less dangerous to attack than a single buffalo, and that the charge of an elephant is more easily stopped or evaded than that of a buffalo; but that elephants are very much more apt themselves to attack than are buffalo, and that therefore there is more danger in the first approach to an elephant herd than is the case with buffalo. If a big tusker is in a herd of cows it may be impossible to kill him, because the cows charge with such savageness as soon as they detect the approach of the hunter—and of course a herd is much more apt than a single beast to detect him. At the sound of a shot the cows of a vicious herd, screaming and trumpeting, crash through the jungle in all directions, and

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may quarter to and fro down wind, trying to catch the scent of their enemy. If a man is caught he is frequently killed; but often he escapes, for the very hugeness of an elephant's bulk makes it unfit to cope with so small an antagonist. An elephant is more easily turned than a buffalo, when in full charge, although an occasional elephant, usually a vicious bull, will charge right through the shots, taking the punishment of the heavy bullets without flinching, and getting home. Of course a ball that would cripple a charging lion may have no effect on the huge bulk of an elephant or the sinewy mass of a buffalo.

An elephant that means mischief may charge in silence, the trunk hanging straight down and the great ears cocked at right angles to the head; it may extend the trunk, screaming or coming on silently; or it may scream loudly, and make the actual charge with the trunk curled, and this not only when it is passing through jungle, but even in the open. It is said that elephants only scream when the trunk is extended, but if this is so then in some cases the elephants must curl the trunk the very moment the scream is finished, for the impression conveyed is that the screaming and the advent of the furious animal with its trunk curled are simultaneous. On one occasion when an elephant charged me and was stopped by a right and left from Cuninghame when but a few feet distant, it threw its trunk high in the air on or immediately after receiving the bullets. Carl Akeley informs me that one elephant that charged him came on screaming and thrashing the tall grass, tearing up and tossing and plucking and brandishing branches and bunches of grass, so that it looked like a hay-tedder. If an elephant catches a man it usually falls on its knees and endeavors to stab him with its tusks; but sometimes it knocks him down, puts one foot on him, and plucks off his head or legs or arms with its trunk; and sometimes it snatches him aloft with its trunk and beats him against the ground or perhaps against a tree. A wounded cow elephant, on being approached by Kermit and myself, struggled to arise and uttered not a scream but a kind of roaring growl.

I spoke above of the fact that elephants are sometimes found in the desert. This was a surprise to me. I had already found them high on the cold mountain slopes, in cool parklike uplands, in wet, rank, steaming tropic jungles, in thick forest, and in hot, open, grassy plains. My old hunting companion, Mr. R. J. Cuninghame, wrote me of his experiences with them in the desert north of the Guaso Nyiro shortly after I left Africa: "From the Chanler Falls we went north forty or fifty miles. The country is covered with thick, low thorn scrub, all the trees the same height and the ground flat and without landmarks. It was absolutely waterless except a few water-holes scraped in dry sand river-beds, and these days apart, weather scorching hot, and ground covered with sharp quartz and granite, loose stones. Found our first water at noon on the second day; got the men in without loads, and the donkeys not until the next day. The water, which was almost undrinkable owing to strong alkaline salts, was in old Rendile wells, eight and ten feet below the surface of the ground. What was my astonishment at 4 P. M. on the day we struck water to see a herd of elephants, cows, and totos [young and half-grown animals] pass within fifty yards of our camp, go and drink from our wells, and march off again. Eventually I found another water-hole and lots more elephant. The water made the men sick. I found the next water forty miles north of these wells and it was absolutely stinking and untouched even by giraffe. It had not rained up here for two and a half years and the heat was really very trying.

"A word about your grand 450 [a Holland double-barrel, like my own], for it saved my life twice on this expedition when out elephant-hunting. On the first occasion I had quite unexpectedly found three elephants standing under some palm-trees on the bank of a dry river-bed. I took my companion up to look over the animals. We were on the opposite bank of the dry river and we went up to about thirty yards to look them over. They proved to be two cows with calves and a three-parts-grown animal, sex undetermined. My companion wished to take a kodak, as they made such a typical

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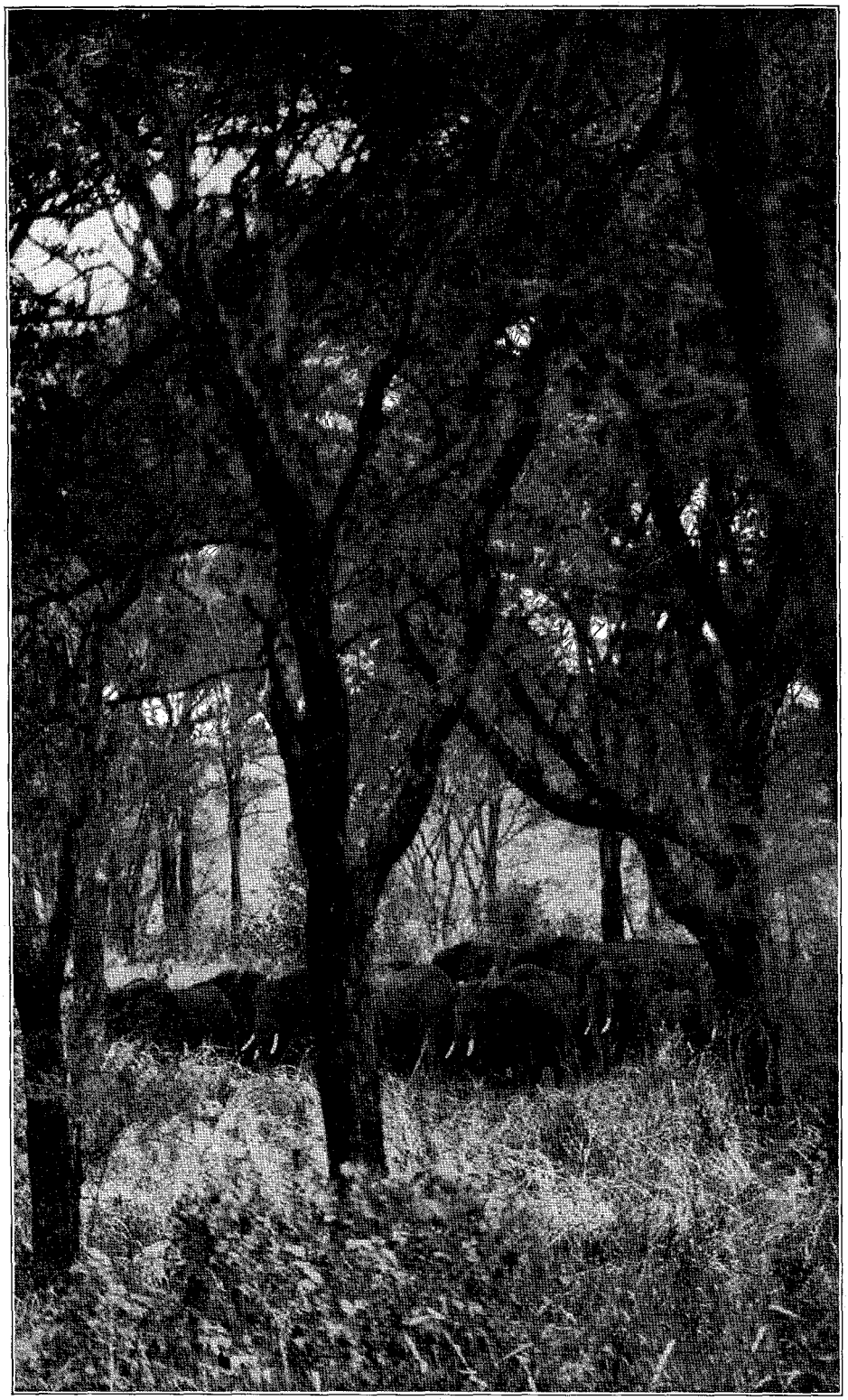

From a photograph, copyright 1910, by Kermit Roosevelt.

A herd of African elephants in an open forest of high timber.

This photograph was taken by Kermit Roosevelt from a distance of about twenty-five yards.

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African scene. He fussed about with the kodak and I saw that the elephants had grown suspicious. At length he pressed the button, which proved too much for the nervous system of the tembos [Suahili for elephants]. With ears outspread and trunks curled up and screaming like locomotives, they seemed spontaneously all to charge straight for us. I knew *my* retreat, as I invariably make a study of the ground immediately behind and to each side of me when I go in to tackle elephants, and I turned and fled to the only tree within reasonable distance. This was twelve yards off. The other man bolted on and so did all the niggers (six of them). On reaching my tree (fifteen inches in diameter) I turned to face the charge and found the three animals just topping the bank from which we had been photographing (twelve paces off). I picked out the leader, the largest cow, and fired. This brought her up all acheck (second mates' language*) but the others came and jostled her and she, with them, started for me again. The second barrel killed her dead at nine paces, and as I knew the others would get me if I stayed I bolted for the river-bed. The dead cow caused them to swerve and I escaped them by a *very* narrow margin. It was the nearest call I have had for quite some time with elephant. The other man's 450-double jammed in the safety-bolt and he never fired, but wisely kept on running, like the niggers, through the bush. The whole incident was all over in twenty to twenty-five seconds.

"On the second occasion I was out with the same man on the foot-hills of south Kenia and camping in the same small open patch in the forest where you may remember I took you to [near where I killed my first elephant, a big bull, and not far from where Akeley was nearly killed by another bull]. We got a single bull elephant standing about fifteen yards off. I motioned my man to shoot, but he was decidedly jumpy over the business and made some noise. Round swung our friend and started to charge right on us. My companion let drive with one barrel and managed to hit one of the outspread ears! He had waited so long that it didn't give me a fair chance, but one shot of the 'Roosevelt gun' brought him down dead as a nail barely ten yards from me. On this occasion there was absolutely no chance of escape, as we could not move a step in any direction in the mass of tangled vegetation."

* Mr. Cuninghame had served on whaling-ships in the arctic seas; and we used to compare cow-punchers', bison-hunters', elephant-hunters', and whaling dialects.

From a photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn.

Abyssinian elephants at New York Zoological Park.

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THE MAN BEHIND THE BARS

By Winifred Louise Taylor

FIRST PAPER

I HAVE often been asked, "How did you come to be interested in prisoners in the first place?"

It all came about simply and naturally. I think it was F. W. Robertson who first made clear to me the truth that what we put into life is of far more importance than what we get out of it; later I learned that life is very generous in its returns for what we put into it.

In a quiet hour one day it happened that I realized that my life was out of balance; that more than my share of things worth having were coming to me, and that I was not passing them on; nor did I see any channel for the passing on just at hand.

The one thing that occurred to me was to offer my services as teacher in a Sunday-school. This I proceeded to do, and the following Sunday I was assigned as teacher to a class of ten young men.

There was at this time no library in my home town, nor was there any place open to young men evenings except prayer-meetings and saloons. Within the year this class had formed a club and attractively furnished a large, cheerful room to which each member had a pass-key, and had organized a small circulating library—destined to become the nucleus of a large free library—thus at one stroke meeting their own need and working outward for the good of the community.

Of course I was immensely interested in the class and in the success of this library venture. Accordingly, I offered my services as librarian on Saturday afternoons, while a member of the class filled the same office two evenings in the week. This library was the doorway through which I passed into the prison life.

One Saturday a little boy came into the library and handed me the charming Quaker love-story, "Dorothy Fox," saying, "This book was taken out by a man who is in jail, and he wants you to send him another book."

Now I had passed that county jail almost every day for years; its rough stone walls and narrow barred windows were so familiar that they no longer made any impression upon me; but it had not occurred to me that inside those walls were human beings whose thoughts were as my thoughts, and who might like a good story, even a refined story, as much as I did; and that a man should pay money that he had stolen for three months' subscription to a library seemed most incongruous.

It transpired that the prisoner was a Scotch boy of nineteen who, being out of work, had stolen thirty-five dollars, taking small amounts as he needed them. According to the law of the State the penalty for stealing any amount under the value of fifteen dollars was a sentence to the county jail for a period usually of sixty days, while the theft of fifteen dollars or more was a penitentiary offence, and the sentence never for less than one year. I quote the statement of the case of this Scotch boy as it was given me by a man who happened to be in the library and who knew all the circumstances.

"The boy was arrested on the charge of having taken ten dollars—all they could prove against him; and he would have got off with a jail sentence, but the fool made a clean breast of the matter, and now he has to lie in jail for six months till court is in session, and then he will be sent to the penitentiary on his own confession."

Two questions arose in my mind: was it only "the fool" who had made a clean breast of the case? And if the boy was to go to prison on his own confession, was it not an outrage that he should be kept in jail for six months awaiting the formalities of the next session of the circuit court? I did not then think of the taxpayers, forced to support this boy in idleness for six months.

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That night I did not sleep very well; the Scotch boy was on my mind, all the more vividly because my only brother was of the same age, and then, too, the words, "I was in prison and ye visited me not," repeated themselves with insistent persistence until I was forced to meet the question, "Did these words really mean anything for to-day and now?"

Next morning I asked my father if any one would be allowed to talk with a prisoner in our jail. My father said, "Yes, but what would you have to say to a prisoner?" "I could at least ask him what books he would like from the library," I replied. But I could not bring my courage to the point of going to the jail; it seemed a most formidable venture. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday passed, and still I held back; on Wednesday I was driving with my brother, and when very near the jail the spring of the carriage broke, and my brother told me that I would have to fill in time somewhere until the break was repaired. I realized that the moment for decision had come; and with a wildly beating heart I took the decisive step, little dreaming when I entered the door of that jail that I was committing myself to prison for life.

But we all take life one day, one hour, at a time; and five minutes later when my hand was clasped through the grated door and two big gray eyes were looking straight into mine, I had forgotten everything else in my interest in the boy. I asked him why he told that he had taken thirty-five dollars when accused only of having taken ten, and he simply said, "Because when I realized that I had become a thief I wanted to become an honest man; and I thought that was the place to begin."

Had I known anything of the law and its processes I should doubtless have said, "Well, there's nothing for you to do now but to brace up and meet your fate. There's nothing I can do to help you out of this trouble"; but in my fortunate ignorance of obstacles I said, "I'll see what I can do to help you." I had only one thought—to save that young man from the penitentiary and give him a fresh start in life.

I began with the person nearest at hand, the sheriff's wife, and she secured the sheriff as my first adviser; then I went to the wife of the prosecuting attorney for the State, and she won her husband over to my cause. One after another the legal difficulties were overcome, and this was the way the matter was settled: I secured a good situation for Willy in case of his release; Willy gave the man from whom he had taken the money a note for the full amount payable in ninety days—the note signed by my father and another responsible citizen; the case was given a rehearing on the original charge of ten dollars, and Willy's sentence was ten days in the county jail; and this fortunate settlement of the affair was celebrated with a treat of oranges and peanuts for Willy and his fellow prisoners. A good part of that ten days Willy spent in reading aloud to the other men. Immediately after release he went to work and before the expiration of the ninety days the note for thirty-five dollars was paid in full. Now this was the sensible, fair, and human way of righting a wrong. Nevertheless we had all joined hands in "compounding a felony."

With Willy's release I supposed my acquaintance with the jail was at an end; but the boy had become interested in his companions in misery, and on his first visit to me he said, "If you could know what your visits were to me you would never give up going to the jail as long as you live." And then I gave him my promise. "Be to others what you have been to me" has been the message given to me by more than one of these men.

While a prisoner Willy had made no complaint of the condition of things in the jail, but after paying the note of his indebtedness, he proceeded to buy straw and ticking for mattresses, which were made and sent up to the jail for the other prisoners, while I furthered his efforts to make the existence of those men more endurable by contributing various "exterminators" calculated to reduce the number of superfluous inhabitants in the cells.

At the time I supposed that Willy was an exception, morally, to the usual material from which criminals are made. I do not think so now, after twenty-five years of friendships with criminals, of study of the men themselves, and of the conditions and circumstances which led to their being imprisoned.

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Willy's was a kindly nature, responsive, yielding readily to surrounding influences, not so much lacking in honesty as in the power of resistance. Had he been subjected to the disgrace, the humiliation, and the associations of a term in the penitentiary, where the first requirement of the discipline is non-resistance, he might easily have slipped into the ranks of the "habitual" criminal, from which it is so difficult to find an exit. I am not sure that Willy was never dishonest again; but I am sure of his purpose to be honest; and the last that I knew of him, after several years of correspondence, he was doing well running a cigar-stand and small circulating library in a Western town.

From that beginning I continued my visits to the jail, usually going on Sunday morning when other visitors were not admitted. And on Sunday mornings when the church-bells were calling, the prisoners seemed to be—doubtless were—in a mood different from that of the week-days. There's no doubt of the mission of the church-bells, ringing clear above the tumult of the world, greeting us on Sunday mornings from the cradle to the grave.

I did not hold any religious services. I did not venture to prescribe until I had found out what was the matter. It was almost always books that opened the new acquaintances, for through the library I was able to supply the prisoners with entertaining reading. They made their own selections from our printed lists, and I was surprised to find these selections averaging favorably with the choice of books among good citizens of the same grade of education. There certainly was some incongruity between the broken head, all bandages, the ragged apparel, and the literary taste of the man who asked me for "something by George Eliot or Thackeray."

A short story read aloud was always a pleasure to the men behind the bars. More than once I have been able to form correct conclusions as to the guilt or the innocence of a prisoner by the expression of his face when I was reading something that touched the deeper springs of human nature. And my sense of humor stood me in good stead with these men; for there's no freemasonry like that of the spontaneous smile that springs from the heart; and after we had once smiled together we were no longer strangers.

One early incident among my jail experiences left a vivid impression with me. A boy of some thirteen summers, accused of stealing, was detained in jail several weeks awaiting trial, with the prospect of the reform-school later. In appearance he was attractive, and his youth appealed to one's sympathy. Believing that he ought to be given a better chance for the future than our reform-schools then offered, I tried to induce the sheriff to ask some farmer to take him in hand. The sheriff demurred, saying that no farmer would want the boy in his family, as he was a liar and very profane, and consequently I dropped the subject.

In the jail at the same time was a man of forty or over who frankly told me that he had been a criminal and a tramp since boyhood, that he had thrown away all chances in life and lost all self-respect forever. I took him at his own valuation, and he really seemed about as hopeless a case as I have ever encountered. One lovely June evening when I went into the corridor of the jail to leave a book, this old criminal called me beside his cell for a few words.

"Don't let that boy go to the reform-school," he began earnestly; "the reform-school is the very hotbed of crime for a boy like that. Save him if you can. Save him from a life like mine. Put him on a farm. Get him into the country, away from temptation."

"But the sheriff tells me he is such a liar and swears so that no decent people would keep him," I replied.

"I'll break him of swearing," said the man impetuously, "and I'll try to break him of lying. Can't he see what *I* am? Can't he *see* what he'll come to if he doesn't brace up? I'm a living argument—a living example of the folly and degradation of stealing and lying. I can't ever be anything but what I am now, but there's hope for that boy if some one will only give him a chance, and I want you to help him."

The force of his appeal was not to be resisted, and I agreed to follow his lead in an effort to save his fellow prisoner from destruction. As I stood there in the twi-

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light beside this man reaching out from the wreck and ruin of his own life to lend a hand in the rescue of this boy, if only the "good people" would do their part, I hoped that Saint Peter and the Recording Angel were looking down. And as I said good-night—with a hand clasp—I felt that I had touched a human soul.

The man kept his word, the boy gave up swearing and braced up generally, and I kept my part of the agreement; but I do not know if our combined efforts had a lasting effect on the young culprit.

As time passed many of these men were sent from the jail to the State penitentiary, and often a wife or family was left in destitution; and the destitution of a prisoner's wife means not only poverty, but heart-break, disgrace, and despair. Never shall I forget the first time I saw the parting of a wife from her husband the morning he was taken to prison. A sensitive, high-strung, fragile creature she was; and going out in the bitter cold of December, carrying a heavy boy of eighteen months and followed by an older girl, she seemed the very embodiment of desolation. I have been told by those who do not know the poor that they do not feel as we do, that their sensibilities are blunted, their imagination torpid. Could we but know! Could we but know, we should not be so insensate to their sufferings. It is we who are dull. To that prisoner's wife that morning life was one quivering torture, with absolutely no escape from agonizing thoughts. Her "home," to which I went that afternoon, was a cabin in which there was one fire, but scant food, and no stock of clothing; the woman was ignorant of charitable societies and shrinking from the shame of exposing her needs as a convict's wife.

It is not difficult to make things happen in small towns when people know each other and live within easy distances. In less time, really less actual time than it would have taken to write a paper for the woman's club on "The Problems of Poverty," this prisoner's wife was relieved from immediate want. To tell her story to half a dozen acquaintances who had children and superfluous clothing, to secure a certain monthly help from the city, was a simple matter; and in a few months the woman was taking in sewing —and doing good work—for a reliable class of patrons.

I have not found the poor ungrateful. Twenty years afterward this woman came to me in prosperity from another town where she had been a successful dressmaker, to express once more her gratitude for the friendship given in her time of need. Almost without exception, with my prisoners and with their families, I have found gratitude and loyalty unbounded.

When the men sent from the jail to the penitentiary had no family they naturally wrote to me. Sometimes they learned to write while in jail or after they reached the prison just for the pleasure of interchanging letters with some one. All prison correspondence is censored by some official; and as my letters soon revealed my disinterested relation to the prisoners, the warden, R. W. McClaughrey, now of national fame, sent me an invitation to spend several days as his guest, and thus to become acquainted with the institution.

It was a great experience, an overwhelming experience when first I realized the meaning of prison life. I seemed to be taken right into the heart of it at once. The monstrous unnaturalness of it all appalled me. The great gangs of creatures in stripes moving in the lock-step like huge serpents were all so unhuman. Their dumb silence—for even the eyes of a prisoner must be dumb—was oppressive as a nightmare. The hopeless misery of the men there for life, already entombed, however long the years might stretch out before them, and the wild entreaty in the eyes of those dying in the hospital—for the eyes of the dying break all bonds—these things haunted my dreams long afterward. Later I learned that even in prison there are lights among the shadows; and that sunny hearts may still have their gleams of sunshine breaking through the darkness of their fate; but my first impression was one of unmitigated gloom. When I expressed something of this to the warden his response was, "Yes, every life here represents a tragedy—a tragedy if the man is guilty, and scarcely less a tragedy if he is innocent."

As the guest of the warden I remained at the penitentiary for several days and received a most cordial standing invita-

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tion to the institution, with the privilege of talking with any prisoner without the presence of an officer. The unspeakable luxury to those men of a visit without the presence of a guard! Some of the men with whom I talked had been in prison for ten years or more with never a visitor from the living world, and only an occasional letter.

My visits to the penitentiary were never oftener than twice a year, and I usually limited the list of my interviews to twenty-five. With whatever store of cheerfulness and vitality I began these interviews, by the time I had entered into the lives of that number of convicts I was so submerged in the prison atmosphere, and the demand upon my sympathy had been so exhausting, that I could give no more for the time. I found that the shortest and the surest way for me to release myself from the prison influence was to hear fine, stirring music after a visit to the penitentiary. But for years I kept my list up to twenty-five, making new acquaintances as the men whom I knew were released. Prisoners whom I did not know would write me requesting interviews, and the men whom I knew often asked me to see their cellmates, and I had a touch-and-go acquaintance with a number of prisoners not on my lists.

Thus my circle gradually widened to include hundreds of convicts and ex-convicts of all grades, from university men to men who could not read. However, it was the men who had no friends who always held the first claim on my sympathy, and as the years went on I came more and more in contact with the "habitual criminals," the hopeless cases, the left-over and forgotten men; some of them beyond the pale of interest even of the ordinary chaplain—for there are chaplains and chaplains, as well as convicts and convicts.

I suppose it was the very desolation of these men that caused their quick response to any evidence of human interest. In their eagerness to grasp the friendship of any one who remembered that they were still men—not convicts only—these prisoners would often frankly tell the stories of their lives, admitting guilt without attempt at extenuation. No doubt it was an immense relief to them to make a clean breast of their past to one who could understand and make allowance.

This was not always so—some men lied to me and simply passed out of my remembrance; but I early learned to suspend judgment, and when I saw that a man was lying through the instinct of self-defence, because he did not trust me, I gave him a chance to "size me up" and reassure himself as to my trustworthiness. "Why I just couldn't go on lying to you after I saw that you were ready to believe in me," was the candid admission of one who never lied to me again.

Among these convicts I encountered some unmistakable degenerates. The most optimistic humanitarian can not deny that in all classes of life we find instances of moral degeneracy. This fact has been clearly demonstrated by sons of some of our multimillionaires. And human nature does not seem to be able to stand the strain of extreme poverty any better than it stands the plethora caused by excessive riches. The true degenerate, however, is usually the result of causes too complicated or remote to be clearly traced. But throughout my long experience with convicts I have known not more than a dozen who seemed to me black-hearted, deliberate criminals; and among these, as it happened, but one was of criminal parentage. Crime is not a disease; but there's no doubt that disease often leads to crime. Of the defective, the feeble-minded, the half-insane, and the epileptic there are too many in every prison—one is too many—but they can be counted by the hundreds in our aggregate of prisons. Often warm-hearted, often with strong religious tendencies, they are deficient in judgment or in moral backbone. The screw loose somewhere in the mental or physical make-up of these men makes the tragedies, the practically hopeless tragedies of their lives; though there may never have been one hour when they were criminal through deliberate intention. Then there are those whose crimes are simply the result of circumstances, and of circumstances not of their own making. Others are prisoners unjustly convicted, innocent of any crime; but every convict is classed as a criminal, as is inevitable, and under the Bertillon

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method of identification his very person is indissolubly connected with the criminal records. Even in this twentieth century, in so many directions an age of marvellous progress, there is a menacing tendency among legislators to enlarge the borders of life-sentence—*not* according to the number of crimes a man may have committed, but according to the number of times a man has been convicted in courts notoriously indifferent to justice; too often according to the number of times the man has been "the victim of our penal machinery."

I well remember a man three times sent from my own county to the penitentiary for thefts committed during the brain disturbance preceding epileptic convulsions. On one occasion, between arrest and conviction, I saw the man in an unconscious state and in such violent convulsions that it was necessary to bind him to the iron bedstead on which he lay. I knew but little of physiological psychology then; and no one connected the outbreaks of theft with the outbreaks of epilepsy. And the man, industrious and honest when well, was, in consequence of epileptic mental disturbance, convicted of crime and sent to the penitentiary; and owing to previous convictions from the same cause was classed as an "habitual criminal."

Like instances of injustice resulting from ignorance are constantly occurring. In our large cities, where "railroading" men to prison is purely a matter of business, no consideration is given to the individual accused; he is no longer a human being: he is simply "a case." A very able and successful prosecuting attorney—success estimated by the number of "cases" convicted—once said to me: "I have nothing to do with the innocence of the man; *I'm here to convict.*"

By far the most brutal man whom I have ever personally encountered was a modern prototype of the English judge Lord George Jeffreys—a judge in one of our large cities who had held in his unholy hands the fate of many an accused person. However, with this one exception, in my experience with judges I have found then courteous, fair-minded, and glad to assist me when convinced that a convict had not been accorded justice.

We find in the prisons the same human nature as in the churches; far differently developed and manifested, but not so different after all as we should expect, remembering the contrast between the home influence, the education, environment, and opportunity of the inmates of our prisons with that of the representatives of our churches. In our prisons we find cowardice, brutality, dishonesty, and selfishness. Are our church-memberships altogether free from these defects? Surely, unquestionably, in our churches we do find the highest virtues—love, courage, fortitude, tenderness, faithfulness, unselfishness. And in every prison in this land these same virtues—love, tenderness, courage, fortitude, faithfulness, unselfishness—are to be found; often hidden in the silence of the heart, but living sparks of the divine life which is our birthright. And yet between these prisons and the churches there has long existed an almost impassable barrier of distrust, equally strong on both sides.

I once called with a friend upon the wife of a convict, who related an incident in which she had received great kindness from a certain lady very prominent in church circles. "I was so surprised. I could not understand her being so kind, *for she was a Christian.*" "Why, there's nothing strange in the kindness of a Christian," said my friend. "Miss Taylor and I are both Christians." The prisoner's wife paused a moment, then said, with slow emphasis: "*That is impossible.*"

We all have our standards and ideals, not by which we live but by which we judge one another. This woman knew the sweat-shops, and she knew that Christian as well as Jew lived in luxury from the profits derived from the labor of the sweat-shops, and of the underpaid shop-girls. To her the great city churches meant oppression and selfishness, power and wealth; arrayed against poverty and weakness, against fair pay and fair play. Her own actual personal experience with some persons classed as Christians had been bitter and cruel; thus her vision was warped and her judgment misled. Much of the same feeling had prevailed through the prisons; and I know that one reason why so many of "the incorrigibles" gave me their confidence was owing to the word

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passed round among them: "You can trust her; *she is no Christian.*"

This has a strange sound to us. But it does not sound strange at all when we hear from the other side. "You can't trust that man—he's been a convict."

Through the genius, the energy, the spiritual enthusiasm of that remarkable woman known among prisoners as "The Little Mother," the barrier between the churches and the prisons is recently and for the time giving way on the one side. The chaplains are taken for granted as part of the prison equipment, and their preaching on Sunday as the work for which they are paid. But "The Little Mother" comes from the outside, literally giving her life to secure a chance for ex-convicts in this world. She brings to the prisons a fresh interpretation of the Christian religion, as help for the helpless, as a friend to the friendless. In her they find at once their ideal of human goodness and lovely womanhood, and through her they are beginning to understand what the Christian churches intend to stand for. But to undermine the barrier on the side of society—to bring about a better understanding of the individuals confined behind the walls which society still believes necessary for self-protection, is, in the very nature of the case, a far more difficult undertaking. Almost inaccessible to the outsider is the heart of a convict or the criminal's point of view of life. In fact, their hearts and their points of view differ according to their natures and experiences. But to think of our prisoners in the mass—the thousand or two thousand men cut off from the world and immured in each of our great penitentiaries—is to think of them as The Inarticulate. The repression of their lives is fearful. All that is required of them is to be part of the machinery of the prison system; to work, to obey, to maintain discipline. Absolutely nothing is done to develop the individual. The mental and psychic influence of the prison is indescribably stifling and deadening. Every instinctive impulse of movement, the glance of the eye, the smile of understanding, the stretch of weary muscles, the turning of the head, all must be guarded or repressed. The whole tendency of prison discipline is at once to detach the individual from his fellow man; at all costs to prevent communication between convicts; and to stifle all expression of individuality except between cellmates when the day's work is over. And companionship of cellmates is likely to pall when the same two men are confined in a seven by four cell for three hundred and sixty-five evenings in a year. Gradually but inevitably the mind dulls; mental impressions lose their clear outlines and the faculties become atrophied. I have seen this happen over and over again.

When first the drama of prison life began to unfold before me I looked for some prisoner to tell the story; he, only, could know what it really meant. But the desire to forget, to shake off all association, even the very thought of having been connected with convict life, is the instinctive aim of the average man seeking reinstatement in society. Occasionally a human document from the pen of an ex-convict has appeared in print, but few of them have been convincing. The writer's own consciousness of having been a convict may prevent him from striking out from the shoulder; from speaking as man to man; or something in the mind of the reader may discount the value of the statement coming from an ex-convict; more likely than either the spirit is so gone out of the man before his release that he has no heart or courage to grapple with the subject; and he, too, shares the popular belief that prisons are necessary—for others.

It was the poet and the artist in Oscar Wilde that made it possible—perhaps inevitable—for him to rend the veil that hides the convict prison execution; and to etch the horror in all its blackness, like a scaffold silhouetted against the sky, in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." The picture is a masterpiece, and it is the naked truth; more effective with the general reader than his "De Profundis," which is no less remarkable as literature, but is more exclusively an analysis of Oscar Wilde's own spiritual development during his prison experience. The Russian writer Dostoyevski, also with pen dipped in the tears and blood of actual experience, has given scenes of Russian convict life so terrible and intense that the mind of the reader recoils with horror, scoring one more

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black mark against Russia, and thanking God that in our dealings with convicts we are not as these other men. But not long ago a cry from the inside penetrated the walls of a Western prison in "Con Sordini," a poem of remarkable power, written by a young poet-musician who, held by the clutches of the law, was suffering an injustice which a Russian would be slow to indorse. No doubt other gifted spirits will have their messages. But, in the mind of the public, genius seems to lift these men out of the convict into the literary class, and their most human documents are too likely to be regarded only as literature.

Genius is rare in all classes of life, and my prison friends were of the common clay. The rank and file of our convicts are almost as inarticulate as dumb, driven cattle, many of them incapable of tracing the steps by which they fell into crime or of analyzing the effects of imprisonment. Some of them have not learned how to handle words, and find difficulty in expressing thoughts or feelings; especially is this true of the ignorant foreigners.

One of the men whom I knew, not a foreigner, but absolutely illiterate, early fell into criminal life, and before he was twenty years old was serving a sentence of life-imprisonment. After a period of unspeakable loneliness and mental misery he was allowed attendance at the prison evening school. He told me that he could not sleep for joy and excitement when first he realized that through printed and written words he could come into communication with other minds, find companionship, gain information, and come in touch with the great free world on the outside.

As I look back through my twenty-five years of prison friendship, it is like looking through a long portrait gallery, only the faces are living faces, and the lips unite in the one message, "We, too, are human beings of like nature with yourselves." To me, however, each face brings its own special message; for each one in turn has been my teacher in the book of life. And now for their sakes I am going to break the seal of my prison friendships, and to let some of these convicts open their hearts to the world as they have been opened to me, and to give their vision of human life; to draw the picture as they have seen it. Some of them bear the brand of murderer, others belong to the class which the law denominates as "incorrigible." I believe I had the reputation of knowing the very worst men in the prison, "the old-timers." It could not have been true that my friends were among the worst men there, for my prison friendships, like all friendship, were founded upon mutual confidence, and never once did one of these men betray my trust.

It was Hiram Johnson who taught me what a smothering, ghastly thing prison life in America may be. One of the guards had said to me: "Hiram Johnson is a life-man who has been here for years. No one ever comes to see him, and I think a visit would do him lots of good." The man who appeared in answer to the summons was a short, thick-set fellow of thirty-five or more, with eyes reddened and disabled by marble dust from the shop in which he had worked for years. He smiled when I greeted him, but had absolutely nothing to say. I found that visit hard work: the man utterly unresponsive; answering in the fewest words the commonplace inquiries as to his health, the shop he worked in, and how long he had been there. Six months after I saw him again with exactly the same experience. He had nothing to say and suggested nothing for me to say. I knew only that he expected to see me when I came to the prison, and after making his acquaintance I could never disappoint one of those desolate creatures whose one point of contact with the world was the half-hour spent with me twice a year.

When I had seen the man some half-dozen times, at the close of an interview I said, in half-apology for my futile attempts to keep up conversation: "I'm sorry that I haven't been more interesting to-day; I wanted to give you something pleasant to think of."

"It has meant a great deal to me," he answered. "You can't know what it means to a man just to know that some one remembered he is alive. That gives me something pleasant to think about when I get back to my cell."

We had begun correspondence at the opening of our acquaintance, but rarely

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was there a line in his earlier letters to which I could make reply or comment. Mainly made up of quotations from the Old Testament, scriptural imprecations upon enemies seemed to be his chief mental resource. The man considered himself "religious" and had read very little outside his Bible, which was little more intelligible to him than the original Greek would have been, excepting where it dealt with denunciations.

In my replies to these letters I simply aimed to give the prisoner glimpses of something outside, sometimes incidents of our own family life, and always the assurance that I counted him among my prison friends, that "there was some one who remembered that he was alive." It was five or six years before I succeeded in extracting the short story of his life, knowing only that he had killed some one. The moral fibre of a man and the sequence of events which resulted in the commission of a crime have always interested me more than the one criminal act. One day, in an unusually communicative mood, Johnson told me that as a child he had lost both parents, that he grew up in western Missouri without even learning to read, serving as chore-boy and farm-hand until he was sixteen, when he joined the Southern forces in '63, drifting into the guerilla warfare. It was not through conviction but merely by chance that he was fighting for, rather than against, the South. It was merely the best job that offered itself, and the killing of men was only a matter of business. Afterward he thought a good deal about this guerilla warfare as it related itself to his own fate, and he said to me:

"I was paid for killing men, for shooting, on sight, men who had never done me any harm. The more men I killed the better soldier they called me. When the war was over I killed one more man. I had reason this time, good reason. The man was my enemy and had threatened to kill me, and that's why I shot him. But then they called me a murderer, and shut me up for the rest of my life. I was just eighteen years old."

Such was the brief story of Johnson's life; such the teaching of war. In prison the man was taught to read; in chapel he was taught that prison was not the worst fate for the murderer; that an avenging God had prepared endless confinement in hell-fire for sinners like him, unless they repented and propitiated the wrath of the Ruler of the universe. And so, against the logic of his own mind, while religion apparently justified war, he tried to discriminate between war and murder, and to repent of taking the one life which he really felt justified in taking; he found a certain outlet for his warlike spirit, or his elemental, human desire to fight, in arraying himself on God's side and against the enemies of the Almighty. And no doubt he found a certain kind of consolation in denouncing in scriptural language the enemies of the Lord.

But all this while in the depths of Johnson's nature something else was working: a living heart was beating and the sluggish mind was seeking an outlet. A gradual change took place in his letters; the handwriting grew more legible, now and again gleams of the buried life broke through the surface, revealing unexpected tenderness toward nature—the birds and the flowers. Genuine poetic feeling was expressed in his efforts to respond to my friendship, as where he writes:

"How happy would I be could I plant some thotte in the harte of my friend that would give her pleasure for many a long day." And when referring to some evidence of my remembrance of my prisoners he said: "We always love those littel for-gett-me-nottes that bloom in the harte of our friends all the year round. Remember that we can love that which is lovely."

Dwelling on the loneliness of prison life, and the value of even an occasional letter, he writes: "The kind word cheares my lonely hours with the feelings that some one thinks of me. *Human nature seems to have been made that way.* There are many who would soon brake down and die without this simpathy."

Always was there the same incongruity between the spelling and a certain dignity of diction which I attribute to his familiarity with the Psalms. His affinity with the more denunciatory Psalms is still occasionally evident, as when he closes one letter with these sentences: "One more of my enemies is dead. The hande of God is over them all. May he

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gather them all to that country where the climate is warm and the worm dieth not!"

To me this was but the echo of fragments of Old Testament teaching. At last came one letter in which the prisoner voiced his fate in sentences firm and clear as a piece of sculpture. This is the letter exactly as it was written:

"My Dear Friend:

"I hope this may find you well. It has bin some time since I heard from you and I feel that I should not trespass on you too offten. You know that whether I write or not I shall in my thottes wander to you and shall think I heare you saying some sweet chearing word to incourage me, and it is such a pleasant thing, too. But you know theas stripes are like bands of steel to keep one's mouth shut, and the eye may not tell what the heart would say were the bondes broken that keep the lippes shut. If one could hope and believe that what the heart desired was true, then to think would be a pleasure beyond anything else the world could give. But to be contented here the soul in us must die. We must become stone images.

"Yourse truly,

"Hiram Johnson."

Not for himself alone did this man speak—"to be contented here the soul in us must die." "We must become stone images." From the deepest depths of his own experience it was given to this unlettered convict to say for all time the final word as to the fate of the "life-man" up to the present day.

After this single outburst, if anything so restrained can be called an outburst, Hiram Johnson subsided into much of his former immobility. Like all life-men he had begun his term in prison with the feeling that it *must* come to an end sometime. What little money he had was given to a lawyer who drew up an application for shortening of the sentence, the petition had been sent to the governor, and the papers, duly filed, had long lain undisturbed in the governor's office. When I first met Johnson he still cherished expectations that "something would be done" in his case, but as years rolled by and nothing was done the tides of hope ran low. Other men sentenced during the '60's received pardons or commutations or had died, until at last "old Hiram Johnson" arrived at the distinction of being the only man in that prison who had served a fifty-year sentence.

Now, a fifty-year sentence does not mean fifty years of actual time. In different States the "good time" allowed a convict differs, this good time meaning that by good behavior the length of imprisonment is reduced. In the prison of which I am writing long sentences could be shortened by nearly one-half: thus by twenty-nine years of good conduct Johnson had served a legal sentence of fifty years. No other convict in that prison had lived and kept his reason for twenty-nine years. Johnson had become a figure familiar to every one in and about the place. Other convicts came and went, but he remained; plodding along, never complaining, never giving trouble, doing his full duty within its circumscribed limits. Altogether he had a good record and the authorities were friendly to him.

Hitherto I had never asked executive clemency except in cases where it was clear that the sentence had been unjust; and I had been careful to keep my own record high in this respect, knowing that if I had the reputation of being ready to intercede for any one who touched my sympathies, I should lower my standing with the governors. But it seemed to me that Johnson, by more than half his lifetime of good conduct in prison, had established a claim upon mercy and earned the right to be given another chance in freedom.

I found the governor in a favorable state of mind, as in one of his late visits to the penitentiary Johnson had been pointed out to him as the only man who had ever served a fifty-year sentence. After looking over the petition for pardon then on file, and ascertaining that Johnson had relatives to whom he could go, the governor decided to grant his release. But as an unlooked-for pardon was likely to prove too much of a shock to the prisoner, the sentence was commuted to a period which would release him in six weeks, and to me was intrusted the breaking of the news to Johnson, and

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the papers giving him freedom. We knew that it was necessary for Johnson to be given time to enable his mind to grasp the fact of coming release, and to make very definite plans to be met at the prison-gates by some one on whom he could depend, for the man of forty-seven would find a different world from the one he left when a boy of eighteen. It gives one a thrill to hold in one's hands the papers that are to open the doors of liberty to a man imprisoned for life, and it was with a glad heart that I took the next train for the penitentiary.

My interview with Johnson was undisturbed by any other presence, and he greeted me with no premonition of the meaning of the roll of white paper that I held. Very quietly our visit began; but when Johnson was quite at his ease I asked: "Has anything been done about your case since I saw you last?" "Oh, no, nothing ever will be done for me. I've given up all hope."

"I had a talk with the governor about you yesterday, and he was willing to help you. He gave me this paper which you and I will look over together." I watched in vain for any look of interest in his face as I said this.

Slowly, aloud, I read the official words, Johnson's eyes following as I read; but his realization of the meaning of the words came with difficulty. When I had read the date of his release we both paused: as the light broke into his mind he said:

"Then, in January I shall be free." Another pause, while he tried to grasp just what this would mean to him; and then, "I shall be free. Now I can work and earn money to send you to help other poor fellows." That was his uppermost thought during the rest of the interview.

In the evening the Catholic chaplain, Father Cyriac, of beloved memory, came to me with the request that I have another interview with Johnson, saying, "The man is so distressed because in his overwhelming surprise he forgot to thank you to-day." "He thanked me better than he knew," I replied.

But, of course, I saw Johnson again the next day, and in this, our last interview, he made a final desperate effort to tell me what his prison life had been. "Behind me were stone walls, on each side of me were stone walls; nothing before me but stone walls. And then you came and brought hope into my life, and now you have brought freedom, and *I can not find words to thank you.*" And dropping his head on his folded arms the man burst into tears, his whole body shaken with sobs. I hope that I made him realize that there was no need of words, that when deep calleth unto deep the heart understands in silence.

Only yesterday, turning to my writing-desk in search of something else, I chanced across a copy of the letter I wrote to the governor after my interview with Johnson, and, as it is still warm with the feelings of that never-to-be-forgotten experience, I insert it here.

"I can not complete my Thanksgiving Day until I have given you the message of thanks intrusted to me by Hiram Johnson. At first he could not realize that the long years of prison life were actually to be ended. It was too bewildering, like a flood of light breaking upon one who has long been blind. And when he began to grasp the meaning of your gift the first thing he said to me was, 'Now I can work and earn money to send you for some other poor fellow.'

"Not one thought of self, only of the value of liberty as a means, at last, to do something for others. How *hard* he tried to find words to express his gratitude! It made my heart ache for the long, long years of repression that had made direct expression almost impossible, and in that thankfulness, so far too deep for words, I read, too, the measure of how terrible the imprisoned life had been. Thank heaven and a good governor, it will soon be over! Hiram Johnson has a generous heart and true, and he will be a good man. And it is beautiful to know that spiritual life can grow and unfold even under the hardest conditions."

What life meant to Johnson afterward I do not know; but I do know that he found home and protection with relatives on a farm, and the letters that he wrote me indicated that he took his place among them not as an ex-convict so much as a man ready to work for his living and entitled to respect. Being friendly, he no doubt found friends, and though he was a

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man near fifty, perhaps the long-buried spirit of youth came to life again in the light of freedom. At all events once more the blue skies were above him and he drew again the blessed breath of liberty. Although he never realized his dream of helping me to help others, I never doubted the sincerity of his desire to do so.

NO NIGHT THERE

By William Hervey Woods

TAKE it not clean away,
Mother which art in Heaven; for Childhood's sake,
And some long-cherished things time cannot take—
Mem'ries of dusk o' day,
And white beds waiting in the candled gloom,
While little heads bent in the quiet room
Around one knee to pray—
End where they will, all our old dreams of rest
Begin with twilight and a mother's breast.

We are not wholly grown,
But must be always what we once have been;
Sometime, somewhere, the whitest head must lean;
Mayhap in heaven full-known
Mid the long radiance and the rolling psalm,
Our wistful hearts shall mind us of the balm
Of earth-scenes, once our own—
Where in sweet trance of lessening sight and sound,
Soft-fingered Night with darkness lapped us round.

And must we lose the moon?
Nor evermore far down a shadowy pass
By some still tarn, watch midnight in a glass
Star-crowned with double noon?
Forego the dews, and Romance, and young dreams,
And wind-blown voices of night-singing streams
That darkling idyls croon?
Be patient with us, Lord; the moon-light shows
Challenging splendors not all noon-tide knows.

Then let it slowly go—
Dear half of earthly life that we must miss,
Velveted silence, stars, and slumber's bliss!
Let lingering twilight glow
Ere the All-morning on our darkness break,
Nor this, Thou Merciful, our frailty make,
If we awaking so,
One quivering moment turning from the light,
Say, with wet faces, "O good Night, good-night!"

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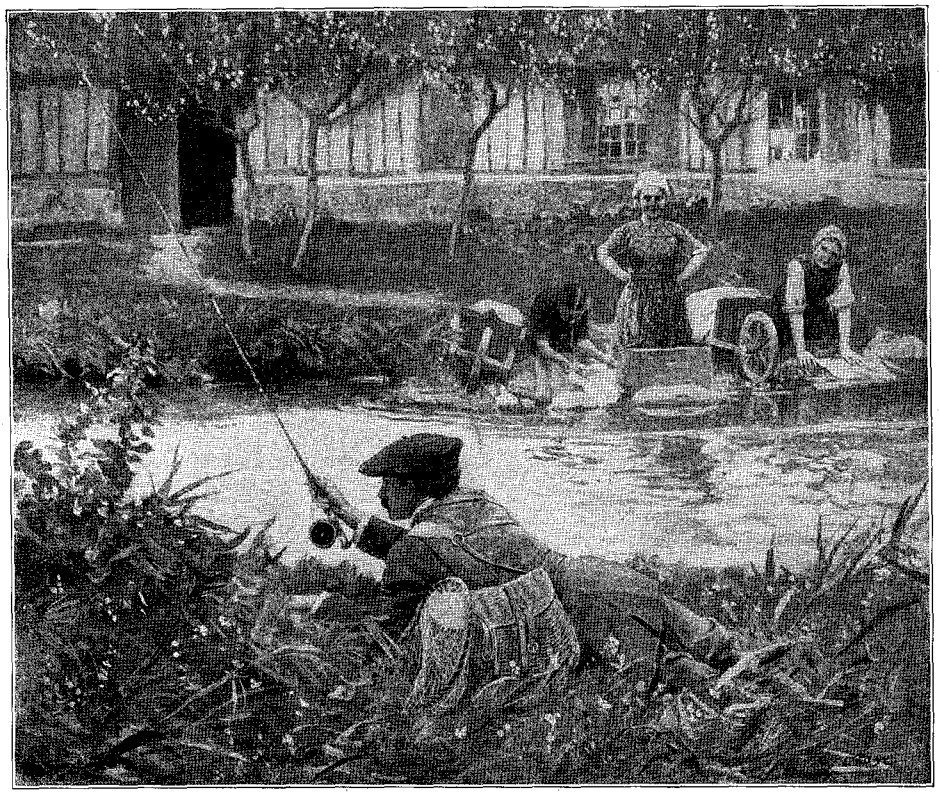

The cynosure of the eyes and tongues of the washerwomen.

TROUT-FISHING IN NORMANDY

By Ethel Rose

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST AND GUY ROSE

NORMANDY trout-fishing, like many another good thing of France, spoils one for most other places.

Such rivers as the noted chalk-streams of England are unknown to us, and these of which I write are, I fancy, no more to be compared with them than with our own Maine or Canadian rivers or the waters of the West. Each is in a class by itself.

All Normandy is pastoral—full of quaint villages drowsing in the sun, with woods and fields between—and the streams that flow through this peaceful land partake of its character. Surely Izaak Walton would have loved them, and one can imagine him, as shown by the stiff little print in the "Compleat Angler," dignified and sedate, his lawn bands immaculate, under the blossoming trees of some apple-orchard, or wandering through a meadow intent on the quest while watched by cows knee-deep in buttercups and daisies.

There is an intimate charm about this fishing, for you are nearly always in the village life—now beside some great slow-turning mill-wheel, with the jealous miller peeping from a window; now in a cottage garden on a trim path flanked by vegetables and flowers; now beneath the fragrant blossoms of an orchard, in which may stand an old stone shrine; and now the cynosure of the eyes and tongues of the

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washerwomen as they slap the linen with their paddles on the stones of the *lavoir*. Or if not actually in a village it is impossible to be far from one, and probably the pastured cattle will at first take a too friendly interest in your proceedings, standing around in a close, wide-eyed circle, of which you may be unaware until your fly, swinging behind you as you cast, catches in one of them.

Twelve years ago, and even less, a fly-fisherman was a novelty in these parts, except for an occasional local sport madly and literally thrashing the water with clumsy tackle, and the people regarded you with wondering and scornful amazement—until they saw you catch the fish. Nearly everywhere that we went, permission to fish was readily granted, for even where it is not preserved you must obtain the consent of the riverside proprietors; in some instances not so much for the privilege of fishing as for that of walking on their land; and as each little field and garden is apt to have a different owner, you are thus brought into relations with a goodly part of the population of the place.

Also, there are sharp distinctions between rivers that are navigable or *flottable* and those that are not; for the former belong to the state, which rents the rights for net-fishing, though any one may fish on them from a boat with a *ligne flottante;* while on the little rivers the land-owners have all the fishing rights, and in some places even object to your wading.

As in the case of shooting, the landlord of the hotel is the first person to whom to apply for information, and you next interview the guard to find out just where you may fish and where it is forbidden. It is a good plan to give a small tip to the guards and to obliging peasants, while by paying two or three dollars you can occasionally get a bit of fishing for the season.

One old guard of our acquaintance was exceedingly affable at first, but as the summer wore on he became so surly and disagreeable that we asked the reason of the change. He said that when he gave us permission he had not supposed we could catch anything, as no one else could, but the truth was that we took too many and he did not like it. He was less frank about his reasons for not liking it, which were that we interfered with his unlawful traffic with the hotels, by destroying night-lines and traps that we had more than once caught him setting. Even in our home village, when we suggested to the guard that it was his duty to remonstrate with his poaching brother, he replied deprecatingly: "What would you? He sells them!"

Another hoary sinner, not a guard this time, made his living by wading boldly up and down the stream through every one's property, putting his hands into the holes under the banks, gently tickling the large trout that lay there, and deftly slipping them into his bag. He had been arrested and imprisoned times innumerable, but as soon as he was free would be at his tricks again; so that in the end he was actually left to poach as he pleased, the authorities having concluded that that was cheaper than so many *procès* and imprisonments. It is with no trace of regret that I chronicle his recent demise.

It is now, however, becoming all the time more difficult to get fishing on the best rivers, for fly-fishing is getting to be more and more popular, and not only are many owners keeping their places for themselves, but the smaller ones in particular have discovered that they can make quite a sum by renting for the season, or even for a term of years, at prices that would have seemed preposterous not so very long ago. Take, for instance, an old woman, who owns a deserted mill on the Durdent, where there are two good waterfalls and pools, in all perhaps two hundred yards on either bank of the stream. Ten years ago, on our first visit, she invited us to fish there; the following spring she wanted twenty francs for two weeks, and finally got it from an Englishman. Since then her prices have soared like the lark, for last year she got six hundred francs, and is planning to hold out for eight hundred next time. Of course it is not worth any such ridiculous amount, but it is simply astonishing how much a cautious, economical Frenchman will pay for a thing he wants.

The number of enthusiasts or *amateurs* of this delightful sport is constantly increasing, as its charm and art are realized and its fine points better appreciated; some of them are members of English clubs, and fish the preserved streams of

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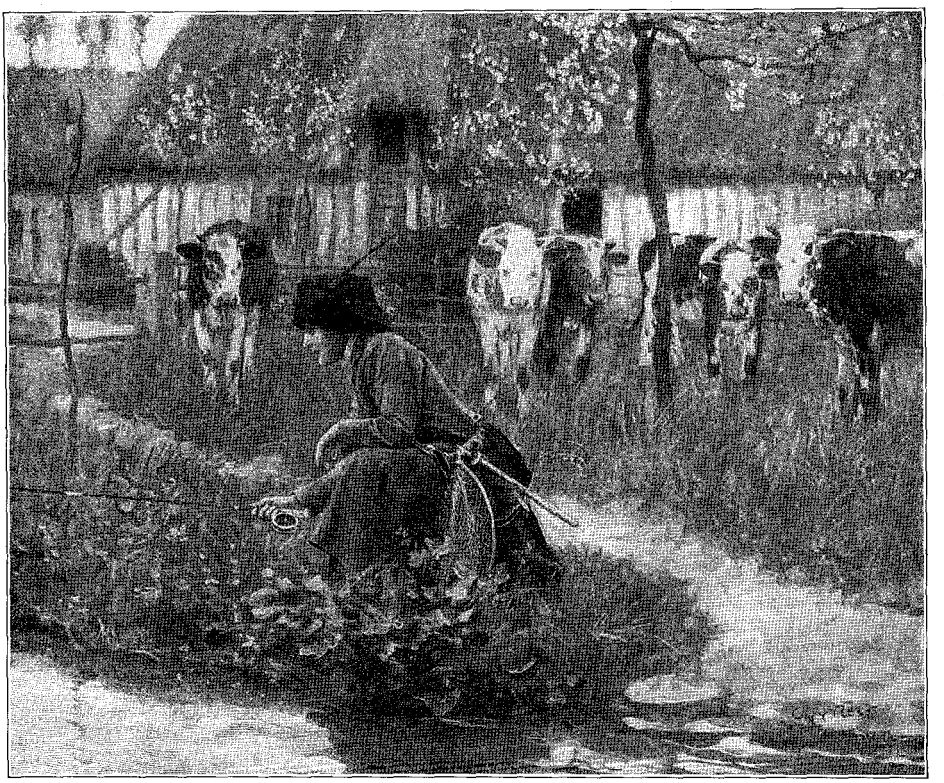
England where rules are arbitrary and strictly enforced, and the standards of fishing are the highest in the world—in fact, the interchange of courtesies and ideas with British anglers is doing a vast amount to foster the correct sporting spirit. Even now there are French advocates of the extreme dry-fly purist point of view who will fish only for a rising trout with an exact copy of the very fly that is on the water; though, as far as I am aware, there is no stream where hard-and-fast rules on the subject prevail, and you may use fly, spinner, phantom, or as does the native, the lowly worm.



The pastured cattle will take a friendly interest in your proceedings.—Page 456.

The "Casting Club de France" has for several years held an annual casting competition in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, an international affair where world's records have been broken, some of them by Frenchmen. The Casting Club is quite the most important of those devoted almost exclusively to fly-fishing and is active in good works, being at present earnestly engaged in trying to enact new laws against poaching, and to get both old and new enforced. The worse than indifference displayed by officials in respect to these laws is appalling, and not only the sporting papers but the daily press wax sarcastic and indignant on the subject. Poachers show the most brazen indifference to and defiance of authority, and the revengeful acts of the more lawless of them seem to have laid the powers that be under a spell of terror—they are literally afraid either to inflict or to execute sentences. In a peculiarly shameful recent case, where the offender was taken red-handed, after being scandalously exonerated and having his illegal nets obligingly returned to him, he remarked insolently that he hoped they had at least had them properly dried!

The sporting magazines also are taking up the subject of trout-fishing—and everything that is not work seems to be a "sport" in France, even photography!—

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so that there is, on the whole, quite an animated propaganda going on about preserving, stocking, and guarding streams; and special appeals are being made to hotel proprietors to aid the good cause, and incidentally to enrich themselves, by advertising fishing opportunities, as is done on such a large scale in Great Britain, though it is as yet too soon to tell how far-reaching the results will be.

The "Touring Club de France," which has in so many cases accomplished the seemingly impossible in the past ten years, is actively interested and that means assured progress, for its monthly journal, free to every *sociétaire*, reaches over one hundred and thirty-five thousand members alone (in France), and no corner of the country is too remote or difficult of access for it to penetrate.

All France fishes—men, women, and children—so that it might truthfully be considered as the national pastime, for never have we seen anything to compare with it elsewhere. Fishing clubs and societies abound wherever there is any water more important than the village duck-pond, most of them leagued into large organizations; but, with exceedingly few and recent exceptions, their object is the taking of coarse fish; and even where there are trout they are usually considered rather as a side issue, save on those rare streams where there is nothing else.

It was on our first visit to the valley of the Durdent that we asked an old peasant, past whose garden the river ran, if there was good fishing there.

"No!" he replied disgustedly, "nothing but trout." There were plenty of those at his very door, but he could not sit on a camp-stool or in a flat-bottomed boat under a large white cotton umbrella, with three or four rods fastened out in front of him, and watch the floats bob while he dozed in the sun, rousing now and then to the joy of a capture. No trout for him!

You can by no means put implicit trust in what the people tell you, for a miller will scowl and, even as you watch a beautiful rise, assert that there isn't a fish in the river; while an old woman eager to chat will invite you into her garden, offer you a seat, assure you that there are whales everywhere, "*Grosses comme ça, monsieur!*" and ply you with fruit and advice as long as you stay, which will probably be only until you have grasped the fact that there never was anything better than eels and chub within miles.

Landlords will lure you with lies, and enthusiasts more patriotic than veracious will write to the magazines glowing letters about the fishing in their particular *pays*, as well as the fine local dishes and wines to be found in their inns, until you burn with desire to go there and, after long waiting for the opportunity, find yourself, after spending an entire day on a beautiful-*looking* stream, coming back tired and hungry, with a few six-inch troutlets, to an impossible dinner in an *auberge* more primitive than anything in the wilds of America; though there is nothing like that in Normandy itself.

All along the Normandy coast there is a succession of streams which vary in size and importance from the navigable Seine to the adorable brook that rises clear and cool in the cress-beds of that even more adorable village, Veules-les-Roses, and flows not more than a mile before disappearing underground beneath an old mill on the very beach. Every one of these streams contains trout and, though none are now taken in the Seine itself, most of its tributaries teem with them, and the Seine yields salmon even now as far up as Rouen, though twenty-five years ago they used to come up to the locks above Vernon, and the great flood year of 1910 saw a large one netted there in the mouth of the Epte—a reminiscence of the "good old times."

In the larger of the rivers that empty directly into the ocean, magnificent sea-trout, running as high as fifteen pounds, are taken regularly with nets by the market fishermen, and this business goes on even in the lower Durdent, which is supposed to be reserved for members of the society. It is rare indeed that one of these big fellows will rise to the fly, and even then he will seldom do more than look at it. A spinner or a worm will occasionally account for one of them, and sometimes one will follow a small trout that is being reeled in, perhaps even going so far as to seize it, and making things lively for a few minutes. One patriarchal nine-pounder has made his home in a certain garden

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five miles from the sea, where he is never fished for, and is fed every morning in company with at least a dozen others not so very much smaller, and it is indeed a sight to stand on the little bridge and watch those beautiful fish leap and struggle and splash for food right at your feet.

An old woman eager to chat will invite you into her garden, . . . assure you that there are whales everywhere, "*Grosses comme ça, monsieur!*"—Page 458.

The number of hatcheries scattered about on the different streams is really surprising, and though a few of them are private establishments or raise fish for market, it is hard to understand how all the others can make a living.

Most of the Normandy trout are what we in America call "brown trout," for, although many rainbows have been put in in recent years, one is rarely taken much over half a pound in weight, and it is claimed that, once they have made their pilgrimage to the sea, they never return.

There are places where a stranger may fish by joining the local society, the dues for a year varying from three to twenty francs; or, in some instances, permits for one day are issued; and there are a few hotel-keepers who control fishing for the use of their guests. Lists of some of these may be found in the "Annuaire" of the Casting Club and the "Angler's Diary" (British), while others may be discovered by one's self.

Probably the best place in Normandy

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for one who does not know the country intimately is the "Société de la Durdent," on the river of that name, with its headquarters at Cany, the most important town. This club was formed by local anglers and land-owners, but may be joined by any one at any time, and includes among its members not only Parisians, but Englishmen who come over regularly. One of these last told us that the Durdent was "an ideal chalk-stream," and that nowhere in Great Britain could one get such good fishing at anything like the price. The dues are twenty francs for a year or any portion thereof, and this entitles one to fish on all the land reserved by the society. These "preserves" consist of certain meadows and fields scattered along the twelve-mile course of the stream, each place being indicated by a sign posted beside the road—which, during the best parts of the season and most Sundays, is hazy with the dust from the automobiles, carriages, and bicycles that fly up and down, with fishing-rods much in evidence. Down on the shore is the little bathing-resort of Veulettes, with the best hotel on the river and a casino of sorts open in the season; and for three miles above, the fishing on both banks of the stream belongs to the society, the greater part of it bordered by high-banked open meadows without a particle of protection. This is where the big fish lie, those wary ones who know what it means when a fly is flicked over their horizon, and where you have to humble yourself and "play crocodile," as our French friend says, to keep them from seeing you.

This was once a tidal river, and the fishing-boats with their tawny sails came away in to anchor at Paluel, below the little Church of Notre Dame de Salut on the hill, under whose dusky roof hung hundreds of little ships, the votive offerings of the saved. Now there is a huge dike, with a broad road atop, all across the valley's mouth, while the river flows out with rush and roar by the contracted tunnel built for it; and Notre Dame de Salut, neglected, gets never even a glimpse of a stubby mast.

In its upper reaches the river flows meandering through meadows from village to village, sometimes deep and still, sometimes more swift and shallow; gliding past gardens and through hay-fields, and here and there turning the old wooden wheel of some mill—which makes me digress, to wonder for the one-hundredth time why millers, and more especially their wives, are the crossest people in France; for almost never will they let you fish, and our own village miller's spouse, a lady who has a fierce black beard, and is sedulously avoided by her neighbors, once took two innocent French tourists literally by the ears and walked them off the place.

For twelve years we have known and fished the Durdent practically everywhere except in the château grounds. It used to be simply marvellous, and I shall never forget our incredulous amazement the first time we wandered into the valley on bicycles, and sat down on the raised bank to rest under the trees. There were at least a dozen beautiful trout motionless before us, and we found that we could repeat the experience endlessly, seeing fish up to five pounds in weight—a sight indeed! And what is more, we discovered that trout are the only fish in the river.

Those were palmy days, when we fished almost at our own sweet will, and seldom met another rod, and when we supplied the hotel by bringing in a dozen fair fish, on an average, nearly every day for weeks, showing our landlady how to cook them with bacon, or rolled in American corn-meal, with which we are usually provided.

Much of this Arcadian simplicity has departed now that the place is becoming so well known, but one good result of its popularity is that the small inns along the upper valley, formerly fit only for peasants, are now decent little places where you can get an excellent meal, and even a room if you wish.

As everywhere else, the luck of the days and the years varies according to the wind and the weather and the appalling frequency of your having chosen a day when they are cutting the river-weed. This last is a real calamity, for the greater part of the river-bed is covered with long, swinging, curtain-like masses of the stuff, which forms an ideal cover for the fish, and has been the grave of many a fond hope for a record-breaker. It is cut with incredibly long-handled scythes, and the mowing is done at all seasons of the year, and just when the fancy of the scythe-

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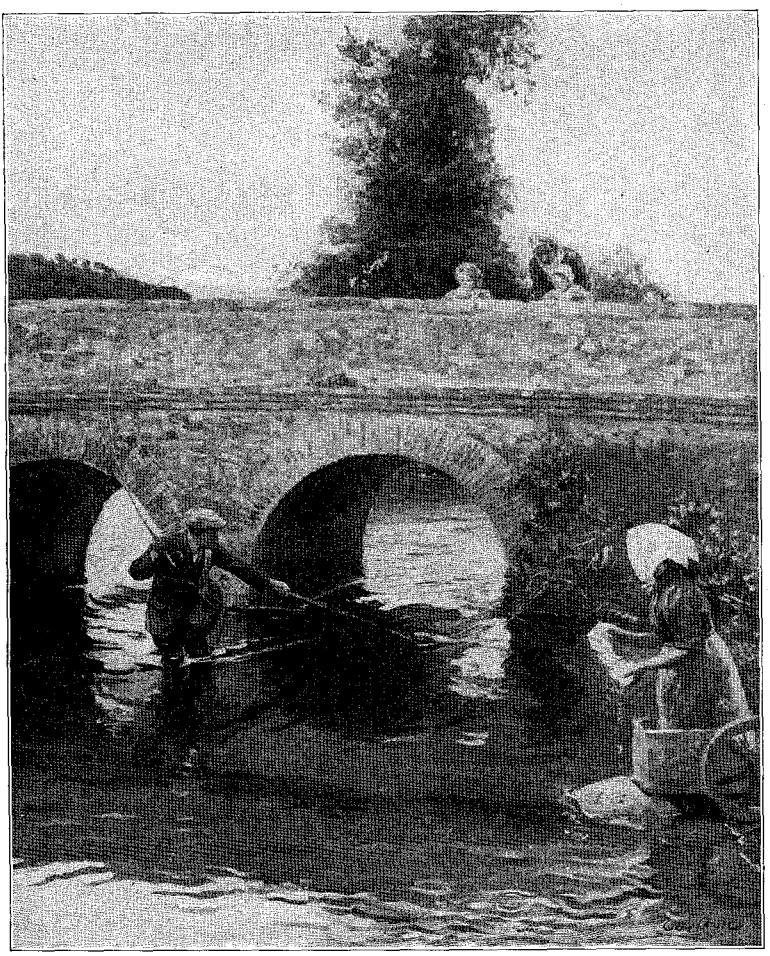
wielder strikes him to go forth and do it. Since it grows almost as fast as the fabled beanstalk, it is cut often, or the river would be choked, and when the fisherman when the men, deprived of their habitual occupation, are obliged to resort to something else and take, with unpardonable energy, to mowing their lawns and cast-



It is indeed a sight to stand on the little bridge and watch those beautiful fish leap and struggle.—Page 459.

sees its green masses come floating down —in bunches, and mats, and stray bits, and small hay-stacks—he may be forgiven for *anything* he may say, for at every cast he will get either a long green prize that must be dragged in and disentangled, or a small wisp of leaf or stem that will, at the best, cause the wet line to veer and give him a smart slap in the face. What is worse, the fish usually stop rising during the passage of much weed. A law, often honored in the breach, prohibits the weed-cutting at stated times, ing the results upon the water like a green veil—or remaking their strawberry beds; and for unexampled tenacity in clinging to a fish-hook let me recommend a seemingly insignificant strawberry leaf or runner.

When the weed-cutting is just completed, the river-bottom looks as though it had been shaved—there is a mere stubble left—and the frightened fish dart wildly about in a vain search for cover the instant they see the shadow of your line on the water.

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For days together, if you chance on these or other evil times, you may get nothing at all, and not a rising fish will be seen; or the river may be seen to be peopled entirely with small fry, which you carefully unhook and put back.

But when the luck changes, all that is forgotten—the trout, good ones, are rising—there is plop, plop, plop, all about you—and you will get some nice half-pounders, and a few larger ones perhaps well over a pound; beyond that they are few and far between, and the day on which they are taken is a red-letter one.

You stay until the last minute, for you must not fish after sundown, and you go back flushed with success and the *joie de vivre*.

There are comparatively few places on these Normandy streams where you can wade, for most of them are surprisingly deep, and where it is possible it means hip-boots and strength to force one's way against a mass of water. Have boots, though, by all means, for where they can be used it is well worth it, and they will be useful in the meadows, which are frequently flooded several inches deep.

One of the prettiest of the Normandy rivers is the Risle, also a chalk-stream, most of which is preserved, and even here there are droves of horrid chub in places; but in spite of that we rejoice whenever we have the good fortune to be asked to fish the preserves of a certain club over there.

This club has ten members, consisting of high government officials, architects, bankers, and one Russian prince, whom the others pretend to suspect of being a nihilist. They rent almost three miles of the stream, here ten yards or so wide, and have every variety of water, from deep to shallow; including pools, rapids, long still stretches, and turns beneath tall trees, though most of it lies in open meadows. It is not difficult to fish, but you have to exercise great care in order to avoid being seen, though by July the reeds and grass are high enough to form a screen; and there is actually one wide shallow reach that can be got at only by wading.

This preserve is near a small village on whose only street there is a combination grocery-shop and *café*, almost the last imaginable place for a club-house for city men; yet here have we eaten many a good meal and many a trout served up in *sauce Normande*, a delectable thing made of hot cream.

The dining-room, eight feet by ten, is behind the shop, and is exactly filled by the table and chairs, so that when all are there the first comers take the innermost seats and the dishes are handed in at the door at one end of the room, and not infrequently out of the window at the other.

Monsieur le patron, in his shirt-sleeves, does the serving, and when he is not running down cellar to refill the carafes with good sour Normandy cider, he keeps up a running fire of talk with every one, showing a truly heartfelt interest in each individual catch of the morning. His handsome wife does the cooking and comes at times to beam upon the company in a dignified manner. All the members talk at once and all the time, and there is much joking and laughter with a nice spirit of *camaraderie*.

Here are to be seen some of the most wonderful costumes and outfits that I have ever beheld. Such boots—high and thick, and laced and buckled and strapped! Such trousers—wide and baggy and tucked into the boots, or straight and slinky and reaching just below the knee! Such coats—with capes and without, with sleeves and without sleeves, and with innumerable oddly placed pockets all bulging full! Such hats—water-proof or otherwise, with single or double brims, even one brown-straw derby, and all of them twined with leaders and bristling with flies! Such kind enthusiastic faces under the hats, and such different degrees of skill!—from the little round-faced gentleman who had never, no, never caught anything but chub, to our very good friend, the club's president, who is one of the most fervent anglers in France, a master of his rod and line, and also a martinet in enforcing drastic laws and waging war on poachers.

We usually arrive about six in the morning, having come more than fifty miles in the dawn over the hard white roads, and we leave soon after five, very tired but always cheerful. There was one occasion, however, when we stayed for three blissful days in the hottest July of the most phenomenally dry summer that even the oldest inhabitant could remember; and we

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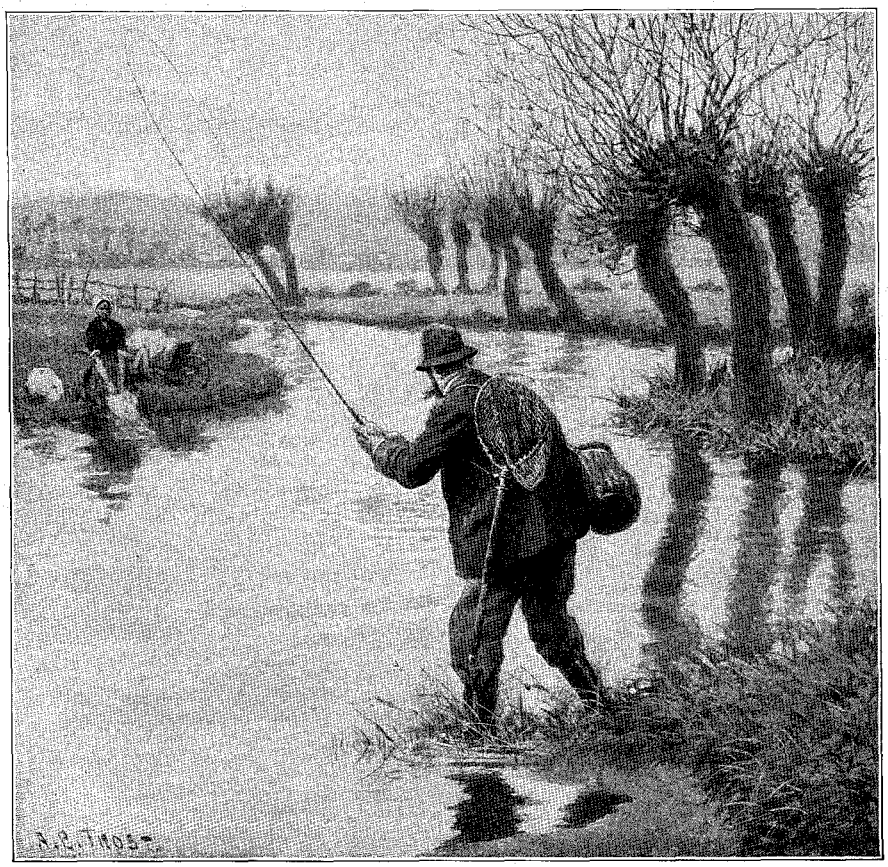
caught trout—many and big—and most of the biggest in the very most blistering part of a cloudless day.

Monsieur and *Madame* gave up to us their own room with two big windows and the low hills and soft green clumps of trees.

There is usually so much more to it all than even the fishing. Once it was weasels. My line had caught in a barbed wire,



This is where the big fish lie.—Page 460.

a most gorgeous suite of furniture. There was lavender-scented linen on the bed and —in spite of our modest trunk—there, laid out in state, were their two most elegant night-gowns, one adorned with red feather-stitching and the other with a sort of fluted Medici ruff; accompanied by a bonnet with strings and a long, pointed night-cap crowned with a tassel!

It rained gently on our last day, and was wonderfully beautiful, a sort of golden mist pervading the air and giving to the landscape such a soft, shifting play of color, as seen through the falling rain, that you stood forgetful of the trout to look over fields of reaped hay and grain toward and as I turned to unfasten it, there, on the very wire, sat three baby birds just out of the nest all agape and unafraid in a row. Naturally I stood motionless to watch them, and in a minute my eyes were attracted by a movement in the grass, and two weasels popped up not ten feet away. They looked at me inquiringly, but as I did not stir, they evidently took me for a new variety of tree stump, and commenced to play together exactly as two kittens would, their long, slender bodies exaggerating every movement until it was positively ludicrous. Nearer and nearer they came, leaping and patting and biting and rolling over each other, until one sat

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erect like a squirrel and looked me in the face with his little black-bead eyes. He was actually touching my foot, and as I moved it suddenly the little beast was so astonished to find that I was human that he sprang sideways into the air and landed plump in the river.

Once in a while we put the folding canoe into the automobile and start at four o'clock of a summer morning for a place on the Eure where there is a picturesque and amusing inn and a good bit of water that one may fish. By six we have arrived, after passing on the way the exquisite château that was built for Diane de Poitiers at Anet; and soon we have the canoe in commission and get out the Thermos flask of hot coffee, for even in August it is cold at that hour when riding fast.

The Eure is far too deep to wade here, and is in most places a strong river, often fifty yards wide. Where it flows through the forest it is wooded to the water's edge; elsewhere there are grassy waterside paths under wide-spreading trees, and, as always, stretches of open meadow. There are large fish here and, though the chub are a nuisance, one generally gets something quite worth while, though not a numerous catch.

Several years ago there was good sport in the Epte above Gisors, but most of it is guarded, and as the inhabitants of that *pays* did not receive strangers with the cordiality that makes one feel welcome, we go there no more. Below Gisors there were trout until the water was poisoned by mills, which were finally proscribed, and now the fish seem to be coming back, though a day's angling will probably yield few of a keepable size. Last May-fly week on the Epte, though, revealed the fact that there are some good trout there, for three afternoons of exciting sport, all of it wading, yielded to the other rod of this family eight brace of beautiful fish ranging from eight to twenty-nine ounces.

The Bresle, which forms the northern boundary of Normandy, is supposed to be about the best of its streams, but it is practically all taken up in preserves, and there is scant hope for the outsider.

On the Andelle, the Scie, and the streams in the vicinity of Dieppe there are associations of property-owners organized

He may be forgiven for *anything* he may say, for at every cast he will get either a long green prize, . . . or a small wisp of leaf or stem.—Page 461.

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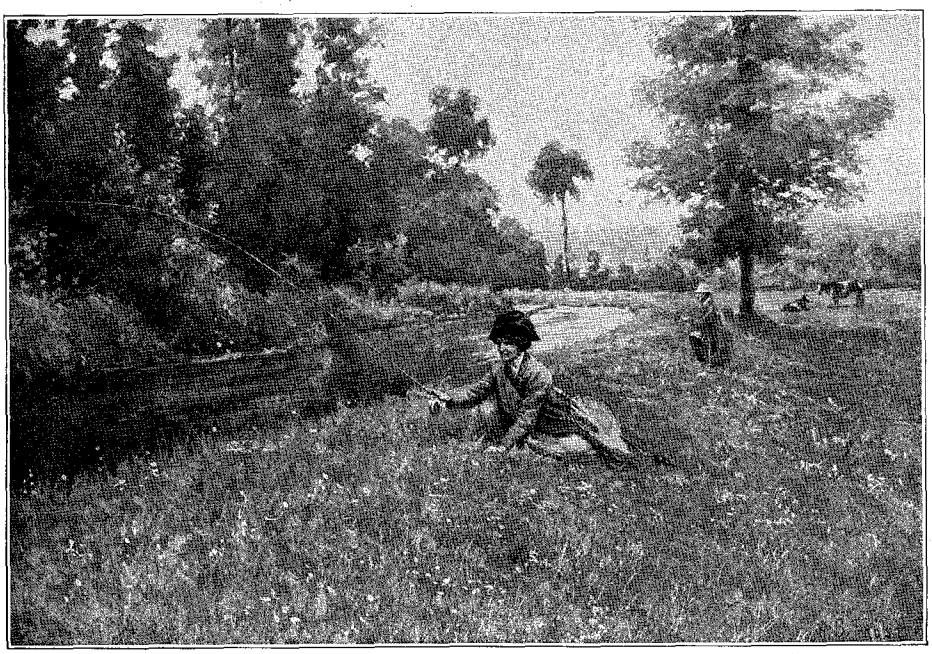

The river flows meandering through meadows, sometimes deep and still.—Page 460.

to prevent poaching, to restock the waters, etc., but they are of purely local interest, the members not even having any fishing in common.

Fishing laws are not severe, the open season usually lasting from April 1 until October, with here and there, as conditions demand, a close season of a few weeks in May and June. One may fish with practically anything one prefers, provided it is *flottant*, that is, not a trap, net, or set line, though owners, or any one to whom they give such permission, may use absolutely anything they please. We have never heard of even a club in Normandy where one is restricted to the use of the artificial fly, and I can fancy the expression of incredulous scorn on the provincial angler's countenance at being told that there are places where one may use, not flies alone, but only *dry* flies at that.

May-fly season is, perhaps, the most exciting time, though not necessarily the most remunerative. In spite of its name, this fly is usually on during the first ten days of June, and in the late afternoons the river surface is a play of widening, shifting, intercepting circles made by rising trout. How often the fly is missed! How they leap upon it when they do take it! With what a mad rush they break for the nearest entangling weed or snag; and how they thrash away from the approaching net that gets them at last.

It is, I suppose, a taken-for-granted proceeding, wherever trout are to be found, that one should get up early in the morning to go after them, but it has not been our experience that they take the fly best at that time; indeed, matutinal trout seem to be few and far between. Late afternoon is the usual time for the best rise, and on hot, sunny days there seems to be an especially abundant hatch of fly between eleven and three; but beware the delusion of what is known as the "evening rise," which is a truly wonderful thing to see, and will keep you trembling with excitement and trying fly after fly from your box until long after the lawful hour, and all in vain. There is at least one place that we know of where the big fellows will bite only in the evening, and you have to go for them in a boat, but that is not the same thing.

In the American waters that we know, chiefly New York and California rivers and the lakes of Maine, you may see scattered rises, but you seldom catch sight of the fish itself, and if you fish well and

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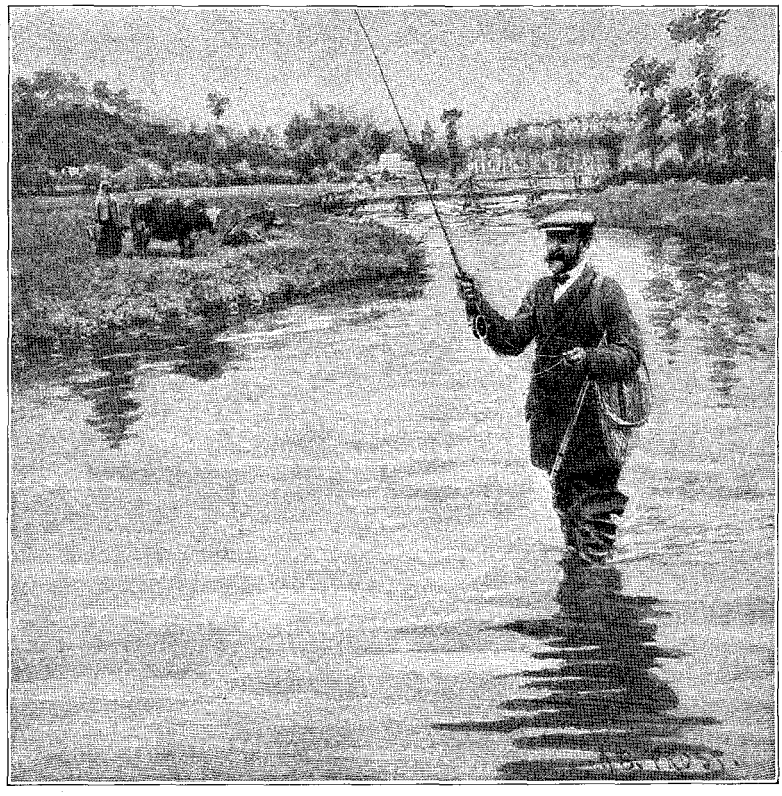
thoroughly it is with about equal success whether they seem to be feeding or not. Here, one of the most exciting things imaginable is to watch them, yourself well hidden, especially when they are feeding.



It means hip-boots and strength to force one's way against a mass of water.—Page 462.

They lie scattered all over the place, and perfectly visible through the clear quiet water; large ones, perhaps, only a few inches below the surface, just waving their tails or drifting a bit from side to side to inspect tempting-looking morsels. As they come to the top they simply open their jaws to the floating fly, which disappears within. Unless the insect flutters, as in laying eggs, there is no swirl or leap —their dorsal fins simply cut the water, and you get a glimpse of a broad back as they sink again and are ready for the next dainty. At times they will not move even if they see you; but just try floating a fly over them and see how maddening it is nine times out of ten not to have them even swerve toward it. The small fry rush at things more rashly, make a real rise, and even throw themselves clear of the water repeatedly, a thing that is seldom done by a fish over half a pound in weight, though I once saw a beautiful example of one of the exceptions to that rule. I was sitting on the grass of the meadow with only my head above the slightly raised bank of the stream when, not three feet from me, a trout of about two pounds leaped fully eighteen inches into the air right before my eyes. It was a wonderful thing to see, so vivid that I could distinguish the spots and colors, in spite of its rapidity.

Unless there is fly on the water you are not apt, on these streams, to get much for your trouble, especially if using dry flies, quite the most interesting way to fish; though, of course, you never know what unexpected thing may happen, or what leviathan may not have his curiosity aroused by some floating novelty pre-

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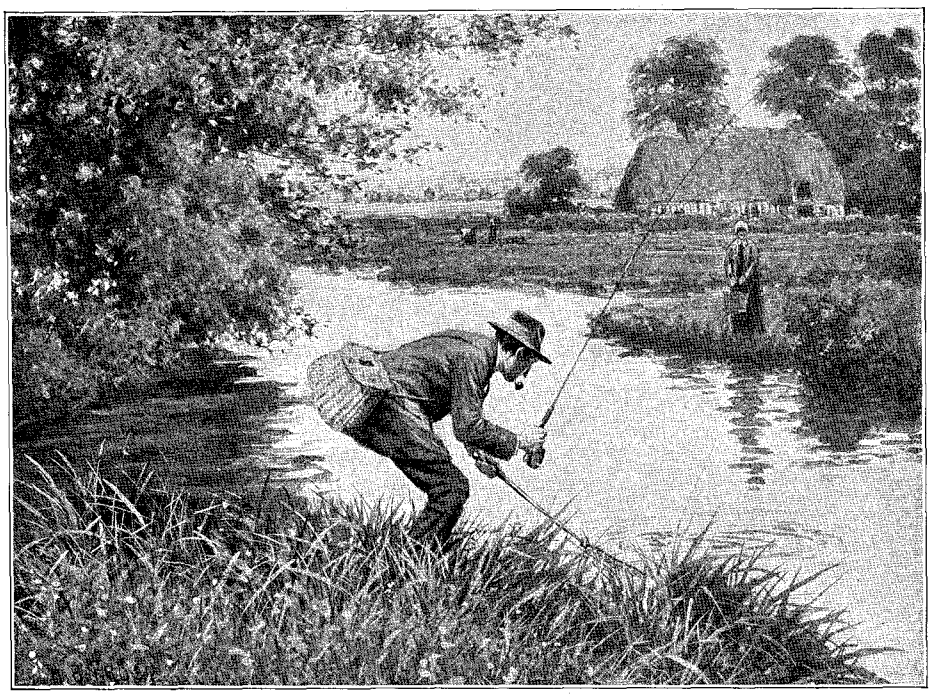

The approaching net that gets them at last.—Page 465.

sented when he least expects it, as, for instance, the four-pounder over which I, in plain sight, was drifting a big Soldier Palmer simply to get out line for a distant rising fish—when to my awed amazement that great trout rose deliberately from the extreme bottom, and as deliberately seized the fly. Then the water boiled for a moment, but he broke away.

Dry-fly fishing is more than a twice-told tale in England now, and even here we have done it for years, but it seems to have come to the front in the United States very recently, to judge from the magazine articles that we see. According to the explicit descriptions and directions given by some of these writers, there is a difference in the way it is done, and we are looking forward to the results of our first experience with dry-fly in home waters. We think that some of the rather scornful criticism anent English practices must arise from ignorance of the utterly different conditions prevailing over here.

The contrast in every way to an American fishing-trip is one of the charms and wonders of the experience, and once you have tried this intimate sort of fishing, it will vie in your memory with that of the mountain brooks, the forest lakes, and the tortuous overhung rivers of America. Not that you cannot find those in France also; for there are dashing mountain streams in the Jura, to be fished only by one who can climb rocks and wade waist-deep—and there are high secluded lakes and riotous brooks in the Pyrenees and the Vosges—as well as small, tree-shaded, and stony rivulets in the Creuse and in the Midi.

But think of this land with its long history of civilization and its clustering communities; its valleys a succession of water-wheels and gardens; its thronging peasants, for centuries so regardless of laws; and you will wonder that there is a fish left in all the length and breadth of France; and still more will you be astonished to see, as you may in town after town, as you look over the parapets of bridges in busy main streets, anywhere from one to half a dozen trout swaying with the current and keeping a sharp eye open for choice bits of refuse. You can occasionally hook one of these sophisticated city-dwellers, and then there is excitement indeed! The baker, who has been watch-

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ing you from the corner of his door, rushes out in his floury clothes to give advice as to the best way of landing your prize; small boys in black aprons gather like a swarm of bees, some of them with abbreviated fishing-poles in their hands and little tin pails of *goujon*, the two-inch trophies of their quest. Every one within sight or hearing runs to see the contest, and, as you finally carry your capture in triumph to the cook at the inn, you have a retinue of followers gesticulating eagerly as they recount to one another the details of the affair.

Here one does not spend days or even many hours in a journey before reaching a wilderness where the trout hide far from the homes of men, for, at the worst, you are only three hours from Paris by the *rapide*, and all about you are picturesque villages and towns, even historic cities with their treasures; and all this on a network of magnificent roads, any one of which will take you through some of the quaintest hamlets and most charming country in France.

All this you have and more, for each person finds an added attraction appealing especially to him, according as he may care for camera, painting, walking, bicycling, botany, hunting the elusive antique, or simply being lazy; for even the most inveterate angler must rest once in a while, or sport becomes a toil.

Nor will it be an extravagant pleasure, for your living expenses will vary from one to two dollars a day, and the extras are for you to regulate as you choose.

It is, however, not in the least degree a place where a novice can go with any old tackle, use the first fly he comes across in his box, stand boldly on the river-bank, cast at random, and come home with good trout in his creel.

It may surprise those who are not acquainted with conditions here to know what the captain of one of the great transatlantic liners said to us on the subject. He is an enthusiastic angler, but as his time is limited at each end of his route he fishes mostly on the Durdent in France and on Eastern club preserves in America; and he says it is too easy in the States, that "the trout rush up when they see you coming." For *wild* fish and exercise of skill you must go to Normandy.

The best of everything is none too good, and the latest word in English tackle as well as Leonard rods can be found in Paris in special shops and, oddly enough, in the fishing department of the *Grands Magasins du Louvre*, which is, perhaps, more frequented by the best anglers in France than any of the other places; for, in addition to all kinds of paraphernalia, from rods to boxes and boots, they have a really remarkable collection of beautifully tied flies of the best English makes, as well as many from private patterns tied by Frenchmen for French waters.

Not so many years ago a French-made trout-fly was a fearful and a wonderful object, large, clumsy, and poorly tied, so that you were obliged to buy all your flies at the one or two shops in Paris where they could be found, or else order them from England. Now you can get excellent ones, in an emergency, in all tackle-shops on trout-streams, or even in some of the little inns. It is a pleasure and satisfaction to be able to tie your own flies, and it is not difficult to learn to do it fairly well. The necessary kit is small, and it is not a bad occupation for country evenings.

To insure success, you will need, in addition to good tackle, all your powers of skill and observation, and all the accuracy that years of practice have given you. But when the luck is with you, and you have played Indian all of a soft gray afternoon, using the tiny, perfectly tied flies and making your most knowing casts, you can have the satisfaction of being certain that the trout in your basket are there owing to your skill, for they are old hands at the game. Since their troutlet days they have run the gauntlet of night-lines, nets, traps, bait-fishing, and every other ingenious device known to the French fisherman or poacher.

To most true lovers of the sport much of the charm of it lies in the being out of doors in all weathers and amid varied scenes; and if you have not before seen and enjoyed the French country, there are unknown delights of that kind to be found there.

There will be sunny summer days when the fields of grain, the village, the meadows, and the hills seem to float in a delicate gold haze; the greens, so vivid close at hand, becoming more delicate, bluer, more ethereal, in the distance; when the

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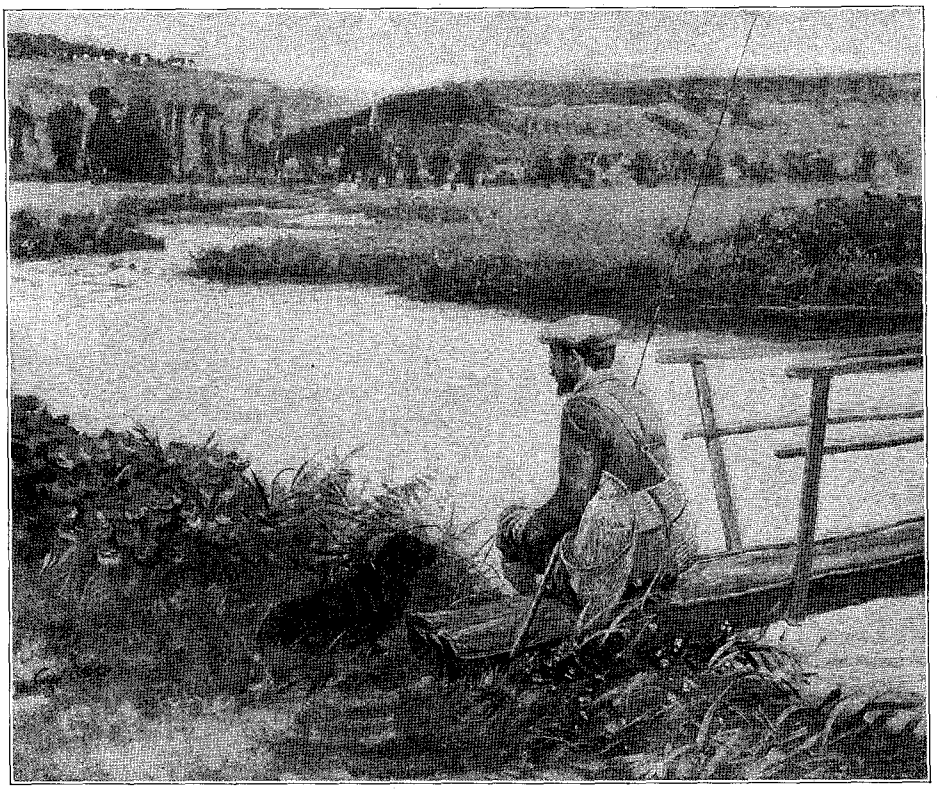
cattle stand in close groups under the trees and the faint sweet smells of hay or blossoms or the not far distant ocean come to you now and then.

If you have high waders, put them on late in the afternoon, and go down to the little island where the dam is, at the foot of the long shallow reach; even out in the



Late afternoon is the usual time for the best rise.—Page 465.

There are raw, damp days in early spring when the ground is like a sponge, the trees are nearly bare, and the keen west wind makes you glad you have on two sweaters, a rain-coat, and water-tight boots.

And there are warm, gray, rainy days, more mist than rain, when you are coated all over with infinitely small silvery drops that look like hoar-frost, and you feel as if you were in the living heart of a great blue-green opal with shifting, changing lights, and no limits and no horizon—nothing but moving layers of pale mist through which you see soft greens of trees against soft blue of hillsides, wet gleams from red-tiled roofs far away, faint, irregular shapes slowly moving through this dream-world, and near at hand, to give some substance of reality, the little dull-gray stream gliding dizzily at your feet.

middle there the water is only half-way up your thighs, and the trout are making ever-widening circles all about you, while the lowering sun sends long shafts of powdery gold between the straight tall stems of the poplars.

Come up-stream slowly. It is only a quarter of a mile, but you can take two hours to do it, casting ahead of you into every nook and corner, and covering the open water as well—there are good fish under the farther bank along here.

Meadows and tall bordering trees are on one side of you, and all the busy life of the highway on the other. Market-wagons go past—tall, green-topped affairs drawn by sturdy Norman horses with big blue sheepskins on their high collars, and tufts and tassels of scarlet wool adorning their stout, sleek bodies.

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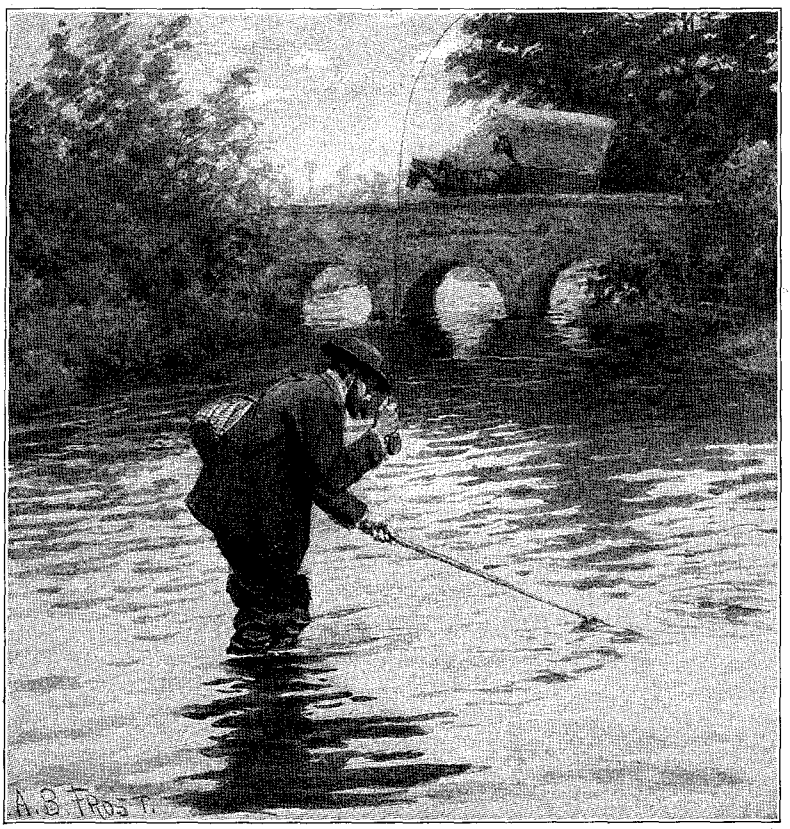

Market-wagons go past, drawn by sturdy Norman horses.—Page 469.

High, lumbering, two-wheeled carts rumble by laden with bunches of freshly washed carrots and turnips, cabbages and onions, on top of which, high above the small, madly galloping horse, are perched big, bareheaded Normandy peasant girls. They laugh and scream, and the long-lashed whips crack smartly as they pass the stage from the Paris train. The stage is crowded: *papas*, *mamans*, *bonnes*, and *bébés* inside; bicycles, perambulators, trunks, and household paraphernalia on top.

Then comes a group of factory girls from the town, who call "*Bon soir*" and comment on your looks and your strange clothes, particularly the high boots.

And then the sun drops behind the hill and you have reached the inn garden. You step out on the bank under the big horse-chestnut trees, beside the hammock and the tea-table and the upturned canoe, while *Madame* comes clattering down the path in her sabots to see what luck you have had. *Madame* is short and wide, her skirts are abbreviated and voluminous, her hair is white, and her eyes are small, black, and snappy. The white strings of her cap float behind her.

She takes your fish with much comment in a curious patois that is hard to understand, and she tells you that she has a "bon diner" all ready for you.

While you eat your *pot-au-feu* in the little dining-room with the windows open on the old cottage flower-garden, your trout are being fried crisp and brown in front of the chicken which is turning on its spit before the little fire of sticks on the big open hearth where *Madame* does all of her not-to-be-despised cooking.

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THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK V

XXXVII

IN a drawing-room hung with portraits of high-nosed personages in perukes and orders, a circle of ladies and gentlemen, looking not unlike every day versions of the official figures above their heads, sat examining with friendly interest a little boy in mourning.

The boy was slim, fair and shy, and his small black figure, islanded in the middle of the wide lustrous floor, looked curiously lonely and remote. This effect of remoteness seemed to strike his mother as something intentional, and almost naughty, for after having launched him from the door, and waited to judge of the impression he produced, she came forward and, giving him a slight push, said impatiently: "Paul! Why don't you go and kiss your new granny?"

The boy, without turning to her, or moving, sent his blue glance gravely about the circle. "Does she want me to?" he asked, in a tone of evident apprehension; and on his mother's answering: "Of course, you silly!" he added earnestly: "How many more do you think there'll be?"

Undine blushed to the ripples of her brilliant hair. "I never knew such a child! They've turned him into a perfect little savage!"

Raymond de Chelles advanced from behind his mother's chair.

"He won't be a savage long with me," he said, stooping down so that his fatigued finely-drawn face was close to Paul's. Their eyes met and the boy smiled. "Come along, old chap," Chelles continued in English, drawing the little boy after him.

"*Il est bien beau,*" the Marquise de Chelles observed, her eyes turning from Paul's grave face to her daughter-in-law's vivid countenance.

"Do be nice, darling! Say '*bonjour, Madame,*'" Undine urged.

An odd mingling of emotions stirred in her while she stood watching Paul make the round of the family group under her husband's guidance. It was "lovely" to have the child back, and to find him, after their three years' separation, grown into so endearing a figure: her first glimpse of him when, in Mrs. Heeny's arms, he had emerged that morning from the steamer train, had shown what an acquisition he would be. If she had had any lingering doubts on the point, the impression produced on her husband would have dispelled them. Chelles had been instantly charmed, and Paul, in a shy confused way, was already responding to his advances. The Count and Countess Raymond had returned but a few weeks before from their protracted wedding journey, and were staying—as they were apparently to do whenever they came to Paris—with the old Marquis, Raymond's father, who had amicably proposed that little Paul Marvell should also share the hospitality of the Hôtel de Chelles. Undine, at first, was somewhat dismayed to find that she was expected to fit the boy and his nurse into a corner of her contracted *entresol*. But the possibility of a mother's not finding room for her son, however cramped her own quarters, seemed not to have occurred to her new relations, and the preparing of her dressing-room and boudoir for Paul's occupancy was carried on by the household with a zeal which obliged her to dissemble her lukewarmness.

Undine had supposed that on her marriage one of the great suites of the Hôtel de Chelles would be emptied of its tenants and put at her husband's disposal; but she had since learned that, even had such a plan occurred to her parents-in-law, considerations of economy would have hindered it. The old Marquis and his wife, who were content, when they came up from

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Burgundy in the spring, with a modest set of rooms looking out on the court of their ancestral residence, expected their son and his wife to fit themselves into the still smaller apartment which had served as Raymond's bachelor lodging. The rest of the fine old mouldering house—the tall-windowed *premier* on the garden, and the whole of the floor above—had been let for years to old-fashioned tenants who would have been more surprised than their landlord had he suddenly proposed to dispossess them. Undine, at first, had regarded these arrangements as merely provisional. She was persuaded that, under her influence, Raymond would soon convert his parents to more modern ideas, and meanwhile she was still in the flush of a completer well-being than she had ever known, and disposed, for the moment, to make light of any inconveniences connected with it. The three months since her marriage had been more nearly like what she had dreamed of than any of her previous experiments in happiness. At last she had what she wanted, and for the first time the glow of triumph was warmed by a deeper feeling. Her husband was really charming (it was odd how he reminded her of Ralph!), and after her bitter two years of loneliness and humiliation it was delicious to find herself once more adored and protected.

The very fact that Raymond was more jealous of her than Ralph had ever been—or at any rate less reluctant to show it—gave her a keener sense of recovered power. None of the men who had been in love with her before had been so frankly possessive, or so eager for reciprocal assurances of constancy. She knew that Ralph had suffered deeply from her intimacy with Van Degen, but he had betrayed his feeling only by a more studied detachment; and Van Degen, from the first, had been contemptuously indifferent to what she did or felt when she was out of his sight. As to her earlier experiences, she had frankly forgotten them: her sentimental memories went back no farther than the beginning of her New York career.

Raymond seemed to attach more importance to love, in all its manifestations, than was usual or convenient in a husband; and she gradually began to be aware that her domination over him involved a corresponding loss of independence. Since their return to Paris she had found that she was expected to give a circumstantial report of every hour she spent away from him. She had nothing to hide, and no designs against his peace of mind except those connected with her frequent and costly sessions at the dress-makers'; but she had never before been called upon to account to any one for the use of her time, and after the first amused surprise at Raymond's always wanting to know where she had been and whom she had seen she began to be oppressed by so exacting a devotion. Her parents, from her tenderest youth, had tacitly recognized her inalienable right to "go round," and Ralph—though from motives which she divined to be different—had shown the same respect for her freedom. It was therefore disconcerting to find that Raymond expected her to choose her friends, and even her acquaintances, in conformity not only with his personal tastes but with a definite and complicated code of family prejudices and traditions; and she was especially surprised to discover that he viewed with disapproval her intimacy with the Princess Estradina.

"My cousin's extremely amusing, of course, but utterly mad and very *mal entourée*. Most of the people she has about her ought to be in prison or Bedlam: especially that unspeakable Madame Adelschein, who's a candidate for both. My aunt's an angel, but she's been weak enough to let Lili turn the Hôtel de Dordogne into an annex of Montmartre. Of course you'll have to show yourself there now and then: in these days families like ours must hold together. But go to the *réunions de famille* rather than to Lili's intimate parties; go with me, or with my mother; don't let yourself be seen there alone. You're too young and good-looking to be mixed up with that crew. A woman's classed—or rather unclassed—by being known as one of Lili's set."

Agreeable as it was to Undine that an appeal to her discretion should be based on the ground of her youth and good-looks, she was dismayed to find herself cut off from the very circle she had meant them to establish her in. Before she had become Raymond's wife there had been a moment of sharp tension in her relations

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with the Princess Estradina and the old Duchess. They had done their best to prevent her marrying their cousin, and had gone so far as openly to accuse her of being the cause of a breach between themselves and his parents. But Ralph Marvell's death had brought about a sudden change in her situation. She was now no longer a divorced woman struggling to obtain ecclesiastical sanction for her remarriage, but a widow whose conspicuous beauty and independent situation made her the object of lawful aspirations. The first person to seize on this distinction and make the most of it was her old enemy the Marquise de Trézac. The latter, who had been loudly charged by the house of Chelles with furthering her beautiful compatriot's designs, had instantly seen a chance of vindicating herself by taking the widowed Mrs. Marvell under her wing and favouring the attentions of other suitors. These were not lacking, and the expected result had followed. Raymond de Chelles, more than ever infatuated as attainment became less certain, had claimed a definite promise from Undine, and his family, discouraged by his persistent bachelorhood, and their failure to fix his attention on any of the amiable maidens obviously designed to continue the race, had ended by withdrawing their opposition and discovering in Mrs. Marvell the moral and financial merits necessary to justify their change of front.

"A good match? If she isn't, I should like to know what the Chelles call one!" Madame de Trézac went about indefatigably proclaiming. "Related to the best people in New York—well, by marriage, that is; and her husband left much more money than was expected. It goes to the boy, of course; but as the boy is with his mother she naturally enjoys the income. And her father's a rich man—much richer than is generally known; I mean what *we* call rich in America, you understand!"

Madame de Trézac had lately discovered that the proper attitude for the American married abroad was that of a militant patriotism; and she flaunted Undine Marvell in the face of the Faubourg like a particularly showy specimen of her national banner. The success of the experiment emboldened her to throw off the most sacred observances of her past. She took up Madame Adelschein, she entertained the James J. Rollivers, she resuscitated Creole dishes, she patronized negro melodists, she abandoned her weekly teas for impromptu afternoon dances, and the prim drawing-room in which dowagers had droned echoed with a cosmopolitan hubbub.

Even when the period of tension was over, and Undine had been officially received into the family of her betrothed, Madame de Trézac did not at once surrender. She laughingly professed to have had enough of the proprieties, and declared herself bored by the social rites she had hitherto so piously performed. "You'll always find a corner of home here, dearest, when you get tired of their ceremonies and solemnities," she said as she embraced the bride after the wedding breakfast; and Undine hoped that the devoted Nettie would in fact provide a refuge from the extreme domesticity of her new state. But since her return to Paris, and her taking up her domicile in the Hôtel de Chelles, she had found Madame de Trézac less and less disposed to abet her in any assertion of independence.

"My dear, a woman must adopt her husband's nationality whether she wants to or not. It's the law, and it's the custom besides. If you wanted to amuse yourself with your Nouveau Luxe friends you oughtn't to have married Raymond—but of course I say that only in joke. As if any woman would have hesitated who'd had your chance! Take my advice—keep out of Lili's set just at first. Later . . . well, perhaps Raymond won't be so particular; but meanwhile you'd make a great mistake to go against his people—" and Madame de Trézac, with a "*Chère Madame,*" swept forward from her teatable to receive the first of the returning dowagers.

It was about this time that Mrs. Heeny arrived with Paul; and for a while Undine was pleasantly absorbed in her boy. She kept Mrs. Heeny in Paris for a fortnight, and between her more pressing occupations it amused her to listen to the *masseuse's* New York gossip and her comments on the social organization of the old world. It was Mrs. Heeny's first visit to Europe, and she confessed to Undine that she had always wanted to "see something

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of the aristocracy—" using the phrase as a naturalist might, with no hint of personal pretensions. Mrs. Heeny's democratic ease was combined with the strictest professional discretion, and it would never have occurred to her to regard herself, or to wish others to regard her, as anything but a manipulator of muscles; but in that character she felt herself entitled to admission to the highest circles.

"They certainly do things with style over here—but it's kinder one-horse after New York, ain't it? Is this what they call their season? Why, you dined home two nights last week. They ought to come over to New York and see!" And she poured into Undine's half-envious ear a list of the entertainments which had illuminated the last weeks of the New York winter. "I suppose you'll begin to give parties as soon as ever you get into a house of your own. You're not going to have one? Oh, well, then you'll give a lot of big week-ends at your place down in the Shatter-country—that's where the swells all go to in the summer time, ain't it? But I dunno what your ma would say if she knew you were going to live on with *his* folks after you're done honey-mooning. Why, we read in the papers you were going to live in some grand hotel or other—oh, they call their houses *hotels*, do they? That's funny: I suppose it's because they let out part of 'em. Well, you look handsomer than ever, Undine; I'll take *that* back to your mother, anyhow. And he's dead in love, I can see that; reminds me of the way—" but she broke off suddenly, as if something in Undine's look had silenced her.

Even to herself, Undine did not like to call up the image of Ralph Marvell; and any mention of his name gave her a vague sense of distress. His death had released her, had given her what she wanted; yet she could honestly say to herself that she had not wanted him to die—at least not to die like that. . . People said at the time that it was the hot weather—his own family had said so: he had never quite got over his attack of pneumonia, and the sudden rise of temperature—one of the fierce "heat-waves" that devastate New York in summer—had probably affected his brain: the doctors said such cases were not uncommon. . . She had worn black for a few weeks—not quite mourning, but something decently regretful (the dressmakers were beginning to provide a special garb for such cases); and even since her remarriage, and the lapse of a year, she continued to wish that she could have got what she wanted without having had to pay that particular price for it.

This feeling was intensified by an incident—in itself far from unwelcome—which had occurred about three months after Ralph's death. Her lawyers had written to say that the sum of a hundred thousand dollars had been paid over to Marvell's estate by the Apex Consolidation Company; and as Marvell had left a will bequeathing everything he possessed to his son, this unexpected windfall handsomely increased Paul's patrimony. Undine had never relinquished her claim on her child; she had merely, by the advice of her lawyers, waived the assertion of her right for a few months after Marvell's death, with the express stipulation that her doing so was only a temporary concession to the feelings of her husband's family; and she had held out against all attempts to induce her to surrender Paul permanently. Before her marriage she had somewhat conspicuously adopted her husband's creed, and the Dagonets, picturing Paul as the prey of the Jesuits, had made the mistake of appealing to the courts for his custody. This had confirmed Undine's resistance, and her determination to keep the child. The case had been decided in her favour, and she had thereupon demanded, and obtained, an allowance of five thousand dollars, to be devoted to the bringing up and education of her son. This sum, added to what Mr. Spragg had agreed to give her, made up an income which had appreciably bettered her position, and justified Madame de Trézac's discreet allusions to her wealth. Nevertheless, it was one of the facts about which she least liked to think when any chance allusion evoked Ralph's image. The money was hers, of course; she had a right to it, and she was an ardent believer in "rights." But she wished she could have got it in some other way—she hated the thought of it as one more instance of the perverseness with which things she was entitled to always came to her as if they had been stolen.

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The approach of summer, and the culmination of the Paris season, swept aside such thoughts. The Countess Raymond de Chelles, contrasting her situation with that of Mrs. Undine Marvell, and the fulness and animation of her new life with the vacant dissatisfied days which had followed on her return from Dakota, forgot the smallness of her apartment, the inconvenient proximity of Paul and his nurse, the interminable round of visits with her mother-in-law, and the long dinners in the solemn hôtels of all the family connection. The world was radiant, the lights were lit, the music playing; she was still young, and better-looking than ever, with a Countess's coronet, a famous château and a handsome and popular husband who adored her. And then suddenly the lights went out and the music stopped when one day Raymond, putting his arm about her, said in his tenderest tones: "And now, my dear, the world's had you long enough and it's my turn. What do you say to going down to Saint Désert?"

XXXVIII

In a window of the long gallery of the château de Saint Désert the new Marquise de Chelles stood looking down the poplar avenue into the November rain. It had been raining heavily and persistently for a longer time than she could remember. Day after day the hills beyond the park had been curtained by motionless clouds, the gutters of the long steep roofs had gurgled with a perpetual overflow, the opaque surface of the moat been peppered by a continuous pelting of big drops. The water lay in glassy stretches under the trees and along the sodden edges of the garden-paths, it rose in a white mist from the fields beyond, it exuded in a chill moisture from the brick flooring of the passages and from the walls of the rooms on the lower floor. Everything in the great empty house smelt of dampness: the stuffing of the chairs, the threadbare folds of the faded curtains, the splendid tapestries, that were fading too, on the walls of the room in which Undine stood, and the wide bands of crape which her husband had insisted on her keeping on her black dresses till the last hour of her mourning for the old Marquis.

The summer had been more than usually inclement, and since her first coming to the country Undine had lived through many periods of rainy weather; but none which had gone before had so completely epitomized, so summed up in one vast monotonous blur, the image of her long months at Saint Désert.

When, the year before, she had reluctantly suffered herself to be torn from the joys of Paris, she had been sustained by the belief that her exile would not be of long duration. Once Paris was out of sight, she had even found a certain lazy charm in the long warm days at Saint Désert. Her parents-in-law had remained in town, and she enjoyed being alone with her husband, exploring and appraising the treasures of the great half-abandoned house, and watching her boy scamper over the June meadows or trot about the gardens on the poney his stepfather had given him. Paul, after Mrs. Heeny's departure, had grown fretful and restive, and Undine had found it more and more difficult to fit his small exacting personality into her cramped rooms and crowded life. He irritated her by pining for his Aunt Laura, his Marvell granny, and old Mr. Dagonet's funny stories about gods and fairies; and his wistful allusions to his games with Clare's children sounded like a lesson he might have been drilled in to make her feel how little he belonged to her. But once released from Paris, and blessed with rabbits, a poney and the freedom of the fields, he became again all that a charming child should be, and for a time it amused her to share in his romps and rambles. Raymond seemed enchanted at the picture they made, and the quiet weeks of fresh air and outdoor activity gave her back a bloom that reflected itself in her tranquillized mood. She was the more resigned to this interlude because she was so sure of its not lasting. Before they left Paris a doctor had been found to say that Paul—who was certainly looking pale and pulled-down—was in urgent need of sea air, and Undine had nearly convinced her husband of the expediency of hiring a châlet at Deauville for July and August, when this plan, and with it every other prospect of escape, was dashed by the sudden death of the old Marquis.

Undine, at first, had supposed that the

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resulting change could not be other than favourable. She had been on too formal terms with her father-in-law—a remote and ceremonious old gentleman to whom her own personality was evidently an insoluble enigma—to feel more than the merest conventional pang at his death; and it was certainly "more fun" to be a marchioness than a countess, and to know that one's husband was the head of the house. Besides, now they would have the château to themselves—or at least the old Marquise, when she came, would be there as a guest and not a ruler—and visions of smart house-parties and big shoots lit up the first weeks of Undine's enforced seclusion. Then, by degrees, the inexorable conditions of French mourning closed in on her. Immediately after the long-drawn funeral observances the bereaved family—mother, daughters, sons and sons-in-laws—came down to seclude themselves at Saint Désert; and Undine, through the slow hot crape-smelling months, lived encircled by shrouded images of woe in which the only live points were the eyes constantly fixed on her least movements. The hope of escaping to the seaside with Paul vanished in the pained stare with which her mother-in-law received the suggestion. Undine learned the next day that it had cost the old Marquise a sleepless night, and might have had more distressing results had it not been explained as a harmless instance of transatlantic oddness. Raymond entreated his wife to atone for her involuntary *légèreté* by submitting with a good grace to the usages of her adopted country; and he seemed to regard the remaining months of the summer as hardly long enough for this act of expiation. As Undine looked back on them, they appeared to have been composed of an interminable succession of identical days, in which attendance at early mass (in the coroneted gallery she had once so glowingly depicted to Van Degen) was followed by a great deal of conversational sitting about, a great deal of excellent eating, an occasional drive to the nearest town behind a pair of heavy draft horses, and long evenings in a lamp-heated drawing-room with all the windows shut, and the stout curé making an asthmatic fourth at the Marquise's card-table.

Still, even these conditions were not permanent, and the discipline of the last years had trained Undine to wait and dissemble. The summer over, it was decided —after a protracted family conclave— that the state of the old Marquise's health made it advisable for her to spend the winter with the married daughter who lived near Pau. The other members of the family returned to their respective estates, and Undine once more found herself alone with her husband. But she knew by this time that there was to be no thought of Paris that winter, or even the next spring. Worse still, she was presently to discover that Raymond's accession of rank brought with it no financial advantages. Having but the vaguest notion of French testamentary law, she was dismayed to learn that the compulsory division of property made it impossible for a father to benefit his eldest son at the expense of the others. Raymond was therefore little richer than before, and with the debts of honour of a troublesome younger brother to settle, and Saint Désert to keep up, his available income was actually reduced. He held out, indeed, the hope of eventual improvement, since the old Marquis had managed his estates with a lofty contempt for modern methods, and the application of new principles of agriculture and forestry were certain to yield profitable results. But for a year or two, at any rate, this very change of treatment would necessitate the owner's continual supervision, and would not in the meanwhile produce any increase of income.

To *faire valoir* the family acres had always, it appeared, been Raymond's deepest-seated purpose, and all his frivolities dropped from him with the prospect of putting his hand to the plough. He was not, indeed, inhuman enough to condemn his wife to perpetual exile. He meant, he assured her, that she should have her annual spring visit to Paris—but he stared in dismay at her suggestion that they should take possession of the coveted *premier* of the Hôtel de Chelles. He was gallant enough to express the wish that it were in his power to house her on such a scale; but he could not conceal his surprise that she had ever seriously expected it. She was beginning to see that he felt her constitutional inability to understand anything about money as the deepest differ-

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ence between them. It was a proficiency no one had ever expected her to acquire, and the lack of which she had even been encouraged to regard as a grace and to use as a pretext. During the interval between her divorce and her remarriage she had learned what things cost, but not how to do without them; and money still seemed to her like some mysterious and uncertain stream which occasionally vanished underground but was sure to bubble up again at one's feet. Now, however, she found herself in a world where it represented not the means of individual gratification but the substance binding together whole groups of interests, and where the uses to which it might be put in twenty years were considered before the reasons for spending it on the spot. At first she was sure she could laugh Raymond out of his prudence or coax him round to her point of view. She did not understand how a man so romantically in love could be so unpersuadable on certain points. Hitherto she had had to contend with personal moods, now she was arguing against a policy; and she was gradually to learn that it was as natural to Raymond de Chelles to adore her and resist her as it had been to Ralph Marvell to adore her and let her have her way.

At first, indeed, he appealed to her good sense, using arguments evidently drawn from accumulations of hereditary experience. But his economic plea was as unintelligible to her as the silly problems about pen-knives and apples in the "Mental Arithmetic" of her infancy; and when he struck a tenderer note and spoke of the duty of providing for the son he hoped for, she put her arms about him to whisper: "But then I oughtn't to be worried. . ."

After that, she noticed, though he was as charming as ever, he behaved as if the case were closed. He had apparently decided that his arguments were unintelligible to her, and under all his ardour she felt the difference made by the discovery. It did not make him less kind, but it evidently made her less important; and she had the half-frightened sense that the day she ceased to please him she would cease to exist for him. That day was a long way off, of course, but the chill of it had brushed her face; and she was no longer heedless of such signs. She resolved to cultivate all the arts of patience and compliance, and habit might have helped them to take root if they had not been nipped by a new cataclysm.

It was barely a week ago that her husband had been called to Paris to straighten out a fresh tangle in the affairs of the troublesome brother whose difficulties were apparently a part of the family tradition. Raymond's letters had been hurried, his telegrams brief and contradictory, and now, as Undine stood watching for the brougham that was to bring him from the station, she had the sense that with his arrival all her vague fears would be confirmed. There would be more money to pay out, of course—since the funds that could not be found for her just needs were apparently always forthcoming to settle Hubert's scandalous prodigalities —and that meant a longer perspective of solitude at Saint Désert, and a fresh pretext for postponing the hospitalities that were to follow on their period of mourning.

The brougham—a vehicle as massive and lumbering as the pair that drew it—presently rolled into the court, and Raymond's sable figure (she had never before seen a man travel in such black clothes) sprang up the steps to the door. Whenever Undine saw him after an absence she had a curious sense of his coming back from unknown distances and not belonging to her or to any state of things she understood. Then habit reasserted itself, and she began to think of him again with a querulous familiarity. But she had learned to hide her feelings, and as he came in she put up her face for a kiss.

"Yes—everything's settled—" his embrace expressed the satisfaction of the man returning from an accomplished task to the joys of his fireside.

"Settled?" Her face kindled. "Without your having to pay?"

He looked at her with a shrug. "Of course I've had to pay. Did you suppose Hubert's creditors would be put off with vanilla éclairs?"

"Oh, if *that's* what you mean—if Hubert has only to wire you at any time to be sure of his affairs being settled!"

She saw his lips narrow and a line come out between his eyes. "Wouldn't it be a happy thought to tell them to bring tea?" he suggested.

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"In the library, then. It's so cold here —and the tapestries smell so of rain."

He paused a moment to scrutinize the long walls, on which the fabulous blues and pinks of the great Boucher series looked as livid as withered roses. "I suppose they ought to be taken down and aired," he said.

She thought: "In *this* air—much good it would do them!" But she had already repented her outbreak about Hubert, and she followed her husband into the library with the resolve not to let him see her annoyance. Compared with the long grey gallery the library, with its brown walls of books, looked warm and home-like, and Raymond seemed to feel the influence of the softer atmosphere. He turned to his wife and put his arm about her.

"I know it's been a trial to you, dearest; but this is the last time I shall have to pull the poor boy out."

In spite of herself she laughed incredulously: Hubert's "last times" were a household word.

But when tea had been brought, and they were alone over the fire, Raymond unfolded the amazing sequel. Hubert had found an heiress, Hubert was to be married, and henceforth the business of paying his debts (which might be counted on to recur as inevitably as the changes of the seasons) would devolve on his American bride—the charming Miss Looty Arlington, whom Raymond had remained over in Paris to meet.

"An American? He's marrying an American?" Undine wavered between wrath and satisfaction. She felt a flash of resentment at any other intruder's venturing upon her territory—("Looty Arlington? Who is she? What a name!") —but it was quickly superseded by the relief of knowing that henceforth, as Raymond said, Hubert's debts would be some one else's business. Then a third consideration prevailed. "But if he's engaged to a rich girl, why on earth do *we* have to pull him out?"

Her husband explained that no other course was possible. Though General Arlington was immensely wealthy, ("her father's a general—a General Manager, whatever that may be,") he had exacted what he called "a clean slate" from his future son-in-law, and Hubert's creditors (the boy was such a donkey!) had in their possession certain papers that made it possible for them to press for immediate payment.

"Your compatriots' views on such matters are so rigid—and it's all to their credit —that the marriage would have fallen through at once if the least hint of Hubert's mess had got out—and then we should have had him on our hands for life."

Yes—from that point of view it was doubtless best to pay up; but Undine obscurely wished that their doing so had not incidentally helped an unknown compatriot to what the American papers were no doubt already announcing as "another brilliant foreign alliance."

"Where on earth did your brother pick up anybody respectable? Do you know where her people come from? I suppose she's perfectly awful," she broke out with a sudden escape of irritation.

"I believe Hubert made her acquaintance at a skating rink. They come from some new state—the general apologized for its not yet being on the map, but seemed surprised I hadn't heard of it. He said it was already known as one of 'the divorce states,' and the principal city had, in consequence, a very agreeable society. *La petite n'est vraiment pas trop mal.*"

"I daresay not! We're all good-looking. But she must be horribly common."

Raymond seemed sincerely unable to formulate a judgment. "My dear, you have your own customs. . ."

"Oh, I know we're all alike to you!" It was one of her grievances that he never attempted to discriminate between Americans. "You see no difference between me and a girl one gets engaged to at a skating rink!"

He evaded the challenge by rejoining: "Miss Arlington's burning to know you. She says she's heard a great deal about you, and Hubert wants to bring her down next week. I think we'd better do what we can."

"Of course." But Undine was still absorbed in the economic aspect of the case. "If they're as rich as you say, I suppose Hubert means to pay you back by and bye?"

"Naturally. It's all arranged. He's given me a paper." He drew her hands

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into his. "You see we've every reason to be kind to Miss Arlington."

"Oh, I'll be as kind as you like!" She brightened at the prospect of repayment. Yes, they would ask the girl down. . . She leaned a little nearer to her husband. "But then after a while we shall be a good deal better off—especially, as you say, with no more of Hubert's debts to worry us." And leaning back far enough to give her upward smile, she renewed her plea for the *premier* in the Hôtel de Chelles: "Because, really, you know, as the head of the house you ought to——"

"Ah, my dear, as the head of the house I've so many obligations; and one of them is not to miss a good stroke of business when it comes my way."

Her hands slipped from his shoulders and she drew back. "What do you mean by a good stroke of business?"

"Why, an incredible piece of luck—it's what kept me on so long in Paris. Miss Arlington's father was looking for an apartment for the young couple, and I've let him the *premier* for twelve years on the understanding that he puts electric light and heating into the whole hôtel. It's a wonderful chance, for of course we all benefit by it as much as Hubert."

"A wonderful chance . . . benefit by it as much as Hubert!" He seemed to be speaking a strange language in which familiar-sounding syllables meant something totally unknown. Did he really think she was going to coop herself up again in their cramped quarters while Hubert and his skating-rink bride luxuriated overhead in the coveted *premier?* All the resentments that had been accumulating in her during the long baffled months since her marriage broke into speech. "It's extraordinary of you to do such a thing without consulting me!"

"Without consulting you? But, my dear child, you've always professed the most complete indifference to business matters—you've frequently begged me not to bore you with them. You may be sure I've acted on the best advice; and my mother, whose head is as good as a man's, thinks I've made a remarkably good arrangement."

"I daresay—but I'm not always thinking about money, as you are."

As she spoke she had an ominous sense of impending peril; but she was too angry to avoid even the risks she saw. To her surprise Raymond put his arm about her with a smile. "There are many reasons why I have to think about money. One is that *you* don't; and another is that I must look out for the future of our son."

Undine flushed to the forehead. She had grown accustomed to such allusions and the thought of having a child no longer filled her with the resentful terror she had felt before Paul's birth. She had been insensibly influenced by a different point of view, perhaps also by a difference in her own feeling; and the vision of herself as the mother of the future Marquis de Chelles was softened to happiness by the thought of giving Raymond a son. But all these lightly-rooted sentiments went down in the rush of her resentment, and she freed herself with a petulant movement. "Oh, my dear, you'd better leave it to your brother to perpetuate the race. There'll be more room for nurseries in their apartment!"

She waited a moment, quivering with the expectation of her husband's answer; then, as none came except the silent darkening of his face, she walked to the door and turned round to fling back: "Of course you can do what you like with your own house, and make any arrangements that suit your family, without consulting me; but you needn't think I'm ever going back to live in that stuffy little hole, with Hubert and his wife splurging round on top of our heads!"

"Ah—" said Raymond de Chelles in a low voice.

XXXIX

Undine did not fulfil her threat. The month of May saw her back in the rooms she had declared she would never set foot in, and after her long sojourn among the echoing vistas of Saint Désert the exiguity of her Paris quarters seemed like cosiness.

In the interval many things had happened. Hubert, permitted by his anxious relatives to anticipate the term of the family mourning, had been showily and expensively united to his heiress; the Hôtel de Chelles had been piped, heated and illuminated in accordance with the bride's

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requirements; and the young couple, not content with these utilitarian changes, had moved doors, opened windows, torn down partitions, and given over the great trophied and pilastered dining-room to a decorative painter with a new theory of the human anatomy. Undine had silently assisted at this spectacle, and at the sight of the old Marquise's abject acquiescence; she had seen the Duchesse de Dordogne and the Princesse Estradina go past her door to visit Hubert's *premier* and marvel at the American bath-tubs and the Annamite bric-a-brac; and she had been present, with her husband, at the banquet at which Hubert had revealed to the astonished Faubourg the prehistoric episodes depicted on his dining-room walls. She had accepted all these necessities with the stoicism which the last months had developed in her; for more and more, as the days passed, she felt herself in the grasp of circumstances stronger than any effort she could oppose to them. The very absence of external pressure, of any tactless assertion of authority on her husband's part, intensified the sense of her helplessness. He simply left it to her to infer that, important as she might be to him in certain ways, there were others in which she did not weigh a feather.

Their outward relations had not changed since her outburst on the subject of Hubert's marriage. That incident had left her half-ashamed, half-frightened at her behaviour, and she had tried to atone for it by the indirect arts that were her nearest approach to acknowledging herself in the wrong. Raymond met her advances with a good grace, and they lived through the rest of the winter on terms of apparent understanding. When the spring approached it was he who suggested that, since his mother had consented to Hubert's marrying before the year of mourning was over, there was really no reason why they should not go up to Paris as usual; and she was surprised at the readiness with which he prepared to accompany her.

A year earlier she would have regarded this as another proof of her power; but she now drew her inferences less quickly. Raymond was as "lovely" to her as ever; but more than once, during their months in the country, she had had a startled sense of not giving him all he expected of her. She had admired him, before their marriage, as a model of social distinction; during the honeymoon he had been the most ardent of lovers; and with their settling down at Saint Désert she had prepared to resign herself to the society of a country gentleman absorbed in sport and agriculture. But Raymond, to her surprise, had again developed a disturbing resemblance to his predecessor. During the long winter afternoons, after he had gone over his accounts with the bailiff, or written his business letters, he took to dabbling with a paint-box, or picking out new scores at the piano; after dinner, when they went to the library, he seemed to expect to read aloud to her from the reviews and papers he was always receiving; and when he had discovered her inability to fix her attention he fell into the way of absorbing himself in one of the old brown books with which the room was lined. At first he tried—as Ralph had done—to tell her about what he was reading or what was happening in the world; but her sense of inadequacy made her slip away to other subjects, and little by little their talk died down to monosyllables.

Was it possible that, in spite of his books, the evenings seemed as long to Raymond as to her, and that he had suggested going back to Paris because he was bored at Saint Désert? Bored as she was herself, she resented his not finding her company all-sufficient, and was mortified by the discovery that there were regions of his life she could not enter.

But once back in Paris she had less time for introspection, and Raymond less for books. They resumed their dispersed and busy life, and in spite of Hubert's ostentatious vicinity, of the perpetual lack of money, and of Paul's innocent encroachments on her freedom, Undine, once more in her element, ceased to brood upon her grievances. She enjoyed going about with her husband, whose presence at her side was distinctly ornamental. He seemed to have grown suddenly younger and more animated, and when she saw other women looking at him she remembered how distinguished he was. It amused her to have him in her train, and driving about with him to dinners and dances, waiting for him on flower-decked landings, or pushing at

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his side through blazing theatre-lobbies, answered to her inmost ideal of domestic intimacy.

He seemed disposed to allow her more liberty than before, and it was only now and then that he let drop a brief reminder of the conditions on which it was accorded. She was to keep certain people at a distance, she was not to cheapen herself by being seen at vulgar restaurants and tea-rooms, she was to join with him in fulfilling certain family obligations (going to a good many dull dinners among the number); but in other respects she was free to fill her days as she pleased.

"Not that it leaves me much time," she admitted to Madame de Trézac; "what with going to see his mother every day, and never missing one of his sisters' *jours*, and showing myself at the Hôtel de Dordogne whenever the Duchess gives a pay-up party to the stuffy people Lili Estradina won't be bothered with, there are days when I never lay eyes on Paul, and barely have time to be waved and manicured; but, apart from that, Raymond's really much nicer and less fussy than he was."

Undine, as she grew older, had developed her mother's craving for a confidante, and Madame de Trézac had succeeded in that capacity to Mabel Lipscomb and Bertha Shallum.

"Less fussy?" Madame de Trézac's long nose lengthened thoughtfully. "H'm—are you sure that's a good sign?"

Undine stared and laughed. "Oh, my dear, you're so quaint! Why, nobody's jealous any more."

"No; that's the worst of it." Madame de Trézac pondered. "It's a thousand pities you haven't got a son."

"Yes; I wish we had." Undine stood up, impatient to end the conversation. Since she had learned that her continued childlessness was regarded by every one about her as not only unfortunate but somehow vaguely derogatory to her, she had genuinely begun to regret it; and any allusion to the subject disturbed her.

"Especially," Madame de Trézac continued, "as Hubert's wife——"

"Oh, if *that's* all they want, it's a pity Raymond didn't marry Hubert's wife," Undine flung back; and on the stairs she murmured to herself: "Nettie has been talking to my mother-in-law."

But this explanation did not quiet her, and that evening, as she and Raymond drove back together from a party, she felt a sudden impulse to speak. Sitting close to him in the darkness of the carriage, it ought to have been easy for her to find the needed word; but the barrier of his indifference hung between them, and street after street slipped by, and the spangled blackness of the river unrolled itself beneath their wheels, before she leaned over to touch his hand.

"What is it, my dear?"

She had not yet found the word, and already his tone told her she was too late. A year ago, if she had slipped her hand in his, she would not have had that answer.

"Your mother blames me for our not having a child. Everybody thinks it's my fault."

He paused before answering, and she sat watching his shadowy profile against the passing lamps.

"My mother's ideas are old-fashioned; and I don't know that it's anybody's business but yours and mine."

"Yes, but——"

"Here we are." The brougham was turning under the archway of the hotel, and the light of Hubert's tall windows fell across the dusky court. Raymond helped her out, and they mounted to their door by the stairs which Hubert had recarpeted in velvet, with a marble nymph lurking in the azaleas on the landing.

In the antechamber Raymond paused to take her cloak from her shoulders, and his eyes rested on her with a faint smile of approval.

"You never looked better; your dress is extremely becoming. Good night, my dear," he said, kissing her hand as he turned away.

Undine kept this incident to herself: her wounded pride made her shrink from confessing it even to Madame de Trézac. She was sure Raymond would "come back"; Ralph always had, to the last. During their remaining weeks in Paris she reassured herself with the thought that once they were back at Saint Désert she would easily regain her lost hold; and when Raymond suggested their leaving Paris she acquiesced without a protest. But at Saint Désert she seemed no nearer

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to him than in Paris. He continued to treat her with unvarying amiability, but he seemed wholly absorbed in the management of the estate, in his books, his sketching and his music. He had begun to interest himself in politics and had been urged to stand for his department. This necessitated frequent displacements: trips to Beaune or Dijon and occasional absences in Paris. Undine, when he was away, was not left alone, for the dowager Marquise had established herself at Saint Désert for the summer, and relays of brothers and sisters-in-laws, aunts, cousins and ecclesiastical friends and connections succeeded each other under its capacious roof. Only Hubert and his wife were absent. They had taken a villa at Deauville, and in the morning papers Undine followed the chronicle of Hubert's polo scores and of the Countess Hubert's racing toilets.

The days crawled on with a benumbing sameness. The old Marquise and the other ladies of the party sat on the terrace with their needle-work, the curé or one of the visiting uncles read aloud the *Journal des Débats* and prognosticated dark things of the Republic, Paul scoured the park and despoiled the kitchen-garden with the other children of the family, the inhabitants of the adjacent châteaux drove over to call, and occasionally the ponderous pair were harnessed to a landau as lumbering as the brougham, and the ladies of Saint Désert measured the dusty kilometres between themselves and their neighbours.

It was the first time that Undine had seriously paused to consider the conditions of her new life, and as the days passed she began to understand that so they would continue to succeed each other till the end. Every one about her took it for granted that as long as she lived she would spend ten months of every year at Saint Désert and the remaining two in Paris. Of course, if health required it, she might go to *les eaux* with her husband; but the old Marquise was very doubtful as to the benefit of a course of waters, and her uncle the Duke and her cousin the Canon shared her view. In the case of young married women, especially, the unwholesome excitement of the modern watering-place was more than likely to do away with the possible benefit of the treatment. As to travel—had not Raymond and his wife been to Egypt and Asia Minor on their wedding-journey? Such reckless enterprise was unheard of in the annals of the house! Had they not spent days and days in the saddle, and slept in tents among the Arabs? (Who could tell, indeed, whether these imprudences were not the cause of the disappointment which it had pleased heaven to inflict on the young couple?) No one in the family had ever taken so long a wedding-journey. One bride had gone to England (even that was considered extreme), and another—the artistic daughter—had spent a week in Venice; which certainly showed that they were not behind the times, and had no old-fashioned prejudices. Since wedding-journeys were the fashion, they had taken them; but who had ever heard of travelling afterward? What could be the possible object of leaving one's family, one's habits, one's friends? It was natural that the Americans, who had no homes, who were born and died in hotels, should have contracted nomadic habits; but the new Marquise de Chelles was no longer an American, and she had Saint Désert and the Hôtel de Chelles to live in, as generations of ladies of her name had done before her.

Thus Undine beheld her future laid out for her, not directly and in blunt words, but obliquely and affably, in the allusions, the assumptions, the insinuations of the amiable women among whom her days were spent. Their interminable conversations were carried on to the click of knitting-needles and the rise and fall of industrious fingers above embroidery-frames; and as Undine sat staring at the lustrous nails of her idle hands she felt that her inability to occupy them was regarded as one of the chief causes of her restlessness. The innumerable rooms of Saint Désert were furnished with the embroidered hangings and tapestry chairs produced by generations of diligent châtelaines, and the untiring needles of the old Marquise, her daughters and dependents were still steadily increasing the provision.

It struck Undine as curious that they should be willing to go on making chair-coverings and bed-curtains for a house that didn't really belong to them, and that she had a right to pull about and re-

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arrange as she chose; but then that was only a part of their whole incomprehensible way of regarding themselves (in spite of their acute personal and parochial absorptions) as minor members of a powerful and indivisible whole, the huge voracious fetish they called The Family.

Notwithstanding their very definite theories as to what Americans were and were not, they were evidently bewildered at finding no corresponding sense of solidarity in Undine; and little Paul's rootlessness, his lack of all local and linear ties, made them (for all the charm he exercised) regard him with something of the shyness of pious Christians toward an elfin child. But though mother and child gave them a sense of insuperable strangeness, it plainly never occurred to them that both would not be gradually subdued to the customs of Saint Désert. Dynasties had fallen, institutions changed, manners and morals, alas, deplorably declined; but as far back as memory went, the ladies of the line of Chelles had always sat at their needlework on the terrace of Saint Désert, while the men of the house lamented the corruption of the government and the curé ascribed the unhappy state of the country to the decline of religious feeling and the rise in the cost of living. It was inevitable that, in the course of time, the new Marquise should come to understand the fundamental necessity of these things being as they were; and meanwhile the forbearance of her husband's family exercised itself, with the smiling discretion of their race, through the long succession of uneventful days.

Once, in September, this routine was broken in upon by the unannounced descent of a flock of motors bearing the Princess Estradina and a chosen band from one watering-place to another. Raymond was away at the time, but family loyalty constrained the old Marquise to welcome her kinswoman and the latter's friends; and Undine once more found herself immersed in the world from which her marriage had removed her.

The Princess, at first, seemed totally to have forgotten their former intimacy, and Undine was made to feel that in a life so variously agitated the episode could hardly have left a trace. But the night before her departure the incalculable Lili, with one of her sudden changes of humour, drew her former friend into her bedroom and plunged into an exchange of confidences. She naturally unfolded her own history first, and it was so packed with incident that the courtyard clock had struck two before she turned her attention to Undine.

"My dear, you're handsomer than ever; only perhaps a shade too stout. Domestic bliss, I suppose? Take care! You need an emotion, a drama. . . You Americans are really extraordinary. You appear to live on change and excitement; and then suddenly a man comes along and claps a ring on your finger, and you never look through it to see what's going on outside. Aren't you ever the least bit bored? Why do I never see anything of you any more? I suppose it's the fault of my venerable aunt—she's never forgiven me for having a better time than her daughters. How can I help it if I don't like the curé's umbrella? I daresay she owes you the same grudge. But why do you let her coop you up here? It's a thousand pities you haven't had a child. They'd all treat you differently if you had."

It was the same perpetually reiterated condolence; and Undine flushed with anger as she listened. Why indeed had she let herself be cooped up? She could not have answered the Princess's question: she merely felt the impossibility of breaking through the mysterious web of traditions, conventions, prohibitions that enclosed her in their impenetrable network. But her vanity suggested the obvious pretext, and she murmured with a laugh: "I didn't know Raymond was going to be so jealous——"

The Princess stared. "Is it Raymond who keeps you shut up here? And what about his trips to Dijon? And what do you suppose he does with himself when he runs up to Paris? Politics?" She shrugged ironically. "Politics don't occupy a man after midnight. Raymond jealous of you? *Ah, merci!* My dear, it's what I always say when people talk to me about fast Americans: you're the only innocent women left in the world. . ."

(To be concluded.)

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THE HIGHER PRESSURE

By Simeon Strunsky

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OLD MAN TILLOTSON, of the Department of Classic Philology, once remarked to Professor Cooper, of the Biologic and Physical Sciences, that if he, Tillotson, were Praxiteles or M. Auguste Rodin and had been commissioned to design a tablet in honor of the President of Silver Lake University, he knew what he would do. He would insist on depicting the head of that well-known institution as a gentleman in cap and gown travelling on his high speed, and in front of him a plethoric philanthropist in a checked suit and spats, clutching his pocket-book with both hands and sprinting for the railway-station while he emitted low cries of anguish. Tillotson confessed that he had borrowed the idea from a Greek vase of the late Mycenæan period.

Professor Cooper smiled faintly at the jest and walked off to pay his respects to President Blankley. Cooper was far from being a toady, but his position compelled him to be careful. Tillotson was seventy, quite alone in the world, and with means of his own. He might indulge in a bit of satire now and then at anybody's expense. Cooper was poor and had work that he intensely wished to do and he had a wife who bore him three children, and he could not afford to keep a truly capable servant-girl. Silver Lake offered no opportunities either for the higher life or the easier life.

If he was imbittered, only Tillotson knew it. To him Cooper once remarked: Well, what did it matter if he did have to give up his researches in plant biology, in which he had done brilliant work before he was married? At any rate he could some day produce a matchless treatise on "Grease Deposits in the Kitchen Basins of Middle Western Professors Engaged in Maintaining a Family of Five on One Thousand Two Hundred a Year." Undeniably, Cooper chafed under the yoke; but he was prudent.

And, besides, he could not help admiring President Blankley.

Blankley had been elected president in succession to that eminent Hebraist and exhorter, Silas H. Trumbull, D.D., LL.D., who for thirty years had conducted the affairs of the university with such single-minded devotion to the cause of true scholarship that the ardent undergraduate had acquired the habit of dropping out after the first half of the Freshman year and going to a college with a real football team. The enrolment was just 129 when Blankley took hold. He had been selected by the trustees on the ground of conspicuous courage and ability in extracting money from reluctant rich men. Even Tillotson, who was one of the late Dr. Trumbull's cronies, readily admitted that the new president was a marvel in the art of persuading the plutocracy of the high utility of the humanities, the want of which they had never felt in their own case. Yes, if you had pressed Tillotson hard, he would have confessed there must be something to a man who in just a half-dozen years had increased the number of students threefold, endowed Silver Lake with a baseball team which won the State championship in its third year, and made large modern buildings of Flemish brick with marble trimmings grow where shabby colonial mansions had grown before. That the university buildings grew faster than the faculty or the salaries of its members was another matter.

Blankley's feelings with regard to Tillotson were rather mixed. As a classic philologist Tillotson was a back number, but he was a distinct asset as a rare specimen of the fine old type of professor who might be expected to lend an air of scholarly verisimilitude to a somewhat bald and unconvincing assemblage of brick buildings. Blankley could take a furni-

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ture manufacturer from Grand Rapids, show him Professor Tillotson strolling in meditation under the trees behind the library, and after describing two or three rather wide circles around that venerable figure, get a check for ten thousand dollars.

But, on the other hand, Blankley could think of at least one fat endowment which had got away from him because of Tillotson's double-edged tongue. Tact was a quality lacking in the Tillotson *tout ensemble*. If not watched carefully, he had an unfortunate way of breaking up those little festal dinners with which Blankley was accustomed to signalize the final step in a process of successful monetary extraction. To get up at a banquet, as Tillotson once did, in the presence of a hideously wealthy automobile manufacturer, and deplore the revolting conditions that prevailed in modern industry, was decidedly no way of going at things, as Blankley saw it.

The banquet was only one feature in the carefully elaborated Blankley treatment for promising millionaires. The visitor was always met at the station by Blankley in person and escorted to the president's house, where luncheon was served to the accompaniment of an irregular fire of small-arm oratory. The fact that Silver Lake was a dry town was something Blankley was occasionally tempted to regret. After luncheon the consecrated victim was taken to the Assembly Hall and in the presence of the entire student body the degree of A.M. *honoris causa* was gently but firmly conferred upon him. The visitor then wore his new gown all over the campus, and saw a baseball game between Silver Lake and Hiawatha. If Silver Lake was beaten, Blankley regretfully pointed out to his visitor that a really adequate gymnasium building with a baseball cage was one of the university's crying needs. Tea with the faculty ladies filled out the afternoon. In the evening came the banquet. It was the final charge of the Blankley Old Guard. Battalions of faculty members were deployed in close formation and the culture of the ages was let loose in ringing speeches, at the end of which the guest of the evening usually grew reckless and pledged himself to a much larger sum than he had contemplated.

It will now be plain why President Blankley, on receiving a telegram definitely announcing the arrival at Silver Lake, at 10.15 the next morning, of William B. Harmon, of Cincinnati, immediately sent for Cooper. William B. Harmon, according to Blankley's calculations, was good for a new Administration Building, and probably an Alumni Hall. It was the culmination of a long and ardent courtship and the president was going to take no chances with Tillotson. Could Professor Cooper, as an intimate friend of Professor Tillotson, find a way of conveying the information that if by any chance Professor Tillotson were to absent himself from to-morrow's festivities, the reasons for his absence would not be too closely inquired into?

Cooper's first impulse was to decline the mission. But, reflected in Blankley's cold blue eye, he saw the image of the three little Coopers. He hunted up Tillotson the next morning. They had rambled all over the campus and were now climbing the magnificent granite staircase leading to the library which was Blankley's special pride, and Cooper was finding it harder than ever to deliver his message.

II

They stopped at the head of the noble Roman stairway. Tillotson blinked in the sun.

"Conceding that I am imperfectly versed in the arts of diplomacy," said Tillotson, "I can still, on occasion, smell a rat. During the last quarter hour, my dear Cooper, you have put me to the painful necessity of conjecturing what the devil you are driving at."

"I have tried to be plain," said Cooper, gulping hard. "It is about to-night's affair. Blankley wants things to pass off right, and he thought you'd take it as easily from me as from any one."

"For a man of rigorously limited imaginative powers, Blankley occasionally stumbles upon a fundamental fact," said Tillotson. "It is undeniably true that we have friends in order that we may endure at their hands what we would not suffer from our enemies."

Cooper's lip quivered and he looked away.

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"I am sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to offend. We needn't carry this thing any further."

"Don't misunderstand me," said the elder man hastily. He took Cooper by the arm. "I like you, Cooper. If I had ever found time away from my Latin philologies to marry and beget a son, I should have wished him greatly to resemble you. Not that the biologic sciences with which you have chosen to affiliate yourself can be imagined as approximating the classics in higher usefulness. But aren't we all under the lash of Blankley? He bestrides our narrow campus like a colossus of scientific management. I can readily comprehend how a young married professor with his career still to make should be selected by Blankley for a delicate mission."

He stopped abruptly as with tightened lips the other turned to leave him.

"I beg your pardon, Cooper," he burst out. "You know this evil tongue of mine. I did not mean to hurt you."

"It hurts because it is the truth," said Cooper. "My God! Tillotson, what have I come to? I was going to turn the world upside down ten years ago. I had visions of big laboratories, miles of porcelain basins and glass shelving, beautiful measuring machines, high-powered microscopes, leisure, liberty to do my own work. And my researches so far have been mainly confined to the effects of hot water on table crockery." There was a slight perspiration on his forehead. "I'd chuck it all for a decent job behind a dry-goods counter, only nobody would take me; I couldn't make good."

Tillotson's hand tightened on the other man's arm.

"Oh, come now, Cooper, a wife and three kiddies isn't such a bad showing after all, is it now, even for ten years? Suppose you had stayed single. You are not at all sure that you would be revelling now in porcelain basins and slicing machines. *Dux femina,* we are too readily inclined to say the woman did it. If I had the shaping of my life over again I should not be droning out my years in a corner. Confound it! What I mean is, a bathtub with a couple of fat babies in it is really a more delectable sight in the eyes of the Creator than that same bathtub filled with disgusting protozoa disporting themselves in a saline solution."

Cooper smiled. He was feeling better clearly. "It's over at any rate. I have told you. If Blankley has any more messages to deliver he can do it himself."

"You haven't told me," said Tillotson, "but I understand. I believe our entire academic body is to assemble at a repast this evening in order to do honor to a successful soap manufacturer with a wooden toothpick in his mouth."

Cooper laughed. "I am not so sure about the last detail. They say Harmon is a very decent fellow."

"I distinctly visualize Mr. Harmon," said Tillotson, "as a vulgar and eminently successful man of business whose habit of using 'them' for 'they' is symptomatic of a general disability to distinguish between the accusative case and the nominative. I gather that with advancing years the mind of this successful but illiterate manufacturer has turned to a monument *ære perennius*, more durable than soap; a college naturally. Hence it is imperative that the harmony of this evening's symposium shall be dissipated by no untoward event. There must be no hitch. What?"

"Blankley did not say it in so many words."

"The gift for not saying things straight out constitutes one of Blankley's principal qualifications for the office of college president. The point is, to-night old Tillotson must keep watch on that unruly tongue of his. Gentlemen in the soap business are notoriously sensitive, whereas there is no telling how many hundreds of thousands of dollars a thoroughly congenial atmosphere may elicit from a wealthy gentleman with a wooden toothpick in his mouth."

"But why insist on the toothpick?"

Tillotson shook his head gravely.

"Gentlemen who say 'them' instead of 'they' invariably insert a toothpick into their mouths after a satisfactory meal."

"But Harmon doesn't say 'them' in place of 'they'."

"Very well," said Tillotson; "I will not insist on the toothpick in so many words, merely reserving the right to retain a mental picture of our guest as *with* a toothpick. But you may reassure Blankley I will not run amuck. I will be silent.

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I will even applaud at the appropriate moment and contribute an encouraging 'Hear, hear,' whenever our distinguished guest loses the thread of his remarks and looks about him in painful confusion. Can a man promise more?"

oratory and only water to drink is an experience I would, on general principles, gladly avoid."

"You are not angry?"

"My dear Cooper, I am nearly two and a half times as old as you are. *Ne frena*

He was a distinct asset as a rare specimen of the fine old type of professor.—Page 484.

"I am not asking you to promise anything," said Cooper, with a lapse into his former bitterness.

"But nevertheless I promise," insisted Tillotson. "Wait. I will do even more. I will relieve Blankley of even that irreducible minimum of anxiety which my presence, in spite of all pledges of good behavior, is bound to evoke. I will not be there at all. I will spend the evening pleasantly at home. A dinner with much

animo; in the bright lexicon of old age anger spells arteriosclerosis. Are you to speak?"

"I shall say a few words in behalf of the scientific departments."

"You will tell me about it later. I am for the library. I have several important citations to verify this afternoon. In the mean while please reassure Blankley. He must have a great deal to worry about."

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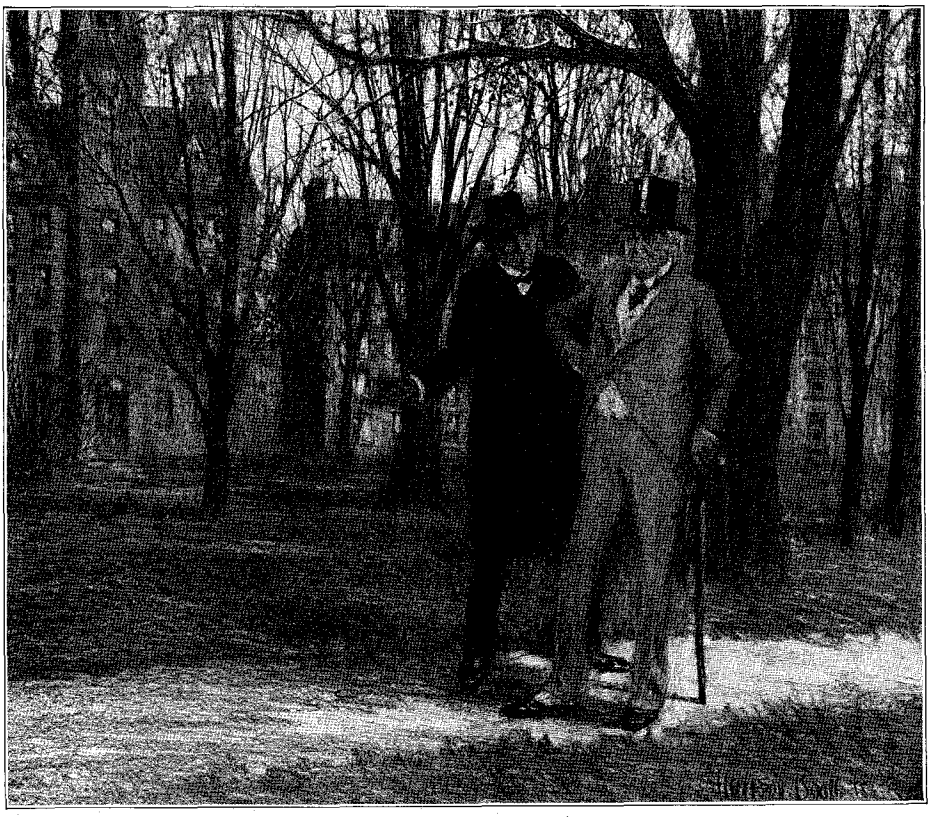
He patted Cooper on the shoulder, nodded brightly, and turned into the library door.

III

THE Latin texts proved to be far more engrossing than Professor Tillotson had anticipated. The hours went pleasantly as he sat there, reading, marking, dreaming over favorite bits, reciting scraps from other texts suggested by the pages before him. The library was deserted because of the great occasion. Through an open window came the sound of a great stirring on the campus; but it had no other meaning to the old gentleman than as a vague background for his own meditations. His luncheon hour passed, and several hours in its wake, and he was still at his desk.

He had been writing rapidly for some time, bringing a highly important argument to an eminently satisfactory conclusion, when he looked up to find the shadows thick in the high, austere room. An unknown gentleman was standing at some distance, looking forlornly about him. Professor Tillotson thought he rather liked him. He was short and filled out his clothes comfortably. Quite an ordinary, broad, good-natured, capable face, Tillotson thought, and an eye that would have a merry glint in it if the man were not so obviously unhappy. He was looking about him with pursed-up lips, evidently impressed by his surroundings, by the cold marble walls of the Roman structure, the high dome, the lines of well-worn sheepskin and leather; impressed and appreciative, but unhappy. Tillotson thought he invited consolation.

Professor Tillotson's tall figure unwound itself from his chair; his look of benevolent inquiry beckoned the stranger to him. The visitor dropped into a chair on the other side of Tillotson's ta-



He had been selected by the trustees on the ground of conspicuous courage and ability in extracting money from reluctant rich men.—Page 484.

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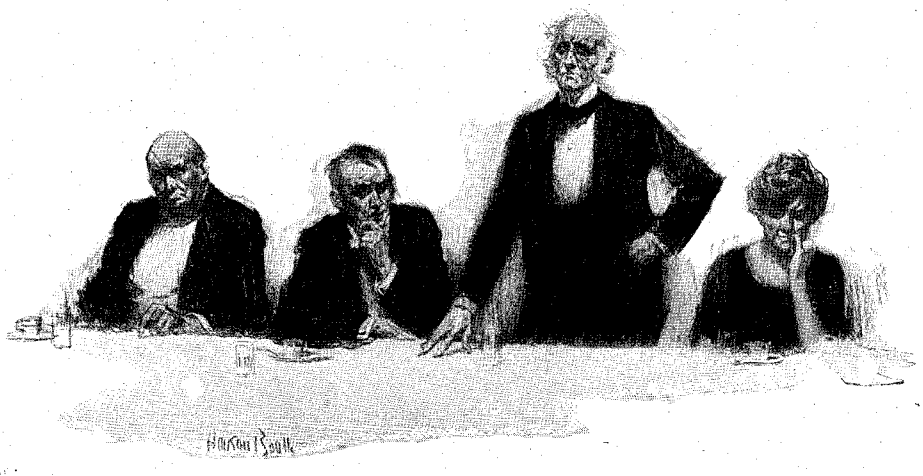

To get up at a banquet, as Tillotson once did . . was decidedly no way of going at things.—Page 485.

ble and smiled at him across the litter of books.

"You are new here," said the scholar. "I am Professor Tillotson."

The stranger wiped his forehead with a large silk handkerchief.

"Glad to meet you. I'm a hunted animal," he said.

"Our campus," said Tillotson, "has an unusually pacific reputation for a Western college."

"I don't mean the boys. A husky, frolicsome bunch, I should say; but there isn't one of them I'd be afraid to meet at midnight on a lonely road. I refer to the men higher up."

"You mean our faculty?"

"I do. I've had lunch and an A.M. degree and tea, and to-night's the banquet. It's awful."

"I am speaking to Mr. Harmon?"

"That was my name this morning. After listening to the faculty orations it's a toss-up whether I am Napoleon, John the Baptist, or Mr. Carnegie. You have some very smooth talkers here, professor."

"I trust," said Tillotson, "that the gift of eloquence will never grow extinct among the countrymen of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster."

Mr. Harmon glared up at a bust of Sophocles over Tillotson's head.

"You can hardly expect me to agree with you; I just came from there," he said. "Take it from me, professor, your president is a bright young man. He'd be a live wire in life-insurance. I tell you what. He will be President of the United States some day if some one doesn't kill him first."

"Not quite that, I hope," said Tillotson.

Harmon acquiesced.

"Perhaps I'm prejudiced. But that young man is so wise he frightens me. Took me off the train at 10.15 and I have been eating statistics ever since. Showed me a ton of card indexes and vertical files and expected me, as a captain of industry, to weep over them. I tell you what, professor. I bet there's a card in his files for every man in the State with more than five thousand dollars in the bank, and a yellow card for the bachelor and childless class. I'm convinced he has a lot of cards about me. I hate to think what he knows."

"Mr. Blankley is undoubtedly a very able modern young man," said Tillotson, studying his papers.

"Able!" snorted Harmon. "That young man drips executive ability. I'd as soon think of endowing a model steam laundry."

"Our university," said Tillotson, "has other features to recommend it; a somewhat longer sojourn will convince you on that point."

"Not me," said Harmon, and his jaw set defiantly. "There are just two things I want to know—how a man can hide for an hour or two and where one can get a

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drink. We had water. It was awful." He fanned himself with his handkerchief.

"Presumably you are unaware," said Tillotson, "that by the terms of our charter the sale of spirituous liquor is prohibited within a radius of one mile from the campus; this of course includes the railway-station. Experience has amply demonstrated the advisability of segregating the college from the saloon. In its favor is the moral argument, the economic argument, the argument from public expediency——"

"Sure," said Harmon; "Blankley has been saying it all afternoon. It's hearing him say it that got me so thirsty."

"The next train for Walton Junction," said Tillotson, "is at 6.40, and my watch informs me that it is now precisely 5 o'clock. I have always regarded a paucity of train accommodations as of distinct advantage to a college community. It keeps the students in town and it keeps strangers away. It has ever been my belief that one of the most inept institutions evolved by man is the college situated in a large city where the intelligent student may look out of the window and discover that his professor is not telling the truth. The monastic ideal is one we dare not abandon."

"I suppose you are right," sighed Harmon.

"At the same time," said Tillotson, "the laws of hospitality require that the stranger be comforted in his hour of need. I am myself addicted to a Scotch high on a chilly night before dinner and I derive consolation from a black cigar. My rooms are only five minutes away and are attainable by a pathway through the grove, where one may easily escape public attention. Such bachelor resources as I dispose of I cheerfully——"

"Please don't say any more," said Harmon, rising with him. "I have always believed that colleges are greatly misunderstood."

IV

Professor Tillotson, as a man of independent income, maintained a standard of living that was well above the college level. He was of a generation which believed that a certain epicurean flavor went with the tradition of fine scholarship. By temperament and conviction Tillotson belonged in one of those fine old Oxford colleges where the wine is as ancient as the prejudices. Also he had taken to Harmon from the first. Not once did the professor find himself thinking of his visitor as with a toothpick in his mouth.

As for Harmon, the felicity of his present situation, in one corner of Tillotson's library, with a bottle at his elbow, when contrasted with what he had escaped and what was still awaiting him, was so overpowering that he preferred not to think. Tillotson had a man servant of the admirable type that knows what one wants as soon as it is wanted. He came and went silently. There was a fire in the grate. The big library table seemed made to hold other things besides books. The other things were there. So Harmon lay back in his chair with one arm on the table and pulled blissfully at his cigar.

Suddenly he laughed out loud.

"Kind of hard, isn't it, for a man with all sorts of executive ability to go and lose his guest of honor like a little girl with a baby-carriage? Not that it makes any difference. Mr. Blankley doesn't get a cent from yours truly."

"You think so?" said Tillotson from in front of the fireplace.

"I am sure of it."

Tillotson shook his head pityingly.

"My dear Mr. Harmon, you are doomed to give Blankley a great deal of money before you leave our academic shades."

"He'll have to come at me with a club," said Harmon.

"I discern no necessity for resorting to any violent process of amputation," said Tillotson. "You are quite helpless in the matter. You came to us with the intention of giving away a large fortune and you will undoubtedly do so. You are only a victim of that mad lust for distribution which sooner or later seizes upon our men of wealth and impels them to give away their money as rapidly as they acquired it from the rightful owners. It is only a question of how large a check it will be."

Harmon grinned.

"With ordinary care I think I'll pull through," he said.

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"Other men have come and boasted, but Blankley has got them for all that," said Tillotson in measured tones.

The visitor looked at him and grinned once more.

"Conceding that I am imperfectly versed in the arts of diplomacy," said Tillotson, "I can still, on occasion, smell a rat."—Page 485.

"I see that you have no prejudices against tainted money," he chuckled.

"I entertain a peculiar abhorrence," said Tillotson, "for a shallow phrase that has been foisted upon a parrot world by sensation-mongering clergymen and illiterate reporters. Tainted money? What other kind is there?"

"There's two kinds of money," said Harmon. "Yours and the other fellow's."

Tillotson was not listening.

"Your specialty, I believe, is soap?" he said.

"Sunlight soap," said Harmon; "chemically pure; cleanses the body and revives the mind; may be eaten by infants with impunity; on sale everywhere."

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"Ah, yes, Sunlight soap," said Tillotson. "Well, several thousand years before Sunlight soap was placed upon the market, a wise old Roman observed of money, *Non olet*—which is to say, gold is a non-odorous mineral. More than that, money is the most powerful disinfectant known to science. The prejudice against what you describe as tainted money is a popular aberration to which I utterly fail to subscribe. Are you aware, my dear Mr. Harmon, that Europe is covered with colleges and cathedrals that testify to many a successful stroke of business by a feudal baron in the open road on a dark night? Possibly, also, in the intervals of soap-making this truth has occurred to you, that what we describe as the monuments of civilization are frequently the monuments of the sins and vices of civilization, inasmuch as many of our churches were built in expiation of crime and most of our palaces were built by princes as homes for their paramours. Thus it is a curious reflection that the history of art would have been much poorer if men had never committed murder and women had always been chaste."

"It may be curious all right," said Harmon, "but it doesn't get you anywheres. What amuses me is your trying to make out that it is a favor to take our money."

Tillotson paused in the act of pouring himself a drink.

"That is exactly what I meant to convey."

Harmon grunted in disagreement, but was still too much at ease with the world to quarrel.

"I'm not against the colleges," he said. "To my mind there's nothing like a red-hot, slam-bang interview between a couple of beefy elevens that have forgotten most of the things their mother taught them."

"I gather," said Tillotson, "that a football match in which no one has succeeded in bringing his shoulder into violent contact with some one else's maxillary bone would be bereft of much of its charm for you."

"Exactly," said Harmon. "So it's all right about the advantages of a college education. As an institution for giving father and mother four years of quiet home life, the college is all right. And that's about all you can say for it."

Tillotson came forward from in front of the fireplace and faced his visitor across the table. His face was flushed.

"The process of effecting the camel's transit through the needle's eye is mere child's play as compared with the task of getting through the average rich man's head the simple proposition that there are other profits in life than those registered in pass-books and disbursed upon automobiles and spurious old masters."

Harmon laughed.

"Blankley said that; said it a dozen times over. He said we needed the college man to carry the message of culture into the market-place. The trouble is, your college man most of the time fails to deliver the message because he can't spell very well. I have them working for me in the shipping department."

"If it were not for our colleges," said Tillotson, leaning forward across the table—"if it were not for our universities and the flame of the ideal which they help to keep alive, your commercialized society would go down to hell, Mr. Harmon. I repeat, sir, to hell. We are one of the few redeeming facts that keep you from becoming as Sodom and Gomorrah."

"I dare say the country will survive," said Harmon.

"And your consciences—what about them?" shouted Tillotson. "What will you do when you have no colleges on which to bestow your ill-gotten wealth? As it is, you can hardly muster up courage to look yourself in the face."

Harmon refilled his glass.

"There's no use in getting hot about it, is there? I don't mind saying, professor, you'd have made a big success in the soap business."

Tillotson laughed scornfully.

"*Di melioral* That is a possibility that I can contemplate only with the deepest horror. The thought that at this moment I might be sitting here in your place, an object of charity, makes me thankful for many things in my past life that I have hitherto failed to appreciate."

"Who's asking for charity?" demanded Harmon.

"You, sir. You are afflicted with the necessity of finding some one to take your money. In a few minutes you will be seeking out Blankley."

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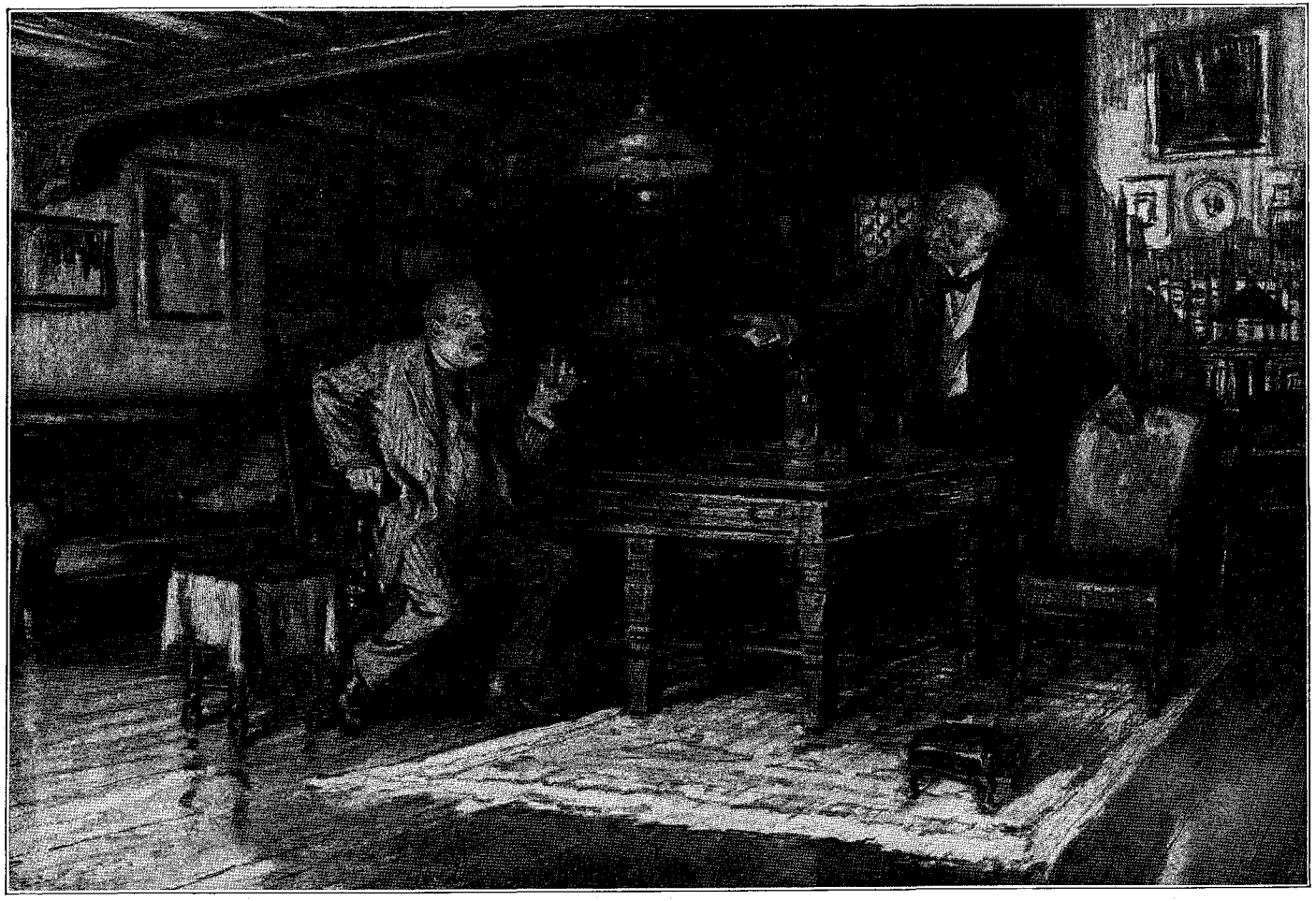

Drawn by Hanson Booth.

"You are afflicted with the necessity of finding some one to take your money."—Page 492.

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"Not if I know it," said Harmon, bringing his feet to the floor with a crash. "I'll buy a stableful of automobiles first. I'll find something to do, but I won't leave my money to a crowd that isn't capable of appreciating what is being done for them."

Tillotson's long fingers were beating rapid time close to Harmon's face. Assault seemed imminent, but with a supreme effort he checked himself.

"Sir," he said, "I can imagine no degree of provocation that will justify a man in turning his guest out of doors. Even the most rudimentary conception of hospitality, as entertained, let us say, by the benighted Andaman Islanders or the natives of the virtually unknown interior plateau of Tibet, would not permit such a step. Neither, however, am I under the compulsion of enduring the company of one whose outlook upon life is as offensive to me as his business methods are abhorrent. I will leave you, sir, to the communion of your ill-regulated thoughts and will walk about the garden until such a time as you have grown thoroughly ashamed of yourself. If you ring, Wilson will bring you another bottle, and there are more cigars in the drawer at your left hand."

V

Tillotson was at the door before his visitor could rally under the fury of this icy blast, but drew back sharply. He had nearly run down Cooper who stood in the doorway dazed for a moment, and then, in response to Tillotson's beckoned invitation, entered the room. At the sight of Harmon he started and had a wild desire to laugh as he thought of Blankley. On Tillotson the young man's presence acted like a dash of cold water. He pulled himself together and rose to his duties as a host.

"You two have met?"

"I've had the pleasure," said Harmon. "Mr. Cooper made the shortest speech of the lot."

Cooper laughed.

"I didn't mean to intrude. I thought Professor Tillotson might be interested in the strange disappearance of Mr. Harmon. They are making a house to house search."

"Look here, Blankley doesn't suspect!" cried the frightened philanthropist.

"No," said Cooper, "but I imagine I ought to let him know. He will be calling in the police very likely."

"You'll hold off half an hour, won't you?" pleaded Harmon. "I am having the time of my life, Cooper. Just half an hour and I'll come out and give myself up."

"Half an hour it is," said Cooper, and walked out laughing. Harmon sank back into his chair and pulled vehemently at his cigar. Tillotson became absorbed in the fire.

"Do you think a hundred thousand would do it?" said Harmon.

Tillotson turned sharply in his direction.

"Do what?"

"Oh, everything," said Harmon. "Put the Department of Latin Philology in first-class shape. I mean everything—new building, new apparatus, telescopes, test-tubes, and all that truck; make it the most up-to-date philology department in the country, bar none."

Tillotson got to his feet and looked down at him.

"Do I gather that you are offering me the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for use in connection with my own work?"

"I do," said Harmon fervently, "and I want you to take it and do what you like with it, professor. Latin philology is capable of great things with the right man behind it."

Tillotson walked up and down the room in plain agitation. When he turned to Harmon his face was grave.

"It is a truly princely offer, sir, and does you infinite credit. I thank you most heartily and beg to assure you that the Latin department is in no need of pecuniary assistance."

Harmon got to his feet in fervent protest.

"Oh, come now, Professor Tillotson—as a favor."

"The efficiency of the Latin department," continued Tillotson, "does not depend upon the elaborate laboratory methods you have outlined. The number of my students has not outgrown the capacity of our lecture-rooms. As a matter of fact we frequently meet in my own bedroom.

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There have been times when I thought fondly of a steam-heating plant in Metcalf Hall, but it has been a fancy of the moment. On general principles I should greatly hesitate to steep my work in an atmosphere of money. Men who go in for the advanced study of Latin are reasonably insured for life against the risk of excessive prosperity and it is well that their training should begin as early as possible. Nevertheless, I thank you."

Harmon struck the table with his fist.

"If you think it's to be Blankley, I tell you no. I'll make straight for the train."

Tillotson looked at the fire and communed audibly with his soul.

"We have in our college a department of biology, a science, I am bound to admit, which is as yet of uncertain standing and of extremely problematic cultural value. But the head of the Department of Biology, who is at the same time its faculty, is a young man of fine intellectual gifts, of high promise, and of true gentlemanly instincts, a man who might easily have made, but for a mistaken ambition, an excellent Latinist."

"You mean Cooper?"

"I do. The Department of Biology is greatly in need of money. It needs a laboratory and much of the complicated machinery involved in the pursuit and capture of the highly elusive amœba. It also needs an endowment of sufficient dimensions to enable the wife of the professor of biology to secure the services of a robust and willing Swedish domestic."

"Very well," said Harmon; "he can have it and welcome. I like the man."

"I hoped that you would," said Tillotson. "If I may venture the suggestion, half the sum which you so generously proffer should be placed outright at the disposal of the head of the Department of Biology. The remaining half should be made an endowment fund and presented to the university, conditioned upon the retention of Professor Cooper as head of the department with a free hand in its management."

"Will Blankley stand for it?"

"My dear Mr. Harmon, as you have remarked, Mr. Blankley is a practical young man. Next to being in the possession of money, Mr. Blankley has a passion for being in its vicinity. The matter could be arranged."

"That's settled then," said Harmon and sighed. "That is, if you are quite sure the Latin department couldn't use any part——"

"Oh, very sure. I have described conditions in the department. My personal needs are few. I have a little money of my own. Sometimes the desirability of taking in all the French and German publications in my field has made me wonder whether my fondness for choice cigars was not extravagance."

"I wouldn't say that," declared Harmon with swift emphasis. "Not under the circumstances. I wouldn't consider any amount of foreign books essential under the circumstances."

"Very much as I have reasoned," said Tillotson. "Especially if one takes into account the very important consideration that the German philologists are continually advancing new views which I can neither follow nor approve. So you perceive there is really no reason why I should press your generosity too far."

Harmon sighed again, took in the comfortable glow of the room, and rose.

"Now for Blankley. I have had a bully time, Professor Tillotson."

"It has been a pleasure," said Tillotson. "Before parting from you, I am impelled to remove all possibilities of misunderstanding from the mind of one whose friendship, I am frank to say, I should be happy to win and retain."

Harmon flushed.

"That is very good of you, professor."

Tillotson went on:

"My prejudices against the practical man of business are largely traceable to the type of business man who thinks there is no greater thing in life than to sell enormous quantities of iron beds, or biscuits, or—let me be frank—soap. Hitherto I have failed to discern any merit in selling the public what it wants. If one were to sell the public something it does not want, it would be a real distinction. That is why I look upon the book agent as the highest type of the modern business man. You are sure you won't have another cigar?"

"I believe I will."

"That is what I used to think," Tillot-

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son went on. "I recognize now that I have been uncharitable."

Harmon laughed.

"There's something in soap after all, professor."

"I confess there is. Its value may frequently be overestimated, but there are few sights more refreshing to an old man's eyes than a little group of children with china bowl and clay pipe engaged in the beautiful occupation of blowing bubbles."

"Good Lord!" said Harmon.

"Yes. The construction of iridescent globes of soap and water must come, I imagine, of all human sensations, nearest to the joy that possessed the heart of the Creator when the evening and the morning were the sixth day. You will run down to see me some week in the near future? In the summer I fish, you know. Do you?"

"Do I!"

"We are very fortunate," said Tillotson. "But I won't detain you. Do you know"—as he held the door open for Harmon—"I frequently tire of my Latin philologies? On such occasions I am seized with a strange desire to run a motor bicycle."

"That's odd," said Harmon. "I've always wanted to go on the stage."

THE CHOICE

By Julia C. R. Dorr

A VOICE came down from regions far away,
  Solemn and stern, yet most divinely sweet.
  "Choose thou, O soul, the pathway for thy feet
When thou art done with Earth's bewildering day!
The high gods speak through me. They bid me say
  When thou no more shalt hear life's surges beat
  Upon the shores of time, nor wake to greet
The glorious morn, high noon, nor twilight gray,

They give thee leave to choose thy destiny.
  Wilt live again in some new sphere? or go
  Through the strange paths the living may not know
To utter nothingness? Yet hear thou me
Ere thou decidest, for the gods decree
  Who lives immortally shall never sow
  In the new soil the seed of earthly woe,
Of earthly love, or earthly memory."

And thus I answered:—"Give me leave to die
  Once and forever, ye who ne'er have known
  The might of human love, nor shared its throne,
Tasted its bread and wine, nor lifted high
Its royal banners to the bending sky!
  Too sweet, too strong Earth's tender loves have grown;
  Rather than life whence their dear ghosts have flown,
O ye who are immortal, let me die!"

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THE DARK FLOWER

(THE LOVE LIFE OF A MAN)

PART III—AUTUMN—(CONTINUED)

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

VIII

NOW that she was gone, it was curious how little they spoke of her, considering how long she had been with them. And they had from her but one letter, written to Sylvia very soon after she left, ending:

"Dad sends his best respects, please; and with my love to you and Mr. Lennan, and all the beasts, NELL.

"Oliver is coming here next week. We are going to some races."

It was difficult, of course, to speak of her, with that episode of the flower, too bizarre to be told, the sort of thing Sylvia would see out of all proportion—as, indeed, any woman might. Yet, what had it really been, but the uncontrolled impulse of an emotional child longing to express feelings kindled by the excitement of that opera? What but a child's feathery warmth, one of those flying peeps at the mystery of passion that young things take? He could not give away that pretty foolishness. And because he would not give it away, he was more than usually affectionate to Sylvia.

They had made no holiday plans, and when she suggested that they should go down to Hayle he eagerly agreed. There, if anywhere, this curious restlessness would leave him. They had not been down to the old place for many years; indeed, since Gordy's death it was generally let.

They left London late in August. The day was closing in when they arrived. Honeysuckle had long been improved away from that station paling, against which he had stood twenty-nine years ago, watching the train carrying Anna Stormer away. In the hired fly Sylvia pressed close to him, and held his hand beneath the ancient dust rug. Both felt the same excitement at seeing again this old home. Not a single soul of the past days would be there now—only the house and the trees; the owls and the stars; the river, park, and logan stone! It was dark when they arrived; just their bedroom and two sitting-rooms had been made ready, with fires burning, though it was still high summer. The same old execrable Heatherleys looked down from the black-oak panellings. The same scent of apples and old mice clung here and there about the dark corridors, with their unexpected stairways. It was all curiously unchanged, as old houses are when they are let furnished.

Once in the night he woke. Through the wide-open, uncurtained windows the night was simply alive with stars, such swarms of them swinging and trembling up there; and, far away, rose the melancholy velvet-soft hooting of an owl.

Sylvia's voice close to him said:

"Mark, that night when your star caught in my hair? Do you remember?"

Yes, he remembered. And in his drowsy mind just roused from dreams, there turned and turned the queer nonsensical refrain: "I never—never—will desert Mr. Micawber. . . ."

It was a pleasant month, of reading, and walking with the dogs the country round, of lying out long hours amongst the bowlders or along the river-banks, watching beasts and birds.

The little old greenhouse temple of his early masterpieces was still extant, used now to protect watering-pots. But no vestige of impulse toward work came to him down there. He was marking time; not restless, not bored—just waiting. But for what, he had no notion. And Sylvia, at any rate, was happy. She bloomed in these old haunts, lost her fairness in the sun; even took again to a sunbonnet, which made her look extraordinarily young.

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The trout that poor old Gordy had so harried were left undisturbed. No gun was fired—rabbits, pigeons, even the few partridges enjoyed those first days of autumn unmolested. The bracken and leaves turned very early, so that the park in the hazy September sunlight had an almost golden hue. A gentle mellowness reigned over all that holiday. And from Ireland came no further news, save one picture post-card with the words: "This is our house. NELL."

In the last week of September they went back to London. And at once there began in him again that restless, unreasonable aching—that sense of being drawn away out of himself; so that he once more took to walking Hyde Park for hours, over grass already strewn with leaves; always looking—craving—and for what?

At Dromore's the confidential man did not know when his master would be back, he had gone to Scotland with Miss Nell after the Saint Leger. Was Lennan disappointed? Not so—rather relieved. But his ache was there all the time, feeding on its secrecy and loneliness, unmentionable feeling that it was. Why had he not realized long ago that youth was over, love finished with, autumn upon him! How never grasped the fact that 'Time steals away!' And, as before, the only refuge was in work. The sheep-dogs and 'The Girl on the Magpie Horse' were finished. He began a fantastic 'relief'—a nymph peering from behind a rock, and a wild-eyed man creeping, through reeds, toward her. If he could put into the nymph's face something of this lure of Youth and Life and Love that was dragging at him, into the man's face the state of his own heart—it might lay that feeling to rest. Anything to get it out of himself! And he worked furiously, laboriously, all October, making no great progress. . . . What could he expect when Life was all the time knocking with a muffled tapping at his door! . . .

It was on the Tuesday after the close of the last Newmarket meeting, and just getting dusk, when Life opened that door and walked in. She wore a dark-red dress, a new one, and surely her face—her figure—were very different from what he had remembered! They had quickened and become poignant. She was no longer a child—that was at once plain. Cheeks, mouth, neck, waist, all seemed fined, shaped; the crinkly light-brown hair was coiled up now under a velvet cap; only the great gray eyes seemed quite the same. And at sight of her his heart gave a sort of dive and flight, as if all its vague and wistful sensations had found their goal.

Then, in sudden agitation, he realized that his last moment with this girl—now a child no longer—had been a secret moment of warmth and of emotion; a moment which to her might have meant, in her might have bred, feelings that he had no inkling of. He tried to ignore that flighting and diving of his heart, held out his hand, and murmured:

"Ah! Nell! Back at last! You've grown."

Then, with a sensation of every limb gone weak, he felt her arms round his neck, and herself pressed against him. There was time for the thought to flash through him: This is terrible! He gave her a little convulsive squeeze—could a man do less—then just managed to push her gently away, trying with all his might to think: She's a child! It's nothing more than after 'Carmen'! She doesn't know what I am feeling! But he was conscious of a mad desire to clutch her to him. The touch of her had demolished all his vagueness, made things only too plain, set him on fire.

He said uncertainly:

"Come to the fire, my child, and tell me all about it." If he did not keep to the notion that she was just a child, his head would go. Perdita—'the lost one'! A good name for her, indeed, as she stood there, her eyes shining in the firelight—more mesmeric than ever they had been! And, to get away from the lure of those eyes, he bent down and raked the grate, saying:

"Have you seen Sylvia?" But he knew that she had not, even before she gave that impatient shrug. Then he pulled himself together, and said:

"What has happened to you, child?"

"I'm not a child."

"No, we've both grown older. I was forty-seven the other day."

She dived—heavens! how supple she was!—caught his hand, and murmured:

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"You're not old a bit; you're quite young."

At his wits' end, with his heart thumping, but still keeping his eyes away from her, he said:

"Where is Oliver?"

She dropped his hand at that.

"Oliver?—I hate him."

Afraid to trust himself near her, he had begun walking up and down. And she stood, following him with her gaze—the firelight playing fitfully on her red frock. What extraordinary stillness! What power she had developed in these few months! Had he let her see that he felt that power? And had all this come of one little moment in a dark corridor, of one flower pressed into his hand! Why had he not spoken to her roughly then—told her she was a romantic little fool? God knew what thoughts she had been feeding on! But who could have supposed—who dreamed? And again he fixed his mind resolutely on that thought: She's a child—only a child!

"Come!" he said; "tell me all about your time in Ireland?"

"Oh! it was just dull—it's all been dull away from you."

It came out without hesitancy or shame, and he could only murmur:

"Ah! you've missed your drawing!"

"Yes. Can I come to-morrow?"

That was the moment to have said: No! You are a foolish child, and I an elderly idiot! But he had neither courage, nor clearness of mind enough; nor—the desire. And, without answering, he went toward the door to turn up the light.

"Oh, no! please don't! It's so nice like this."

The shadowy room, the bluish dusk painted on all the windows, the fitful shining of the fire, the pallor and darkness of the dim casts and bronzes, and that one glowing figure there before the hearth! Her voice, a little piteous, went on:

"Aren't you glad I'm back? I can't see you properly out there."

He went back into the glow, and she gave a little sigh of satisfaction. Then her calm young voice said, ever so distinctly:

"Oliver wants me to marry him, and I won't, of course."

He dared not say: Why not? He dared not say anything. It was too dangerous. And then followed those amazing words: "You know why, don't you? Of course you do."

It was ridiculous, almost shameful to understand their meaning. And he stood, staring in front of him, without a word; humility, dismay, pride, and a sort of mad exultation all mixed and seething within him in the queerest pudding of emotion. But all he said was:

"Come, my child; we're neither of us quite ourselves to-night. Let's go to the drawing-room."

IX

Back in the darkness and solitude of the studio, when she was gone, he sat down before the fire, his senses in a whirl. Why was he not just an ordinary animal of a man that could enjoy what the gods had sent? It was as if on a November day some one had pulled aside the sober curtains of the sky and there in a chink had been April standing—thick white blossom, a purple cloud, a rainbow, grass vivid green, light flaring from one knew not where, and such a tingling passion of life on it all as made the heart stand still! This then was the marvellous, enchanting, maddening end of all that year of restlessness and wanting! This bit of Spring suddenly given to him in the midst of Autumn. Her lips, her eyes, her hair; her touching confidence; above all—quite unbelievable—her love. Not really love—her childish fancy. But on the wings of fancy this child would fly far, too far—all wistfulness and warmth beneath that light veneer of absurd composure.

To live again—to plunge back into youth and beauty—to feel Spring once more—to lose the sense of all being over, save just the sober jog-trot of domestic bliss; to know, actually to know ecstasy again, in the love of a girl; to rediscover all that youth yearns for and feels, and hopes, and dreads, and loves. It was a prospect to turn the head even of a decent man. . . .

By just closing his eyes he could see her standing there with the firelight glow on her red frock; could feel again that marvellous thrill when she pressed herself against him in the half-innocent, seducing

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moment when she first came in; could feel again her eyes drawing—drawing him! She was a witch, a gray-eyed, brown-haired witch—even unto her love of red. She had the witch's power of lighting fever in the veins. And he simply wondered at himself that he had not, as she stood there in the firelight, knelt, and put his arms round her and pressed his face against her waist. Why had he not? But he did not want to think; the moment thought began he knew he must be torn this way and that, tossed here and there between reason and desire, pity and passion. Every sense struggled to keep him wrapped in the warmth and intoxication of this discovery that he, in the full of autumn, had awakened love in Spring. For though it was absurd that she could have this feeling, yet there was no mistake. Her manner to Sylvia just now had been almost dangerously changed; there had been a queer cold impatience in her look, frightening from one who, but three months ago, had been so affectionate. And, going away, she had whispered, with that old trembling-up at him, as if offering to be kissed: "I may come, mayn't I? And don't be angry with me, please; I can't help it." A monstrous thing at his age to let a young girl love him—compromise her future! A monstrous thing by all the canons of virtue and gentility! And yet—what future?—with that nature—those eyes—that origin—with that father, and that home? But he would not—simply must not think!

Nevertheless, he showed the signs of thought, and badly; for after dinner Sylvia, putting her hand on his forehead, said:

"You're working too hard, Mark. You don't go out enough!"

He held those fingers, fast. Sylvia! No, indeed, he must not think! But he took advantage of her words, and said that he would go out, and get some air.

He walked at a great pace—to keep thought away—till he reached the river close to Westminster, and, moved by sudden impulse, seeking perhaps an antidote, turned down into that little street under the big Wren church, where he had never been since the summer night when he lost what was then more to him than life. There she had lived. There was the house—those windows which he had stolen past and gazed at with such distress and longing. Once more he seemed to see that face out of the past—the dark hair, the dark soft eyes, and sweet gravity; and it did not reproach him. For this new feeling was not a love like that had been. Only once could a man feel the love that passed all things, the love before which the world was but a spark in a draught of wind; the love that, whatever dishonor, grief, and unrest it might come through, alone had in it the heart of peace and joy and honor. Fate had torn that love from him, nipped it off as a sharp wind nips off a perfect flower. This new feeling was but a fever, a passionate fancy, a grasping once more at Youth and Warmth. Ah, well! but it was real enough! And, in one of those moments when a man stands outside himself, seems to be lifted away and see his own life twirling, Lennan had a vision of a shadow driven here and there; a straw going round and round; a midge in the grip of a mad wind. Where was the home of this mighty secret feeling that sprang so suddenly out of the dark, and caught you by the throat? Why did it come now and not then, for this one and not that other? What did man know of it, save that it made him spin and hover—like a moth intoxicated by a light, or a bee by some dark sweet flower; save that it made of him a distraught, humble, eager puppet of its fancy? Had it not once already driven him even to the edge of death; and must it now come on him again with its sweet madness, its drugging scent? What was it? Why was it? Why these passionate obsessions that could not decently be satisfied? Had civilization so outstripped man that his nature was cramped into shoes too small—like the feet of a Chinese woman? What was it? Ah! Why was it?

And faster than ever he walked away.

Pall Mall brought him back to that counterfeit presentment of the real—reality. There, in Saint James's Street, was Johnny Dromore's club; and, again moved by impulse, he pushed open its swing door. No need to ask; for Dromore was in the hall, on his way from dinner to the card-room. The glossy tan of hard exercise and good living lay in his cheeks as thick as clouted cream. His eyes had

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the peculiar shine of superabundant vigor; a certain subfestive air in face and voice and movements suggested that he was going to make a night of it. And the sardonic thought flashed through Lennan: Shall I tell him?

"Hallo, old chap! Awfully glad to see you! What you doin' with yourself? Workin' hard? How's your wife? You been away? Been doin' anything great?" And then the question that would have given him his chance, if he had liked to be so cruel:

"Seen Nell?"

"Yes, she came round this afternoon."

"What d'you think of her? Comin' on nicely, isn't she?"

That old query, half-furtive and half-proud, as much as to say: 'I know she's not in the stud-book, but, d—n it, I sired her!' And then the old sudden gloom, which lasted but a second, and gave way again to chaff.

Lennan stayed very few minutes. Never had he felt farther from his old school chum.

No! Whatever happened, Johnny Dromore must be left out. It was a position he had earned with his goggling eyes, and his astute philosophy; from it he should not be disturbed.

He passed along the railings of the Green Park. On the cold air of this last October night a thin haze hung, and the acrid fragrance from little bonfires of fallen leaves. What was there about that scent of burned-leaf smoke that had always moved him so? Symbol of parting!—that most mournful thing in all the world. For what would even death be but for parting—a sweet long sleep, a new adventure! But if a man loved others—to leave them, or be left! Ah! and it was not death only that brought partings!

He came to the opening of the street where Dromore lived. She would be there, sitting by the fire in the big chair—playing with her kitten, thinking, dreaming, and—alone! He passed on at such a pace that people stared; till, turning the last corner for home, he ran almost into the arms of Oliver Dromore.

The young man was walking with unaccustomed indecision, his fur coat open, his opera hat pushed up on his crisp hair. Dark under the eyes, he had not the proper gloss of a Dromore at this season of the year.

"Mr. Lennan! I've just been round to you."

And Lennan answered dazedly:

"Will you come in, or shall I walk your way a bit?"

"I'd rather—out here—if you don't mind."

So in silence they went back into the square. And Oliver said:

"Let's get over by the rails."

They crossed to the railings of the square's dark garden, where nobody was passing. And with every step Lennan's humiliation grew. There was something false and undignified even in walking with this young man who had once treated him as a father confessor to his love for Nell. And suddenly he perceived that they had made a complete circuit of the square garden without speaking a single word.

"Well?" he said.

Oliver turned his face away.

"You remember what I told you in the summer. Well, it's worse now. I've been going a mucker lately in all sorts of ways to try and get rid of it. But it's all no good—she's got me."

And Lennan thought: You're not alone in that! But he kept silence. His chief dread was of saying something that he would remember afterwards as the words of Judas.

Then Oliver suddenly burst out:

"Why can't she care? I suppose I'm nothing much, but she's known me all her life, and she used to like me. There's something—I can't make out. Could you do anything for me with her?"

Lennan pointed across the street.

"In every other one of those houses, Oliver," he said, "there's probably some creature who can't make out why another creature doesn't care. Passion comes when it will, goes when it will; and we poor devils have no say in it."

"What do you advise me, then?"

Lennan had an almost overwhelming impulse to turn on his heel and leave the young man standing there. But he forced himself to look at his face, which even then had its attraction—perhaps more so than ever, so pallid and desperate it was. And he said slowly, staring mentally at every word:

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"I'm not up to giving you advice. The only thing I might say is: One does not press oneself where one isn't wanted; all the same—who knows? So long as she feels you're there, waiting, she might turn to you at any moment. The more chivalrous you are, Oliver, the more patiently you wait, the better chance you have."

Oliver took those words of little comfort without flinching. "I see," he said; "thanks! But, my God! it's hard. I never could wait." And, with that epigram on himself, holding out his hand, he turned away.

Lennan went slowly home, trying to gauge exactly how any one who knew would judge him. It was a little difficult in this affair to keep a shred of dignity.

Sylvia had not gone up, and he saw her looking at him anxiously. The one strange comfort in all this was that his feeling for her, at any rate, had not changed. It seemed even to have deepened—to be more real.

Up-stairs in their bedroom how could he help staying awake, how could he help thinking, then? And long time he lay, staring at the dark.

As if thinking were any good for fever in the veins!

X

Passion never plays the game. It, at all events, is free from self-consciousness and pride; from dignity, nerves, scruples, cant, moralities; from hypocrisies, and wisdom, and fears for pocket, and position in this world and the next. Well did the old painters limn it as an arrow or a wind! If it had not been as swift and darting, earth must long ago have drifted through space untenanted—to let. . . .

After that fevered night Lennan went to his studio at the usual hour and naturally did not do a stroke of work. He was even obliged to send away his model. The fellow had been his hair-dresser, but, getting ill, and falling on dark days, one morning had come to the studio, to ask, with manifest shame, if his head were any good. Having tested his capacity for standing still, and given him some introductions, Lennan had noted him down: "Five feet nine, good hair, lean face, something tortured and pathetic. Give him a turn, if possible." The turn had come, and the poor man was posing in a painful attitude, talking, whenever permitted, of the way things had treated him, and the delights of cutting hair. This morning he took his departure with the simple pleasure of one fully paid for services not rendered.

And so, walking up and down, up and down, the sculptor waited for Nell's knock. What would happen now? For all his thinking had made nothing clear. Here was offered what every warm-blooded man, whose Spring is past, desires—youth and beauty, and in that youth a renewal of his own; what all men save hypocrites and Englishmen would even admit that they desired. And it was offered to one who had neither religious nor moral scruples, as they are commonly understood. In theory he could accept. In practice he did not as yet know what he could do. One thing only he had discovered during the night's reflections, that those who scouted belief in the principle of Liberty made no greater mistake than to suppose that Liberty was dangerous because it made a man a libertine. To one with any decency, the creed of Freedom was—of all—the most enchaining. Easy enough to break chains imposed by others, fling his cap over the windmill, and cry for the moment at least: I am unfettered, free! Hard, indeed, to say the same to his own unfettered self! Yes, he himself was in the judgment-seat; by his own verdict and decision he must abide. And, though he ached for the sight of her, and his will seemed paralyzed—many times already he had thought: It won't do! God help me!

Then twelve o'clock had come, and she had not. Would 'The Girl on the Magpie Horse' be all he would see of her to-day—that unsatisfying work, so cold and devoid of witchery? Better have tried to paint her—with a red flower in her hair, a pout on her lips, and her eyes fey, or languorous. Goya could have painted her!

And then, just as he had given her up, she came.

After taking one look at his face, she slipped in ever so quietly, like a very good child. . . . Marvellous the instinct of even the young when they are women! . . . Not a vestige in her of yesterday's seductive power; not a sign that there

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had been a yesterday at all—just confiding, like a daughter. Sitting there, telling him about Ireland, showing him the little batch of drawings she had done while she was away—had she brought them because she knew they would make him feel sorry for her?—what could have been less dangerous, more appealing to the protective and paternal side of him than she was that morning? As if she only wanted what her father and her home could not give her; only wanted to be a sort of daughter to him!

She went away demurely, as she had come, refusing to stay to lunch, manifestly avoiding Sylvia. Only then he realized that she must have taken alarm from the look of strain on his face, been afraid that he would send her away; only then perceived that, with her appeal to his protection, she had been binding him closer, making it harder for him to break away and hurt her. And the fevered aching began again—worse than ever—the moment he lost sight of her. And more than ever he felt in the grip of something beyond his power to fight against; something that, however he swerved and backed and broke away, would close in on him, find means to bind him again hand and foot.

In the afternoon Dromore's confidential man brought him a note. The fellow, with his cast-down eyes and well-parted hair, seemed to Lennan to be saying: "Yes, sir—it is quite natural that you should take the note out of eyeshot, sir—*but I know;* fortunately, there is no necessity for alarm—I am strictly confidential."

And this was what the note contained:

"You promised to ride with me once—you *did* promise, and you never have. Do please ride with me to-morrow; then you will get what you want for the statuette instead of being so cross with it. You can have Dad's horse—he has gone to Newmarket again, and I'm so lonely. Please—to-morrow, at half past two—starting from here. NELL."

To hesitate in view of those confidential eyes was not possible; it must be 'Yes' or 'No'; but if 'No,' it would only mean that she would come in the morning instead. So he said:

"Just say 'All right!'"

"Very good, sir." Then, from the door: "Mr. Dromore will be away till Saturday, sir."

Now, why had the fellow said that? Curious how this desperate secret feeling of his own made him see sinister meaning in this servant, in Oliver's visit of last night—in everything. It was vile! He could feel, almost see, himself deteriorating already, with this furtive feeling in his soul. It would soon be written on his face! But what was the use of troubling? What would come, would—one way or the other.

And suddenly he remembered with a shock that it was the first of November, Sylvia's birthday! He had never before forgotten it. In the disturbance of that discovery he was very near to going and pouring out to her the whole story of his feelings. A charming birthday present that would make! Taking his hat, instead, he dashed round to the nearest flower shop. A Frenchwoman kept it. What had she? What did monsieur desire? "*Des œillets rouges? J'en ai de bien beaux ce soir.*" No—not those? White flowers!

"*Une belle azalée?*"

Yes, that would do—to be sent at once—at once!

Next door was a jeweller's. He had never really known if Sylvia cared for jewels, since one day he happened to remark that they were vulgar. And, feeling that he had fallen low indeed, to be trying to atone with some miserable gewgaw for never having thought of her all day, because he had been thinking of another, he went in and bought the only ornament whose ingredients did not make his gorge rise, two small pear-shaped black pearls, one at each end of a fine platinum chain. Coming out with it, he noticed over the street, in a clear sky fast deepening to indigo, the thinnest slip of a new moon, like a bright swallow, with wings bent back, flying toward the ground. That meant—fine weather! If it could only be fine weather in his heart! And in order that the azalea might arrive first, he walked up and down the square which he and Oliver had patrolled the night before.

When he went in, Sylvia was placing the white azalea in the window of the drawing-room, and stealing up behind her he clasped the little necklet round her

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throat. She turned round and clung to him. He could feel that she was greatly moved. And remorse stirred and stirred in him, that he was betraying her with his kiss.

But, even while he kissed her, he was hardening his heart.

XI

NEXT day, still following the lead of her words about fresh air, he told Sylvia that he was going to ride; and did not say with whom. After applauding his resolution she was silent for a little, then asked:

"Why don't you ride with Nell?"

He had already so lost his dignity that he hardly felt disgraced in answering:

"It might bore her!"

"Oh, no! it wouldn't bore her."

Had she meant anything by that? And, feeling as if he were fencing with his own soul, he said:

"Very well; I will."

He had perceived suddenly that he did not know his wife, having always till now believed that it was she who did not quite know him.

If she had not been out at lunch-time, he would have lunched out himself—afraid of his own face. For feverishness in sick persons mounts steadily with the approach of a certain hour. And surely his face, to any one who could have seen him being driven to Piccadilly, would have suggested a fevered invalid rather than a healthy middle-aged sculptor in a cab.

The horses were before the door, the little magpie horse, and a thoroughbred bay mare, weeded from Dromore's racing-stable. Nell, too, was standing ready, her cheeks very pink and her eyes very bright. She did not wait for him to mount her, but took the aid of the confidential man. What was it that made her look so perfect on that little horse—shape of limb, or something soft and fiery in her spirit that the little creature knew of?

They started in silence, but as soon as the sound of hoofs died on the tan of Rotten Row she turned to him and said:

"It *was* lovely of you to come. I thought you'd be afraid—you *are* afraid of me."

And Lennan thought: My God! you're right!

"But please don't look like yesterday. It's too heavenly. I love beautiful days, and I love riding, and—" She broke off and looked at him. 'Why can't you just be nice to me'—she seemed to be saying—'and love me as you ought!' That was her power—the conviction that he did, and ought to love her; that she ought to, and did love him. How simple!

But riding, too, is a simple passion; and simple passions distract each other. It was a treat to be on that bay mare, with her springy action, and mouth of velvet. Who so to be trusted to ride the best as Johnny Dromore?

At the far end of the Row she cried out, "Let's go on to Richmond now," and trotted off into the road, as if she knew she could do with him what she wished. And, following meekly, he asked himself: Why? What was there in her to make up to him for all that he was losing—his power of work, his dignity, his self-respect? What was there? Just those eyes, and lips, and hair?

And as if she knew what he was thinking, she looked round and smiled.

So they jogged on over the bridge and across Barnes Common into Richmond Park.

But the moment they touched turf, with one look back at him she was off. Had she all the time meant to give him this break-neck chase—or had the loveliness of that autumn day gone to her head—blue sky and coppery flames of bracken in the sun, and the beech leaves and the oak leaves; pure Highland coloring come south for once?

When, in the first burst, he had tested the mare's wind, this chase of her, indeed, was sheer delight. Through glades, over fallen tree-trunks, in bracken up to the hocks, out across the open, past a herd of amazed and solemn deer, over rotten ground all rabbit-burrows, till just as he thought he was up to her she slipped away by a quick turn round trees. Mischief incarnate; but something deeper than mischief, too! He came up with her at last, and leaned over to seize her rein. With a cut of her whip that missed his hand by a bare inch, and a wrench, she made him shoot past, wheeled in her tracks, and was off like an arrow, back amongst the trees—lying right forward

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under the boughs, along the neck of her little horse. Then, out from amongst the trees, she shot down-hill. Right down she went, full-tilt, and after her went Lennan, lying back, and expecting the bay mare to come down at every stride. This was her idea of fun! She switched round at the bottom and went galloping along the foot of the hill—and he thought: "Now I've got her!" She could not break back up that hill; and there was no other cover for fully half a mile!

Then he saw, not thirty yards in front, an old sand-pit. God! She was going straight at that! And shouting frantically he reined his mare outward. But she only raised her whip, cut the magpie horse over the flank, and rode right on. He saw that little demon gather its feet and spring—down, down, saw him pitch, struggle, sink—and she, flung forward, roll over and lie on her back. He felt nothing at that moment, only saw the fixed vision of a yellow patch of sand, the blue sky, a rook flying, and her face upturned. But when he came on her, she was on her feet, holding the bridle of her dazed horse. No sooner did he touch her then she sank down. Her eyes were closed, but he could feel that she had not fainted; and he just held her, and kept pressing his lips to her eyes and forehead. Suddenly she let her head fall back, and her lips met his. Then she opened her eyes, and said:

"I'm not hurt, only—funny. Has Magpie cut his knees?"

Not quite knowing what he did, he got up to look. The little horse was cropping bramble leaves, unharmed—the sand and fern had saved him. And her languid voice behind him said: "It's all right—you can leave the horses. They'll come when I call."

Now that he knew she was unhurt he felt anger. Why had she behaved in this mad way—given him this fearful shock? But, in that same languid voice, she went on:

"Don't be angry with me, please don't be angry. You see, I thought at first I'd pull up, but then I thought: 'If I jump, he can't help being nice to me'—so I did. Don't leave off loving me because I'm not hurt, please."

Terribly moved, he sat down beside her, took her hands in his, and said:

"Nell! Nell! It's madness! It's all wrong."

"Why? Don't think about it. I don't want you to think—only to love me."

"Child, you don't know what love is!"

For answer she only flung her arms round his neck; then, since he held back from kissing her, let them fall again, and jumped up.

"Very well. *But I love you.* You can think of that, and you can't prevent me." And, without waiting for help, she mounted the magpie horse from the sand-heap where they had fallen.

Very sober that ride home! The horses, as if ashamed of their mad chase, edged close to each other, so that now and then his arm would touch her shoulder. He asked her once what she had felt while she was jumping.

"Only to be sure my foot was free. It was rather horrid coming down, thinking of Magpie's knees"; and, touching the little horse's goat-like ears, she added softly: "Poor dear! He'll be stiff to-morrow."

She was again only the confiding, rather drowsy, child. Or was it that the fierceness of those past moments had killed his power of feeling? An almost dreamy hour—with the sun going down, the lamps being lighted one by one—and a sort of sweet oblivion over everything!

At the door, where the groom was waiting, Lennan would have said good-by, but she whispered: "Oh, no, please! I *am* tired now—you might help me up a little."

And so, half-carrying her, he mounted past the Vanity Fair cartoons, and through the corridor with the red paper and the Van Beers drawings, into the room where he had first seen her.

Once settled back in Dromore's great chair, with the purring kitten curled up on her neck, she murmured:

"Isn't it nice? You can make tea; and we'll have hot buttered toast."

And so Lennan stayed while the confidential man brought tea and toast, and, never once looking at them, seemed to know all that had passed, all that might be to come.

Then they were alone again, and, gazing down at her stretched out in that great chair, Lennan thought: 'Thank God! I'm

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tired—body and soul!' Suddenly she looked up at him, and pointing to the picture, that to-day had no curtain drawn, said:

"Do you think I'm like her? I made Oliver tell me about myself this summer. That's why you needn't bother. It doesn't matter what happens to me, you see. And I don't care—because you can love me without feeling bad about it; and you will, won't you?"

Then, with her eyes still on his face, she went on quickly: "Only we won't talk about that now, will we? It's too cosey. I *am* nice and tired. Do smoke!"

But Lennan's fingers trembled so that he could hardly light his cigarette. And, watching them, she said: "Please give me one, Dad doesn't like my smoking."

The virtue of Johnny Dromore! Yes! It would always be by proxy!

"Are you very fond of him, Nell?"

"Yes."

"How do you think he would like to know about this afternoon?"

"I don't care."

And once more Lennan thought: God help me!

Then, peering up through the kitten's fur, she said softly:

"Oliver wants me to go to a dance on Saturday—it's for a charity. Shall I?"

"Of course; why not?"

"Will *you* come?"

"I?"

"Oh, do! You must. It's my very first, you know. I've got an extra ticket."

And against his will, his judgment—everything, Lennan answered: "Yes."

She clapped her hands, and the kitten crawled down to her knees.

When he got up to go, she did not move, but just looked up at him; and how he got away he did not know.

Stopping his cab a little short of home, he ran, for he felt cold and stiff, and, letting himself in with his latch-key, went straight to the drawing-room. The door was ajar, and Sylvia standing at the window. He heard her sigh; and his heart smote him. Very still, and slender, and lonely she looked out there, with the light shining on her fair hair, so that it seemed almost white. Then she turned, and saw him. He noticed her throat working with the effort she made not to show him anything, and he said:

"Surely you haven't been anxious! Nell had a bit of a fall—jumping into a sandpit. She's quite mad sometimes. I stayed to tea with her—just to make sure she wasn't really hurt." And as he spoke he loathed himself; his voice sounded so false.

She only answered: "It's all right, dear," but he saw that she kept her eyes—those blue, too true eyes—averted, even when she kissed him.

And so began another evening and night and morning of fever, subterfuge, weariness, aching. A round of half-ecstatic torment, out of which he could no more break than a man can break through the walls of a cell. . . .

Though it live but a day in the sun, though it drown in tenebrous night, the dark flower of passion will have its hour. . . .

(To be concluded.)

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THE GIFT OF ROSEY

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

EVEN on this last day before slinking away into the dim limbo of unwanted and forgotten newspaper men he was punctual. As he came up out of the subway station with a noon edition of an afternoon newspaper in his hand he noticed that it lacked five minutes of twelve. He rode up to the sixteenth floor of the *Chronicle.* building and walked into the long, clean editorial room. As he laid his overcoat and cane on the desk in front of him the hands of the clock came together, as if in a handshake of congratulation; dear old Walter was preserving one journalistic virtue until the end.

Before he had sat down two rival office boys rushed at him with fresh *Chronicles,* that he might clip out his yesterday's space. He took both papers and smiled and said thank you, and they backed away, abashed, fearful lest the affectionate haste of this voluntary service to Mr. Hamlin might have exposed emotion, of which, being men in the making, they were ashamed.

All about him reporters were cutting out great slithers of space, at seven dollars a column, and calculating noisily how much they had made on Tuesday. Opening one of his papers, the gray-haired, boy-faced reporter searched through it; he found his little story of the day before hidden in a corner of the routine page between "Yesterday's Fires" and "Bankrupt Notices."

Its accidental position, the result, he was veteran enough to know, of the make-up man's filling up an unexpected hole with anything unimportant that came to hand, struck him as peculiarly appropriate to his case; and he sat staring at his story with a wry smile. Two weeks before the suspicion had got through to a sober part of his mind that his presence on the *Chronicle* was embarrassing to the city and managing editors, and that they were too tenderly loyal to discharge him because they had all three been cubs together some fifteen years before; so he had resigned at once, giving the usual notice.

It had not been hard for him, meanwhile, to arrange for an exit into the obscure regions of press agency, that hell of prideful newspaper men. He was glad that the job was to carry him to the Pacific coast, into new surroundings. There was an unspoken compact among the three men that he was to drop silently out of the ranks, thus escaping the inevitable cruel questions of his kindly brother reporters.

In the sobriety brought by the first shock to his pride he had gone, one morning after the paper had been put to press, to the huge, dusty cabinets at the end of the deserted office containing the local copy for several years past, that he might look back at himself through his stories. He read page after page where he had omitted important words, run words together, left yawning gaps between sentence and sentence, paragraph and paragraph: hideous gibberish until the loyal hands of night city editor and copy-readers had toiled to make it into sense. Here and there he had found a story bearing his name which had obviously been rewritten on a machine other than his own, and in which he had recognized the mannerisms of this and that reporter, some of them cubs.

So he had been forced to know that not only the day city editor and the managing editor, but also the night city editor, the copy-readers, the very youngest cub had all stood on guard about him, shielding him from the impatient high executives, insuring him a living space bill at the end of each week, saying nothing to him, and thus trying to save even his self-respect. The scrubwoman, coming in at 4 A. M.,

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had discovered him sitting brokenly at a desk with his head lying on a litter of his crazy old stories; asleep, so he had told her, and had put away the copy and walked with great dignity out of the door.

As he stared at his latest story sandwiched between "Yesterday's Fires" and "Bankrupt Notices" he thought of that scene, and hated to think of it. He was glad that the big city editor's cheerful, booming voice now began calling from the boxed-in southeast corner behind him, calling first to his most reliable and highly paid men, then to the varying degrees of cubs. One by one they hurried into the office to receive instructions, and Walter tried to guess what stories they would have in the next day's paper. The noon edition he had read on the subway train had given him a general idea of the run of news. In his summaries there kept recurring in his mind with painful, envious insistence the thought: "Maybe *he* will get on the front page in the morning." He twisted nervously at the corner of his paper, his ears straining on from name to name, listening for one he did not hear.

The voice from the southeast corner behind him stopped calling out names. Among the chaffering reporters, as they looked up addresses, supplied themselves with copy paper, and got ready to start out on their stories, there was a confident, joyous *camaraderie* from which he felt excluded. Singly and in groups they disappeared through the glazed door.

Mr. Gray, the city editor, having laid the framework of his next day's paper, hurried out for a quick lunch. The assistant city editor was laboriously searching through the latest inundation of afternoon editions for stories they had found but had not had time enough to get the good out of. The office boys were stealthily playing cards in the far end of the long room. The three or four very young cubs left were ploughing through the aged classics, cultivating their styles, they reassuringly told themselves. The great room lay empty and forlorn.

Walter got up and strolled over to one of the windows looking down on Broadway. It was matinée day, and along the little lane flowed double streams of women's hats, multitudinous dots of moving color that hid the gray sidewalks. Thank the Lord, *he* had no wife, nor any dependent women folk; they would be in for hard times now.

The city editor came back presently and sat down. Walter said to himself that if he walked about in the neighborhood of the always open door and engaged the god in conversation maybe he would remember what day this was. But that was a cheap trick and he shoved it instantly aside. Returning to his desk, he dropped into a chair, leaned his head on the back of it, and gazed up at the stain-blotched white plaster ceiling.

But he could not sit still. Merely for the sake of movement he got up again and patrolled the aisle by the Broadway windows, looking down at the dear little, bent, human street that he would never see again. After a while the assistant city editor came softly up behind him and handed him a clipping from an afternoon paper.

"Mr. Gray thinks a nice funny story may come out of this," he said. "And it might be a big story. Rosey the Blackhander!" He laughed nervously, placatingly, pityingly.

In the subway, going down to police headquarters, Walter read the small clipping carefully. A regulation Black-hand letter had demanded that an upper Second Avenue baker place $20 on the sidewalk in front of his shop; penalty for failure to comply or for telling the police, death and destruction for his whole family. The German baker had rushed to the police; and at the appointed time a package containing a marked dollar bill had been placed on the sidewalk, partly hidden under a flour barrel as directed, while two detectives watched from across the deserted street. At 11.30 o'clock the night before Max Rosenbaum had been arrested picking it up. In the Harlem Police Court he had said that he lived at 437 East Eighty-second Street with his mother. He was now in the court prison, held for the next higher tribunal.

At headquarters the two detectives, anxious to get their names in the paper as much as possible, eagerly corroborated all that was in the clipping. It appeared to Walter, coming down the steps, that there was nothing to do except to go back to the office and try to make a burlesque

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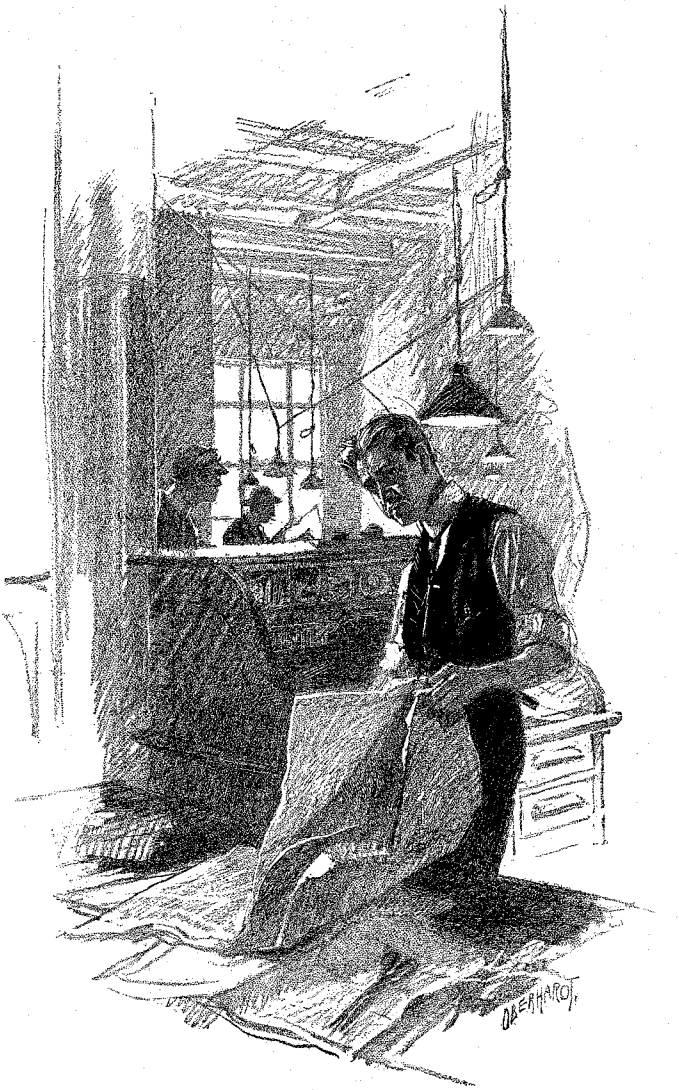
on the idea of a single Rosenbaum posing as a band of ferocious, blackmailing Italians for the sake of $20. And yet Rosey lived in East Eighty-second Street with

Suddenly, going down the subway steps, he stopped, turned, came leaping back to the light again. It had occurred to him that Rosey's side of the story had



He twisted nervously at the corner of his paper, his ears straining on from name to name, listening for one he did not hear.—Page 508.

his mother. Walter's mind did not welcome ridicule to-day; it is a stabbing weapon which he did not want to use on anybody. He would return to the office and report that the story was not worth printing. What did it matter if a few lines from him were left out of the paper to-morrow?

not been told, and he felt guilty that he had not thought of that before. Maybe there wasn't anything to be said for him, but all his newspaper training, all his instincts demanded that Rosey have his chance.

Hurrying eastward through Grand Street to a Second Avenue elevated sta-

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tion, he rode up to Eighty-second Street. Number 437 was over near the East River. Walter climbed the four flights of damp, slick stairs, and was invited into a rear kitchen, which is also the tenement's parlor and drawing-room. A tall, dingy, tired young woman was making a smoky coal fire in a cooking-stove. A tense, clean, dark-faced little German woman was frankly changing a skirt that was wet for one that was dry; she had been out doing by-the-day washing, she explained. A baby lay in a cradle in one corner, patiently blinking his eyes because the smoke hurt.

"I came to talk about your son Max," said Walter tentatively, sitting down in a chair indicated by the old woman.

"Maybe the gentleman come from the hospital," she ventured encouragingly, as she bustled about in the thickly cluttered kitchen. "You tell him about your brother, Minnie; I have not much English. Max, he is a fine boy, but he did have much bad luck dis year. Minnie has good English."

She took up the work at the stove, and the daughter, sitting down by the cradle, began talking in a weary, dim voice occasionally lit with a flash of feeling.

"Three years ago Max got a job in King's iron-yard up on the Harlem River. Then he married the Slav girl down in Seventieth Street, which I will say Natalka is a nice, sweet little thing. At first they boarded with her people, but when the baby came they rented two rooms three doors away an' started in for theirselves right. Natalka is the craziest thing about Max an' the baby.

"Just before last Christmas a piece of iron fell on Max's left hand. At the hospital he stayed six weeks, for the doctors said they wanted to try to save it, which I will say was very good of them. But they didn't. There was trouble with the blood, so they cut off the whole arm in the end. An' he came home very weak. He certainly did look funny.

"Long before that, though, Natalka had given up the two rooms, not able to pay the weekly rents, an' sold the furniture—what there was of it—an' gone to live with her people. But they have only three rooms theirselves, an' two younger children besides; an' up here we have only three with my husband—he's a truck driver, you know—an' two children an' my mother; so neither family could take in another whole family. Natalka stayed with her people, an' Max said he'd stay up here, for a while, till he could look around. Natalka cried about breakin' up, an' my husband said she was foolish; but men, they don't know, they don't know."

She ran both hands back over her face and hair, and then held them for a while over her eyes.

"Well," she went on in a dry, tired voice, "Natalka said she was goin' to get a job pastin' gold bands on cigars in the factory at First Avenue an' Sixtieth Street, where her father works, but her mother said not to because she couldn't 'tend to her own children right, much less a little baby too. So Max said he would go down there every day an' 'tend to all the children same as a woman, till he could get a job. He thought he could be a night watchman, his eyes bein' good anyhow, when he got all right again—when he stopped bein' weak an' puny, I mean, you know.

"An' it wasn't long before Natalka got to be a swift bander, the pay bein' by the thousand pasted on, an' she said pretty soon they would be fixed up in two rooms by theirselves again. An' then one night about two weeks ago Max found a five-dollar bill on Second Avenue coming home late, because he always stays down at Natalka's an' talks as long as he can; they are certainly nutty about each other yet. Well, sir, Natalka liked to have had a fit about that, an' ever since Max goes along with his eyes on the ground, grabbin' up everything he sees. But he hasn't found anything more.

"He did not come home last night, so I guess Natalka's people let him sleep there for a change. Max has the promise of a night-watching job next month, an' we think it is all right for them now. The way things are lookin' they are goin' to be very happy again soon. A gentleman was here once before from the hospital to ask about him."

The tall young woman smoothed the covering over the baby and went to the stove to help her mother. Walter got up, walked over to the rear kitchen window,

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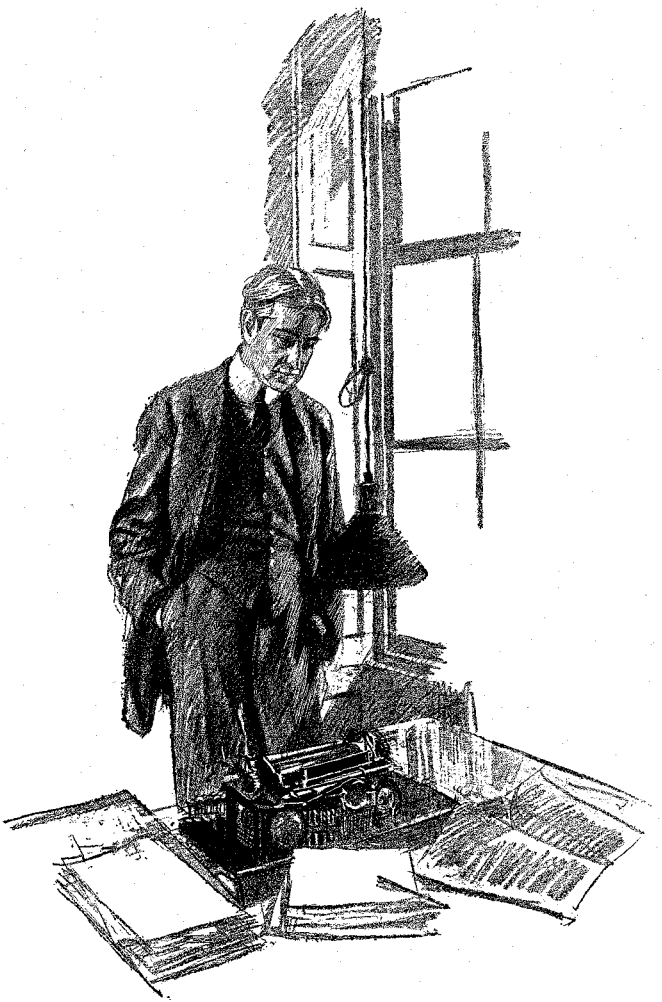
and stood staring down at the littered court below, trying to think what to do. It was clear to him that no word had come to either family from Max, but he knew the hazard a prisoner's message

"Who'll tell Natalka?" she asked, as her mother rushed out of the door. The old woman did not stop.

"I'll do it," said Walter. "I'll pass her place going down-town."



Walter strolled over to one of the windows. . . . Thank the Lord, *he* had no wife, nor any dependent women folk.—Page 508.

runs who can not tip the attendants. So he told the women all he knew about the arrest. Before he had finished the old woman was putting on her hat and begging frantically for directions how to reach the Harlem Court prison. The young woman slowly stirred the gray pottage of tripe and onions on the stove, shaking her head in a vague, helpless, hopeless way.

Within fifteen minutes he stood before the cigar factory at First Avenue and Sixtieth Street, wishing that it was not his part to tell Rosey's wife. And yet it was already 5.45 o'clock; he had no time to waste; the factory workers would be in the disorder of home-going soon. Climbing the stairs to the pungent fifth floor, he found the foreman, who sent for No. 46. There came into the anteroom a

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plump little Slav girl, with light hair spun into the fineness of vapor about her temples, with great fright in her gray eyes.

"I'd like to talk to this lady alone," said Walter to the curious foreman. Then he told Rosey's wife. She threw her apron over her head and stumbled, whimpering, into a corner, laying her head between the walls. Presently he saw her falling to one side, and he caught her in his arms. The foreman came running back to answer his call, but by this time Natalka had opened her eyes and was struggling fiercely to get loose.

Racing back into the work-room, she reappeared with her hat in her hand, and went falling and catching herself clatteringly down the unlit stairs, and into the street. Running to keep ahead of her, the gray-haired, dignified man fought a way for the stumbling girl through the thick crowds of home-going workers and their desperately playing children, and saw her safely to her door. In the dark hall she seized his hand and kissed it, and ran up the stairs. He stood listening until he heard her speak to some one on the second floor.

To visit the complaining baker and argue fiercely and futilely with him, to visit Rosey in his cell and talk cheerfully to him, to revisit the old German mother and cool her flaming wrath, took all his time up to 8 o'clock. Having had dinner, he went to the office and sat down before his typewriter. It was 10 o'clock. He wrote slowly. There was no hurry for him. He had no other assignment to cover, and this was to be his last story. When it was done he estimated that it would just about fill one of the short columns on the front page. At 11 o'clock he sent it to the night city editor's desk and sat watching fearfully across the room to see its course.

Walter saw him take it out of the boy's hand, glance at the name on it, and shove it into the bottom of the pile of copy in front of him. The day city editor had doubtless reported that Hamlin's story would probably be nothing more than a filler in case of need.

At 11.30 the composing-room telephoned up for rush copy to fill an unexpected hole; Walter's trained ear could easily understand that from the half of the conversation that he heard shouted above the din and bustle of the office. Halting in the work of reading stories that were certainly important, the electric little night city editor tore at the pile of copy in front of him, parcelled out the matter to his assistants with orders to hustle, stopped a second over three or four pages of manuscript, and called to the brilliant cub that had often rewritten Walter's things, as now he knew from the old copy cabinet.

"Try to find out what this is all about," Walter heard him saying. "If you can understand what the lunatic wants to say, give me two sticks of it. Not another line. I want only the bones, and damn few of them. Hurry."

Poor old Rosey! Walter thought of him. It was already fixed in his mind that it was his story that was to be cut down to obscurity, that would most likely be hidden on the routine page among the "Yesterday's Fires" and "Bankrupt Notices." It was to catch the eyes of the police judge, of the district attorney, possibly of a volunteer lawyer for Rosey's defence, that he had tried, he hated to think how hard, to write something good enough for a spread head and the front page. He knew the power of front-page print in *The Chronicle*.

He got up and went into the day city editor's boxed-in corner; it was unused and dark at night, and he stayed in there; it was more congenial to him than the bright, excited room outside. Leaning his arms on the iron railings guarding a window that looked south on Broadway, he stared far down into the thin, red chasm of blazing light. A faint blurred buzzing came to his ears through the open window. The thousands only recently turned out of the theatres, minimized to the size of insects by the distance, were struggling to get down into two little hooded holes that were subway stations. The slow-moving trolley-cars, cabs, and automobiles were larger bugs herding the insects into the holes.

Suddenly a suggestion from down there exploded in his mind. A shattering shiver shot through his backbone, and he put his hand to his mouth lest he cry out. Why, the night city editor had just said, "Try to see what the lunatic wants to say." He had thought that the mental fog would

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clear away when he had removed the first cause of it; perhaps it was now independent of the first cause. He had thought the story was all right. Yes, but so he had thought many times before. What do all lunatics think?

Presently he caught himself laughing quietly, and was in terror. Coming out of Mr. Gray's office, he slipped along the deserted row of desks near the eastern wall, and so finally got to the lockers at the far end of the long room. He put on his hat and stole through the door. There were only two or three other people in the car, but he shrank back in a corner; he was not to escape the affectionate vigilance of the elevator man who had just come on for the late shift.

"I came to talk about your son Max," said Walter tentatively, sitting down in a chair indicated by the old woman.—Page 510.

"Well, how are you, Mr. Hamlin?" he called eagerly over the heads of two men in front of the fugitive.

"Very well, Adam, thank you," he mumbled, wondering if he was answering correctly. "And how are you?"

"Oh, me? I'm fine."

Down-stairs, rushing out on the sidewalk into the midst of the surging crowds, he let himself be carried up on beyond

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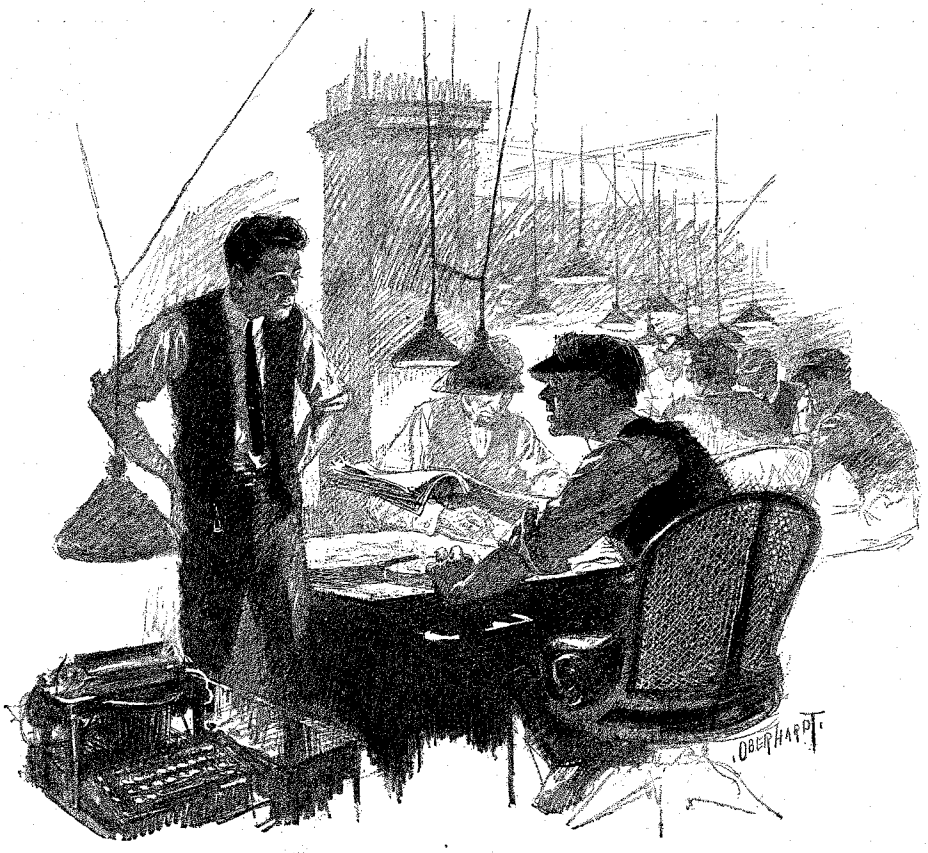

"Try to find out what this is all about," Walter heard him saying.—Page 512.

Times Square. The solidity of the shoulders that bumped him back and forth, the power of a man as emphasized by the tremendous momentum of many together, were exquisite comforts to him.

"These are not *bugs*," he said to himself, laughing out hysterically. A woman jammed against his side looked at him quickly, drew away uneasily.

As far up Broadway as Columbus Circle the narrow thoroughfare was still filled with people. Central Park was his destination, and he turned into its southwestern gate. Presently he came to the Mall; and, passing through that, descended those splendiferous stone steps with the lilies and doves and cupids carved into their side walls. He stopped a moment at a fountain that gurgled joyously as it spouted twinkling little streams into the air. Crossing the bridge that humps its back like a sleepy cat, and stumbling over the hill to his right, he came to the hidden cove that he was looking for. Some pair of lovers had dragged a bench down to the very edge of the water. Walter sat down. At last he was alone.

Even in the daytime the middle of Central Park is quiet and calm. Now he heard the faintest ripple along the shore a dozen yards away. Above and about him the April leaves, too young yet to rattle, were rustling tinily like soft silk. The spring wind was playing gayly over the park with the large green odors of the trees and the pretty party-colored odors of the scattered flower-beds. The lake was latticed with shimmering silver bands made by the lights set all around its circling shores. Across the water clustered the flotilla of boats in which the city's children voyage around the mysterious wooded bends to make good their hopes.

Walter sat very still, lest he again disturb a flock of ducks lying asleep on the

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small, rocking waves near by. For the moment his mind was clean of the fear that had driven him from the office; was rid of the vague plan that had made him seek out this deeper part of the lake. Time was slipping by, and he was glad; when 3 o'clock came he would go back to the office, get his things, and, like the children in the boats, turn another hopeful bend.

After a while the Metropolitan tower-clock down at Twenty-third Street laid three tremendous strokes across New York, and Walter leaped to his feet. He hurried out of the park and down the strangely quiet Broadway. When he slipped inside *The Chronicle* building's revolving doors it was 3.30 o'clock.

"You haven't got a story for to-day's paper, have you, Mr. Hamlin?" asked Adam in the elevator, worried about him, knowing it was too late for that.

"No, indeed."

"Something special, I guess?"

"Yes."

There was no one on the sixteenth floor except Sharkey, the office boy left behind to gather up and put away the editorial ink-wells and glue-pots and precious scissors, and to sort out and tie up into bundles the day's local and telegraph copy. Having done the first part of his work, he stood at a desk doing the last half. The green-shaded lamp in front of him was the only light turned on. The long room that had been so clean at noon was now a dirty wallow of littered paper and other débris of thirty or forty men too busy to be tidy. The dead air was thick and sour with stale tobacco smoke. The Irish boy was spasmodically singing and dancing to keep himself company in this dim loneliness.

"Hello, Mr. Hamlin," he cried out gladly.

"Hello, Sharkey."

The ghosts the old reporter had laid in the park had all come back to him here. The good spirits that had risen for him there had all fled. Hurrying across the room, he turned on the green-shaded light above his desk. That helped some; he sighed in relief.

Pulling out the three drawers that belonged to him, he put them all up on the desk in front of him. He began taking out and stacking in convenient piles for transportation these little leavings of the fifteen best years life could give him. But he could not take them all with him; some must be thrown on the floor with the other litter. His aged, blunt-pointed scissors, he could not forsake them. He and One-Drink Archie O'Toole had shared them; their co-partnership names were bitten into the inside of the blades with the acid of the ink they had used. And Archie was now the paper's London man with full charge of all the paper's European service.

Here was a musty, mouse-nibbled scrap-book in which he had proudly pasted his front-page stories when he was a cub; there were many of them. The stiff, yellow pages spoke to him, and he sat down and commenced going over his splendid first years with them.

"Mr. Hamlin," called out Sharkey suddenly, a little guiltily.

"Yes, Sharkey?"

"The managing editor gave me a note to put in your box just before he left. Maybe you'd like it now. Gee, I nearly forgot it."

Running to the mail-boxes on the wall, he brought an envelope and, laying it down by the gray-haired, boy-faced man, went back to the end of the row of desks and set to work again. Walter read it.

"DEAR WALTER: Good heavens, man, you reconsider that resignation business; we can't lose you. See me to-morrow. Don't fail. VARICK."

"Sharkey," Walter called softly.

"Yes, sir."

"Get me a last edition."

His story was in the centre of the front page. He read it to the end. All his, not a word changed, not a sentence altered!

"Sharkey!" he shouted into the shrinking shadows of the deserted office. He leaped to his feet.

"Yes, sir."

"We have given Rosey back to his wife."

That's what he thought about first. He was right, as it proved; but what all of us of *The Chronicle* thought about most, when we had learned of the story, was that Rosey had given him back to his paper; we were very grateful to Rosey.

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THE NEW REVOLT AGAINST BROADWAY

By John Corbin

AN actor long known as one of our foremost artists was lately playing at the Garrick Theatre, New York, which is under the management of a leading producer and has long been associated with the higher order of drama. Repeatedly when he embarked in a taxi-cab from a prominent restaurant for his evening's performance, the Broadway pathfinder blandly inquired where the Garrick might be. Finally, in a mood of humorous indignation, the actor said: "Why, don't you know? It is where John Mason is starring in the new Bernstein piece." "Beg pardon, mister," said the cabby; "you'll have to put me wise to them ginks too."

In telling the story Mr. Mason remarks that there may be something in the idea that the play business has been spoiled by the overbuilding of theatres.

Some fifteen years ago, when the once portentous theatrical syndicate was forming, there were seventeen producing-houses in New York. To-day there are over forty. Yet the managers complain that it is impossible to make the public aware of the appearance of a new play or star! Several first-class theatres have opened their doors to moving-picture shows. One of the most successful managers lately predicted that in the near future the rest of them would be converted into garages for storing the motor-cars of the people who attend them. The conditions are similar throughout the country.

For many years there has been a revolt against Broadway and all that it stands for. We are familiar enough with the cry that the drama has been debased by being commercialized. To-day, after all allowances are made for the exaggerations of humor, or of despair, the fact is clear enough that the drama has become not only inartistic but uncommercial.

This fact has given the revolt a new point of attack. In times past the demands of the more intelligent public could be safely disregarded, and the result was that remonstrance was loud—and none too good-tempered. Of late the manager has become willing to listen to the voice of the intelligent. And so the voice of the intelligent has become gentle, their attitude helpful and kind. Yet the revolt is none the less a revolt for being well-directed and well-mannered.

The concrete result is that New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and many other centres, have organizations, the object of which is to co-operate with the managers in making good plays succeed. Already the movement has more than justified itself; but if we take into account the inner needs and ultimate possibilities of the situation it will be evident, I think, that as yet it is only in its first tentative beginnings. Out of the despair of the manager has risen a hope for art-loving playgoers. Whether or not the automobile public continues in its devotion to the "movies," the people who are behind the drama-league movement foresee a time when an increasing number of good plays will be offered to the patronage of intelligent public not only in the big cities but in the one-night stands.

The movement has of late received an impetus from the formation of an organization along thoroughly new lines in the theatrical metropolis. Before many seasons are past, it is hoped, the methods of the New York organization will be understood and powerfully aided in every city and town in the land.

To gain a clear idea of these methods it is necessary to trace the origin of the conditions which they have been devised to meet. A few years ago the overbuilding of theatres was very plausibly explained. Every attempt to dissolve the theatrical syndicate legally had been frustrated by one of those quaint constructions of the antitrust law which bid fair to make the name of Sherman famous. Only one recourse remained. An independent band of managers paralleled the pipe-line, so to

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speak, and not only gained a foothold in all the leading cities but was able to force the policy of the open door upon one-night stands. Admittedly there were not plays and audiences enough to fill all the houses new and old; but the more hopeful felt that in the course of time the theatrical public would grow to fit the shell that commercial rivalry had made for it.

The defeat of the syndicate, however, far from putting an end to the building of theatres, has apparently speeded it up. Now that the field is open to new managers, new managers are springing up on every side—each with his producing house or houses. Every season of late New York has witnessed the opening of from three to half a dozen theatres, and the reluctant town is threatened with four or five more. James Huneker once called the newspaper critics a chain-gang; but at the worst they then wore their common fetters only two or three evenings a week. Before the middle of the past season one of the New York critics deposed that he had seen and reviewed over eighty performances—an average of five a week. The total of dramatic productions for the year was one hundred and eighty-one. Is it strange that art lacks distinction and business lacks effective advertisement?

From the point of view of the native playwright the situation has one very hopeful aspect. The opening of new houses, together with a falling off in the supply of export drama from Europe, threw wide to him the door of opportunity. Hopeful souls looked for the birth of a worthy national drama. American plays there have been in plenty, and many of them have had a strong appeal to the public. New themes have been broached, grave and gay, many of them full of intrinsic possibilities. But the sad fact seems to be that the sudden increase of playwrights, actors, and producers has brought a general lowering of artistic standards. If anything worthy of the name of dramatic literature has appeared in the offing it has escaped the hopeful eye. To put the case concretely, no playwright has challenged the eminence of our leading dramatists of the older order, Mr. Augustus Thomas and the late Clyde Fitch. With the multiplication of theatres the drama has become a machine-made commodity handled wholesale, whereas art is essentially an individual and retail product.

To get some sense of the difference one has only to think back fifteen years to the days of Augustin Daly and the stock company at the old Lyceum Theatre. Whether a decline had already set in from the days of the older stock companies I can not say; but one was at least certain of finding a generally able revival of the old comedy and a well-modulated performance of the modern school of English drama, then in its heyday. Amid all our reduplication of theatres there is now no house with which the classical tradition is associated and no house devoted to the more modern school of English comedy—Shaw, Galsworthy, and the rest. Among some forty theatres of the first class there are only two or three which make even a pretence of regarding the drama as an art.

Frequently in the mad scramble to keep the many theatres open a single manager has three or four pieces in rehearsal at the same time. He scorches from house to house in a taxi-cab, making a suggestion here, a command there, and leaving stage-manager, author, and actors to make the best of ideas which they only partly grasp or, grasping them, regard as of very doubtful value. Recently, after a play had been produced, a manager decided that an entire third act was wrong, and ordered it rewritten. The author expired, and a play doctor was called in. There was not time for him to witness a performance or even to read the prompt-book, which was so cut and scrawled over as to be almost illegible. So the stage-manager outlined the story and sketched the suggested third act. Over night the first aid evolved it. It was a very good act, as he himself admits; but it had certain drawbacks—for which he was obviously not to blame. A lady who in the first act had been of the most dubious reputation was transformed under his touch to an angel of sweetness and light. That defect was remediable; but after the performance an actress to whose mother the manager owed a debt of gratitude went into hysterics because her "great scene" in the third act had disappeared. There was no way to interpolate the scene into the new act; and so, owing to this wholly adventitious and most unfortunate circumstance, the play failed. According to the latest reports, the author is still dead.

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Obviously it is the part of wisdom to give a production a preliminary tour outside of New York to whip it into shape before the all-important opening. Not so many years ago this was always done. There were several "try-out" towns—New Haven, Buffalo, Washington—each at the beginning of a brief circuit ending in Broadway. At best it is a dog's life to have new plays tried on you; and with the multiplication of productions "all the little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," turned up their paws and died. Also, for the lack of audiences, the plays frequently passed away before their metropolitan début. The New Haven-Hartford-Springfield circuit, once the happy path to fame and fortune, is now familiarly called the Death Trail.

At New Haven recently a hopeful dramatist inquired at the box office as to the advance sale of tickets and was told that it amounted to seven hundred dollars. In reporting the happy news to his star, he remarked that he had always known the title of the piece, "Play Ball," would prove a winner. The actor's face clouded. "There may be something," he said, "in the fact that this burg regards me as a favorite son." The two strolled to the theatre to see how much farther the sale had progressed. "Why," said the manager, "I thought you were asking about a charity matinée we are having." He grinned and held up the fingers of one hand. For the evening performance the sale was precisely four dollars. The ball game was called on account of the frost, and the favorite son returned to the Broadway of his adoption.

In the modern rush of productions the try-out is often limited to a single performance, and for this Atlantic City is a favorite dog. The denizens of the board walk are in a mood to be easily pleased, and if they are not pleased it doesn't much matter, for they are transients and quite unable to organize a local spirit of resentment. The Atlantic City dog has as many lives as a cat. Yet even here there is a drawback. A watch-dog should not too easily wag his tail.

One of last season's productions, "The Conspiracy," went with a mad whirl. After the crucial act there were upward of twenty curtain calls. When the play "struck" Broadway a good half of the newspapers, and among them all the more serious organs of opinion, scouted it and flouted it. That they did not actually rout it was due to the fact that the play was genuinely novel and amusing, and was recognized as such by the papers whose standards are those of the man in the street. The reason for this division of opinion became obvious on a sober second thought. The play was a brisk detective comedy, almost a farce, with nothing more serious in it than a melodramatic thrill or two. Yet it had been heralded as a play of New York life dealing with the white-slave traffic. It was natural enough that the serious critic should judge it according to its professions rather than according to the performance—and so condemn it. The defect was remedied with the shake of a Lambs' Club pen, and the play was finally carried to a rather unusual success; but for a moment the work of author, actors, and manager trembled in the balance, and all for the lack of the leisure and self-criticism necessary to bring any creative work to completion.

Imagine the production under such conditions of anything as subtly complex, as delicately modulated, as a really artistic drama! Yet art and entertainment are grist alike to the Broadway mill.

Let us suppose, however, that a really worthy play is produced, and well produced—a play dealing with some new phase of life in an original and stimulating manner. Under the most favorable conditions it is pretty sure to encounter opposition; and in the case of a critical public wearied by almost nightly attendance at the theatre the chances are greatly increased. But against the competition of twoscore rival "attractions" a play has to make a very decisive impression or it is submerged and lost.

Almost inevitably the result is the neglect of sober art and the triumph of sensationalism. High comedy gives way to farce, drama to melodrama. One of the leading managers, who founded his fortune on a recognition of native plays, and has produced more of them perhaps than any other man in the history of our drama, now makes it his rule to attempt no piece which does not bid fair to "hit the public between the eyes."

The progress of sensationalism may be

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read in the competitive shouting of the electric signs up and down Broadway. Five years ago if a play was blazoned forth as "A Hit" or "A Laughing Success" enough had been said. Now the favorite terms are "A Scream," "An Uproar," "A Riot." The signs that make these allegations flash on and flash off with a suddenness that stabs the eye; like the witch's oil they burn green and blue and white.

How shall one announce in such terms a play with a serious purpose, an artistic intention? A few years ago Mr. Augustus Thomas produced "The Witching Hour," the purport of which was psychic, spiritual. Its appeal to the public lay in the fact that it brought home in lay form truths which have long been the essence of our religious teaching. Mr. Thomas had serious difficulty in getting the play produced; if it had been the work of an unknown author it would probably never have had a hearing. Even when it succeeded there was still little appreciation of its intrinsic value. It was proclaimed on the signboards in the terms of the prize-ring as "A Dramatic Knockout."

One effect of competitive shouting is that no voice is clearly heard. For many years we have had no producer, no actor, no playhouse that commands the attendance of intelligent people by standing unequivocally for the best; and it is now becoming daily more evident that there is no remedy in slap-dash sensationalism or even in the most strident advertising. The managers themselves realize that the one sure way to make a play succeed is to induce folk to see it and then talk about it.

In modern life the public of means and intelligence is larger than ever before in the history of the world, and yearly growing larger. It is interested in the drama as it has not been since the days of Elizabeth. The more artistic order of plays are printed, and, what is more, very widely read. One of our leading universities has a course in play construction. Now what the intelligent public looks for in the playhouse is farce or comedy founded on fresh, true observation, drama or melodrama that has its springs in deep and sincere feeling; and, so often failing to find this, it has learned to duck the blow between the eyes, to dodge the dramatic knockout. It refuses to venture an evening's leisure and the price of seats on a play until it is assured of its value by the word of mouth of those who have seen it.

In the problem of producing good plays this is the critical factor. To keep open a Broadway theatre costs from five to eight thousand dollars a week. To give a play its chance of finding out an intelligent audience means the risk, and often a loss, of a small fortune. The crying need in the business of the theatre is some means by which good plays can command at once the attendance of a considerable body of well-placed people—people whose judgments spread abroad in rapidly widening circles. To launch it successfully it is as necessary to have an artistic audience on the spot as an artistic performance.

The readiest means to insure this was hit upon, in a large measure accidentally, almost a decade ago by the People's Institute of New York. Led by the late Charles Sprague Smith, it was doing a very important social and educational work on the lower East Side. In special it recognized clearly that, properly conducted, the drama is one of the most powerful of all means toward informing the mind and developing right social instincts. It was Mr. Smith's ambition eventually to establish a theatre devoted to popular art. As a first step he devised a plan for insuring that whatever was of value in the current drama should be made accessible to his people. He organized a drama committee and made arrangements with the managers by which the plays it recommended should be opened to workmen, school-children, and teachers at half-prices.

From the point of view of Broadway there was little philanthropy in the scheme. Even at that time the managers were aware that there was a desperate need to get the public into their houses during the first weeks of a run. Many a play was tided over to success by the People's Institute sale of tickets at half-price. In one case of which I have knowledge a piece that had started on the dolorous path to the storehouse became so successful that the author—whose profits are only a percentage of those of the manager—received an offer, which he refused, of seventy-five thousand dollars for his royalties. The play was "The

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Man of the Hour"; and its author, Mr. George Broadhurst, who had tried for several years in vain to get recognition as something more than a writer of farce, was started on a career of rather phenomenal success.

The classical instance is "Peter Pan." Neither Barrie's reputation nor Miss Adams's popularity availed to attract the public capable of appreciating it. The verdict of Broadway was voiced by one of the critics who declared that Barrie's exquisite fantasy must live or die by the standards of such plays as "Babes in Toyland," and that it could not for a moment endure the comparison. Under the old conditions it must certainly have endured that comparison—and died of it. The play-goers from the People's Institute had a different standard, and in the early weeks of the run contributed to the box office no less than eighteen thousand dollars. With this help the production gained time to find out its special public. Impending disaster was converted into a very successful run; and the play has ever since been revived from time to time. During the holidays last year it crowded the theatre to the doors, breaking all records for receipts at the Empire Theatre, whereas the most successful new productions played to half an audience.

There was one difficulty in the People's Institute scheme. The half-price vouchers found their way into barber-shops and tobacco-shops and were sold to the general public by scalpers. Very naturally the managers objected. Mr. Smith struggled ably against this abuse, and even succeeded in getting a law passed making the general sale of the vouchers a crime. But he did not live to carry his work to ultimate success.

In a modified form the MacDowell Club took up the work. This is an organization devoted to music and the allied arts which has a very large membership among people of means and intelligence. Its peculiar aim was to facilitate the production of good plays by helping them to succeed. It asked no concession from box-office prices —not even the usual first-night courtesies. When a production did not come up to the committee's standards, it took no action. When it did, it sent out a bulletin to the club members, a large body of whom were pledged to go to every play recommended during the first three weeks of its run, discuss it as widely as possible, and urge others to attend. When a play had some special point of novelty or artistic value, as for example, "Sumurûn" or "The Yellow Jacket," the MacDowell Club gave a conference on the subject, with brief addresses and an informal discussion. Similar work was taken up by the Woman's Cosmopolitan Club in New York and by drama leagues in many cities.

One of the managers concerned in the production of "Sumurûn" is authority for the statement that it succeeded in New York solely by virtue of the work done by the MacDowell Club. That it failed on the road was partly due to the lack of such assistance, but partly also, no doubt, to the frank sensuality of several of its incidents. In the case of "The Seven Sisters" the work of the MacDowell Club brought success in the face of press criticisms, which were almost universally unfavorable. When the production went to Chicago the league there took up the work. Its members flocked to the play and started it on a career of really astonishing success.

When the MacDowell Club undertook to do a similar service by Percy Mackaye's picturesque fantasy, "The Scarecrow," there developed a weakness in its scheme of operation. The Chicago press criticisms of "The Seven Sisters" had been favorable; but rightly or wrongly those of "The Scarecrow" were not. The local leaguers, who had flocked to the production which received a double verdict of approval, now proved false to their pledges. A mere handful attended. The manager, who had counted on the league to back up an artistic endeavor, incurred a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars.

If the various leagues are to have any real power and authority, they must be able not only to recommend attendance but to command it; and here the leaguers encountered a very grave difficulty. When a play is successful—and most good plays still are—all the seats on the forward part of the floor are sold through the ticket agencies at an advance of half a dollar each, so that those who wish to pay only the box-office price can get nothing in front of the tenth row. Much can be said against this system, but from the business point of view it has very

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great advantages. It not only facilitates the sale and distribution of seats, but enables the management to vary its prices with the success of the production. In the problem of building up a run this is a very important factor. The managers urge, moreover, that in late years the rental of real estate, the salaries of actors, and the expensiveness of productions have mounted alarmingly. The agencies charge no more for seats than is charged in every metropolis of Europe. In England, for example, the box-office price of an orchestra stall is half a guinea, or $2.62, and the London ticket agencies charge the usual commission besides. Yet the sad fact remains that when leaguers pledged to go to a production are unable to get good seats at the box-office price their enthusiasm in the cause of the manager becomes strangely cold. Conversely, when they are able to buy good seats they find themselves in an atmosphere of unsuccess—the effect of which is also chilling, however worthy the play. In many cases, moreover, the manager prefers to forego assistance rather than admit a lack of success, and so the production is withdrawn before the public is aware of its danger.

In a word, it is impossible to insure that the league members attend plays which have been recommended without first insuring that they shall be able to secure seats from which they can see them and hear them.

The Drama Society of New York has hit upon a scheme which promises to solve the difficulty and to make the organization a power for incalculable good. Instead of relying on the informal pledges of its members it requires a guarantee that they will actually support the plays which its committee designates. Concretely it imposes a yearly membership fee of forty dollars.

For this it gives ample return. The member receives the bulletins of the league, free admission to two or three "conferences" on dramatic subjects of the hour, and a pair of seats on the forward part of the floor to each of ten productions recommended by the committee as artistically worthy of support, whether or not they bid fair to prove popular. This means a saving of ten dollars in the course of the season over the prices charged by the ticket agencies. The dues may be paid in a single sum or in ten instalments, which are due on receipt of bulletins recommending plays. Whenever an instalment is not paid promptly the member is dropped and his place given to the next in order on a waiting-list. In each case he is allowed to designate the evening he prefers to attend, provided only that it falls within the first month of the run. The committee furthermore saves him the time and trouble now necessary to secure good seats. On presenting his membership card at the box-office before the performance he receives the allotted tickets. In the case of out-of-town play-goers this is a very valuable consideration.

The signal advantage of the new plan, however, is that by making the season's play-going more cheerful it greatly enlarges the league membership, and thus gives an immediate atmosphere of success to productions that otherwise would have to struggle for months against failure. Last year "The Yellow Jacket" played to half-capacity until the last week of its long run. If it had had the backing of the Drama Society from the start it would probably have achieved instant success.

Incidentally something of the social atmosphere which used to distinguish New York play-going is restored. Occasionally one meets a friend and is able to discuss the performance.

On paper the manager and ticket agent sacrifice in money what the league member gains—but only on paper. What actually happens is that the manager is assured of receiving a very considerable sum of money at the start which he would not otherwise receive. The ticket agent loses nothing except in the cases, which are exceedingly rare, in which he is able to dispose of approximately the entire forward part of the house during the first month of the run. Even then the loss to both manager and ticket agent will ultimately be made up to them, and more than made up, by the advertising which the play receives from the bulletins of the league, and especially from the fact that those who have seen the play talk about it to their friends. In many more cases than hitherto the society should be able to do for the business of the theatre what was done in the cases of "The Seven Sisters" and "Peter Pan"—namely, put manager and author in the way of profits which aggregate a liberal fortune.

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The work of the society is not limited to Manhattan—in fact has only its small beginnings there. There is a large suburban population, on Long Island, in New Jersey, and in Westchester County, which would find the bulletins sent out by the league, the reduction of twenty per cent in the cost of good seats, and especially the facility afforded for securing them, a powerful stimulant to play-going. In the outer fringes of this area there are rural districts the inhabitants of which are reached by publishing the bulletins in local papers—papers the circulation of which aggregates one hundred and fifty thousand. If ably managed, the society should secure among its members a sale of seats large enough to insure that no good play adequately acted shall fail.

Meantime the drama leagues throughout the country have developed an almost national organization, led by the very able and active Chicago centre. Unlike the Drama Society of New York they merely recommend attendance, the members buying tickets or not, as they see fit. Yet the influence which they exert through their bulletins is very large. Chicago is also the home of The Theatre Society, a novel organization which is rapidly developing its activities. In its first year it supported a stock company, the Drama Players, which made nine productions, some of them of the very highest order artistically. The cost, however, was $35,000. Last year it had no stock company; but it held the lease of a theatre, and by offering a guarantee to productions already in existence it attracted to Chicago plays that otherwise would not have gone there. In this way it stood sponsor for no less than thirty-five productions, and the year's deficit was reduced to about fifteen thousand dollars. Like the Drama Society of New York it offers special terms for tickets to its members, but only in the case of the productions which are made under its guarantee.

All of these varied organizations work in harmony for the general good. Their efforts should be especially fruitful in promoting the success of good plays on the road, between the great dramatic centres. In small towns and one-night stands the business of the theatre has of late been virtually ruined. At best the general level of productions has been lowered, and amid the clamorous vociferations of the press agents it has become impossible to learn in advance the true character of a production. Often a play which has been well worth seeing on Broadway is sent out with a cast so markedly inferior as to make it a weariness to the spirit. It is no part of the work of any of the organizations to disparage any production. Their aim is always constructive, never destructive. Whenever a road production is adequate, however, they are prepared to make the fact manifest to the play-goers of the road, working to this effect in collaboration with the advance agent.

Already many small cities have drama leagues. The central organizations cooperate with these, supplying not only bulletins but information as to the quality of the production as it is actually sent out from Broadway. In almost any town there are "the makings" of a league which, with modifications of the general scheme adapted to local conditions and necessities, will insure to the play-goer all the advantages received by members of the central organizations. The committees are willing to send out printed matter, even a lecturer and manager who will collaborate in forming the local organization. In many a town there are women well qualified to lead in such work, and a very considerable public of people of means who would gladly pledge themselves to support plays which are reasonably sure to prove good. The end of the present decade will in all probability see the organization of intelligent play-goers along all of the chief theatrical routes, from Broadway to San Francisco—a truly national organization of dramatic art.

Such an undertaking requires constant watchfulness and energy on the part of its managers. In the past the local leagues have been volunteer organizations, slenderly financed, and their work in some cases spasmodic. The Theatre Society of Chicago and the Drama Society of New York are liberally subsidized by committees of public-spirited men and women, to the end that their work shall be unremitting and business-like.

Much will be accomplished if such organizations succeed in rescuing for the intelligent public all of the plays of value which Broadway now produces; but the possi-

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bilities of the movement go far beyond this. According to an old saying, it takes a man of talent to write a good play but a man of genius to get it acted. Whatever strengthens the chance that an intelligent play will find out its proper audience strengthens also the chance of its production. The power of the drama society is obviously limited to friendly and helpful action; but for this very reason it is the strongest, the most decisive power that has ever been exerted in behalf of our dramatic art.

In the wilderness of the mid-Victorian drama Matthew Arnold cried out: "The theatre is irresistible. Organize the theatre!" He had in mind the Théâtre Français; but in America every attempt at founding a stock company thus far has failed, though each one has brought us nearer the goal. Ultimately, no doubt, the New Theatre idea will prevail; but to that end a more immediate opportunity demands attention. The first step toward organizing the theatre is to organize the public.

THE POINT OF VIEW

I WONDER whether a recent contributor to "The Point of View" can be altogether right in saying that in this age of the open eye and the trained critical faculty a radical change has taken place in our friendships, and that we now not only choose our friends more carefully than in the easy-going days of old, but regard them critically and try to improve them after we have taken them—shall we say—to our hearts? The well-balanced and reasonable affection with which, as it seems, we regard them, scarcely involves such a quickening of the pulses as that expression would denote.

The Old Friendships

Even in the old times we were not absolutely and without exception undiscriminating, just as in the present age of criticism one finds here and there an impulsive person who enters rashly into an intimacy. Undoubtedly he who takes time to choose, who exercises "the great modern virtue—selectiveness," is wise; yet there may be a happy intuition which transcends his slow wisdom. There really is such a thing as friendship at first sight—friendship in the highest sense; and it is not unreasonable to think that the more "psychologically wide-awake" we are, the more immediate may be our recognition of our friend in the stranger who comes to meet us. Under favorable auspices it may not take ten minutes to find that we speak the same language, that we are tuned to the same pitch; and that is the all-important thing. For although we have faults innumerable and glaring, although we even, at times, get on each other's nerves—if the note struck by one vibrates in the soul of the other, all these things count for nothing; unless, indeed, they count for everything. Friends or enemies we must be—strangers never. I have experienced one such instantaneous friendship which has withstood the chances and changes of twenty years and has survived the inevitable discovery of faults on both sides. In this matter of selection I doubt whether we have changed very much. We have less mental leisure than we had in older and simpler times; we have more amusements and hosts of playfellows (and these, if you like, we criticise easily enough); we meet and part more casually, we take life less seriously, and we don't have time for many friendships; nevertheless, we have our friends, whom we do not, after all, choose very methodically.

As for our method of dealing with them, there is much to be said for the old way of taking them like good or bad weather—a thing which we cannot alter. There is something far finer in the old-fashioned loyalty which forbade us to discuss them, than in our willingness to listen to criticism of them and our pleasure in making them and their idiosyncrasies a subject of conversation—if, indeed, these things be true of us. It does not need a trained eye to see faults in a friend. The eye of affection is usually pretty keen, however blind it may pretend

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to be in public; and we have always seen these faults, and may even have tried, more or less wisely, to mend them—an ungracious task. For my own part, I don't want to be a "constructive critic" of my friend. I want to take him as he is. Let other people dwell on his faults; I will turn my eyes aside. Surely, if he can put up with me, I can make shift to bear with him; and, if we are to improve each other, it must be unconsciously. The fineness of his character may inspire me, or I may have some quality which he likes well enough to emulate. Not but that, in the exigencies of intimate intercourse, we can be plain-spoken enough if the occasion demands. We may be able to tell each other home truths, we may even be on good quarrelling terms. As a woman once said to me of her closest friend: "F. and I get cross with each other sometimes—very cross indeed; but we are simply obliged to get over it, you know." But to scan one another's faults deliberately, and to set out in cold blood and with careful tact to express our adverse criticism with a view to improving one another, that is not, in my idea, what friendship is for. Friendship is for happiness, for comradeship, for the amelioration of the loneliness of human life, for the joy of an unselfish affection. It is no association for mutual improvement.

In every real friendship there is apt to occur a critical period, when the first enthusiasm has passed and the two become aware of each other's imperfections. If it can survive that crisis, it is good for a lifetime. Thank heaven, not even an indefinite increase of the critical faculty will have any effect on it.

A Centenary

EDUCATION aplenty, but not so many eminent educators as of old; specialized teachers, splendidly equipped laboratories, and students counted in terms of thousands, but, inevitably, a decline in the personal influence of the professor; girls studying side by side with boys, or in big colleges of their own, and under similar conditions; plenty of sport for both boys and girls, but not much time for reading. Such seems to be the summing up of persons who remember the days of the giants—Agassiz, Gray, Peirce, Child, and the rest—with whom, as one of their old students says, "we were in constant and intimate relations as pupils after our freshman year." At the same time, the sisters of these boys were being educated by women of equal eminence.

The present year will see a quiet celebration of the centenary of one such woman—Sarah Porter, of Farmington, of whom, at the time of her death in 1900, Professor Sloane wrote: "She was one of the few conspicuous builders of character in the modern world."

There were always many who wondered what was the secret of Miss Porter's unique influence. Hers was one of the great intellects of her time, but it was not in that alone that the explanation lay. Nor yet was it entirely accounted for by the force, elevation, and ardor of her character. In personal appearance she was plain and unimposing, although even among strangers she commanded instant deference. In the technical details of study there were schools more thorough than hers, even at the time when the women's colleges were just coming into existence, and a girl's education was not the thoroughgoing affair that it is now. She spared no pains and no money to offer the best, but her regard for the individuality of her pupils was so great that it led her to discard, as far as possible, the machinery of education. More than usual it rested with the pupil whether she got much or little out of her stay at school. There was no fixed course of study, no graduation. On the other hand, there was a healthy sentiment in favor of learning one's lessons; and Miss Porter arranged each girl's list of studies personally.

Many visitors came to her, seeking to learn the "method" which had brought her such renown. To such as were after her own heart she willingly gave such help as could be given, but the sort of person who, in more ways than one, "meant business," would go away baffled by the very simplicity of it all. To one such inquirer Miss Porter was heard to say, in the mildest of tones: "I don't know that I have any particular method. I am pretty arbitrary, and they all do as I say." In point of fact, her method varied with the varying characters of her girls, but it contained one unchanging element. She always idealized us. We all know how stimulating it is to be rated more highly than we deserve. From this came her one defect (if one choose to consider it so) as a teacher of elementary

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subjects. She was too large for us. Her fault, her inspiring fault, was the assumption that you knew more than you did, and that you had something of her own quickness of apprehension. This did not make for thoroughness in such a matter as Latin grammar, for instance; but oh, how hard you tried to live up to her estimate of you! Considering that girls who left school at eighteen or nineteen were pretty sure to forget most of what they had learned from books, it does seem as if an ounce of inspiration under Miss Porter were worth a pound of Latin grammar under any one else. One did not so soon get over that impetus to the spirit.

The secret of her profound influence on us need not have been hard to discover, once you had experienced it; only that the young are often blind and are usually inarticulate as to the deeper things. It lay, of course, primarily in her own character, in the power of her intellect, the severity of her principles, the ardor and fidelity with which she pursued her lofty aims, the reverence and depth and enlightenment of her Christianity, and the tenderness of her affection. Add to this her divine power of idealization and how could we fail to be deeply and permanently impressed? Trifling and self-absorbed as we may have been, crude and unawakened as we could not help being, we yet could not but be conscious of her greatness; and when such a woman as this showed that she cared for you—for *you*, yourself, not for you just as one of her girls—and that she thought better of you than you deserved, it behooved you to rise above yourself and make good. What she taught by precept was much; what she taught by simply being herself was more; most compelling of all was her generous belief in us, forcing us upward by assuming that we already stood on a higher level than we had attained and that we were still aspiring. Needless to say that for such an inspiration to avail there must be some power of response. Wings there must be, even though they are but embryonic; but how few of us there are who have not those wings in embryo! The power which demands that they be unfurled is the great power in our lives. That power Miss Porter was to us. For herself, I think that this gift of idealization was a saving thing. If she had seen us quite as we were, how should she not have had her periods of enervating discouragement, how have kept unbroken the "cheerful hopefulness" which she herself recognized as one of the elements of her success? The only time I ever saw her discouraged was on an occasion when a former trusted pupil had felt impelled by conscience to confess some old sins of deception and disloyalty. Deception was the one sin which Miss Porter could not forgive, and, once her eyes were opened, there was no keener judge than she. She told us about it in her weekly talk. There was something in her tone when she spoke of her trust in that girl which penetrated our hearts; and when she said that it made her wonder whom she could trust, we felt that we could not forgive the person who had so shaken her confidence—a person whose name we naturally never knew. "I wish she had not told me," she ended; and we learned then that one has not always a right to shift a weight off one's conscience by confession; that the enduring burden is part of the punishment.

It was not in the nature of things that we should fully appreciate Miss Porter's character while we were still in the school. We were too young and undeveloped to take her measure. But the bond between us lasted all our lives, and the school was a home to which we never ceased to look back. She was always interested in us, always ready to write those wonderful letters, so full of wisdom and of overflowing affection, always ready to welcome us when we went to see her. We never ceased to be her "girls," even though we might become grandmothers.

Art and the Spirit of Place

IT must occur to one sometimes to wonder what sensation the average, unimaginative citizen experiences who looks upon an Egyptian obelisk standing in Central Park, New York. An Egyptian obelisk is not really very impressive if viewed with an uninformed eye. If the sight does not bring a rich reaction from that part of one's brain where the appropriate ethnological, mythological, and historical suggestions are stored away, the interest aroused can be scarcely more than a transient impact on the surface-layer of curiosity. On the other hand, if the ancient shaft means something to the imagination, if you know enough about it to see it intelligently, the fact of seeing it in exile is apt to produce a sharp sense of discomfort. It may be true that not many people have

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any such feeling; but it is equally true, I suspect, that more people are likely to have it, as time goes on, and the level of the common intelligence grows higher.

Even now, if one were to suggest that the temples of Pæstum be transported to the vicinity of a cosey beer-garden in a nice little German town, or the Taj Mahal to the baseball grounds of a progressive American city, it is certain that half the civilized world would be shocked. Yet such things have, of course, been done, in kind, and not infrequently in degree, since the dawn of civilization, and doubtless long before. The whole race has been engaged in removing, wherever it was possible, the rare things, the precious things, or the significant things, that belonged to one people, and transferring them to the possession of some other people who, without fully understanding what it saw, yet eagerly laid hold of what it could. The history of all these transplantations would throw a very curious light on the birth and development of the æsthetic sense in man. It is possible, indeed, to study such odd parallelisms in the habits of certain animals that one might well speculate how far back in the evolution of the living organism that formative force, the love of the beautiful, may reach. If there existed no prehistoric ethnological connection to account for the presence, in Etruscan tombs, of vessels which bear distinctively Assyrian designs, such objects must have come to the Etrurians at the hands of trading Carthaginians—who made great commerce with the art of the ancient world. On Assyrian temples—or Egyptian obelisks—these figures and designs formed picture-writing, understanded of those who wrote; but, in these Etruscan tombs, did they signify more, really, than the bright shreds and trinkets that tempt the magpie to steal and hide? These were curious vessels, and unusual; they must have seemed choice and rare; hence something to be eagerly treasured.

This, at least, is how we may imagine that matters took place. Let us suppose, in some far remote future, some members of a race wholly distinct from ours unearthing Mr. Dallin's beautiful praying Indian, which now adorns, astride the Indian pony, as wonderful in his way as the Indian himself, an empty space in front of the Museum of Fine Arts, in Boston. Or imagine this same infinitely remote and alien race bringing to light the work of another American sculptor, the giant presentment of Black Hawk which, near Oregon, Illinois, looks toward the south from a high bluff above Rock River, and which Lorado Taft hopes may so look for long ages to come. Let us imagine these statues taken away to the ends of the earth, and made the subjects of learned disquisitions by the connoisseurs of that strange people. What could they divine of the mystery and poetry that are the essence of these works? Scarcely, to-day, do we understand them ourselves. They are something of which every American should be conscious, as an intangible, but infinitely suggestive, background to his life. Yet only a rare poet among us feels the meaning of this heritage, and seeks to preserve it, or something of its mood, before time and indifference shall have blurred all its outlines. What chance, then, for the far-away people to come at the innermost truth of it, or to know our two pieces of sculpture for what they meant the day they were modelled?

Of the building of museums and the accumulating of "collections" there will be no end; and the gathering together of the precious things of the earth will continue to follow, as it has always done, the course of power and material prosperity. And who could wish it otherwise, as the world is to-day? Not an American, certainly, to whose shores the flood of artistic treasures is now flowing in a golden stream. And yet—the fancy persists of some visionary millennium in which civilization and the sense of the beautiful should be so universal over the world, that the objects created by the art of different peoples would be left in the surroundings that gave them birth. There, alone, they would be truly interpreted; and by that subtle and wonderful solvent once called by Mrs. Meynell the "spirit of place."

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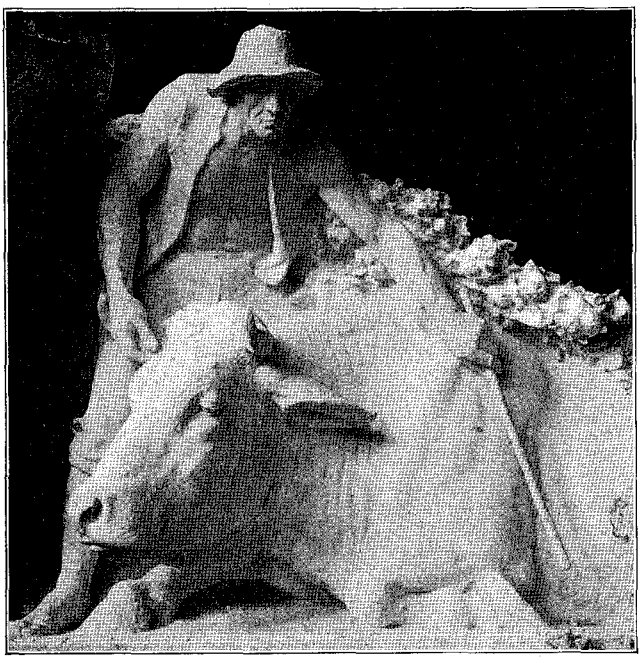
·THE FIELD OF ART·



The Husbandman.

Section of pediment, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

RECENT WORK BY PAUL W. BARTLETT

THAT the Venetians, with all their genius, were able to paint their pictures *à premier coup* on their white grounds—as has been asserted—may be doubted: the proverbial great truth concerning "easy writing" may also be found in the kingdom of art. When this work of art includes, in addition to the technical problems involved, the much wider questions of general human interests—the longer the time and the greater the care, naturally. And even in this age there may be found artists who practically shut themselves up in their ateliers and work out with endless care and undoing and doing over their subtle harmonies of representation, of form, or of light, color, and space, polishing them like jewels. When the problem is to invent and carry out (with some more or less vague and great appropriate and monumental and representative theme) such a large creation as a pediment for a public building of the first importance—then will it be certainly long ere the work is finally "good." An example of this much choosing and rejecting may be found in the great marble groups for the pediment of the House of Representatives wing of the Capitol at Washington, on which Paul Bartlett, the sculptor, has been working for more than four years, and is yet far from conclusion. His first model was delivered and accepted and the contract signed in February, 1909, and a reproduction of this model was given in these pages in July, 1910. Since then, with various interruptions owing to the pressure of other work, he has been re-designing, casting away, and re-creating, mostly in his Paris studio, till he has practically decided upon the revised scheme of the whole and practically completed the figures for the right side of the pediment, that devoted to Husbandry, or the labor of the fields, of the Agriculturist. The photographs here given of these figures will enable the reader to form a conception of the style and manner of the whole.

The central figure, of "Democracy," is about nine feet in height, and the others, somewhat larger than life, will range from

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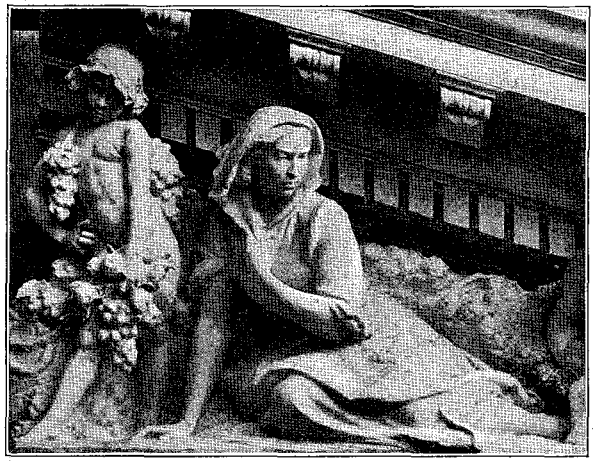
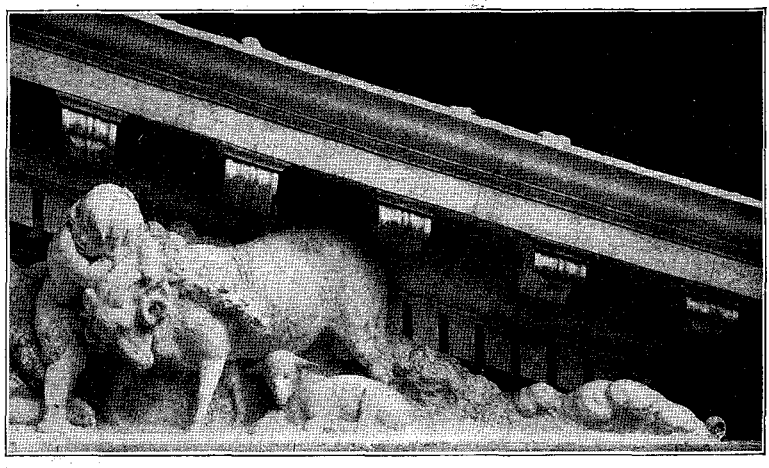
presentation in the round to a high relief. The horizontal cornice on which they stand is something over sixty feet from the ground, and about forty-two feet from the top of the great flight of steps which leads up to the entrance. The extreme length of the pediment is eighty feet, of which at least sixty will be occupied by the sculptured groups; the depth of the recess of the tympanum about three feet, and the height in the centre about eleven feet. It is proposed to cut these figures in Georgia marble, which has larger crystals and is somewhat more mellow in tone than the colder, white Italian statuary marble.



Detail of pediment, House of Representatives.



North end of pediment.

This rearrangement of the whole design began with the upright central figure, dominating the whole—a symbol, and not human as are the others. In the original design she was to represent Peace and stood by her altar, with a winged head-dress, carrying her circular shield on her left arm and with her right extending her olive-branch. Now it is rather thought that she will be Democracy, protecting Genius; she has descended a step or two, so as not to rise so high into the apex, leans her buckler on the altar, and extends a protecting arm over the winged and youthful figure of Genius crouching at her side but holding carefully upright his flaming torch. The Indian hunter, who formerly stood at her left, carrying a slain

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deer on his shoulder, has been quite abolished in pursuance of the sculptor's general conclusion that he will have more lightness and space and freedom of action, and that, in particular, in this presentation of open-air labor, on the right, he will have air and openness and a suggestion of sunshine. There will be no deep holes, and consequently no dark shadows, in the white marble; moreover, by a very ingenious scheme of advancing and receding planes, of alternation of projecting heads or figures nearly free, *en ronde bosse*, and receding bodies, he secures not only a play of light and shade but also a varying series of pictures presented to the spectators at different points of view. The reaper, who stood next to the Indian, has been retained but considerably modified; he stands among the waving grain, his left hand on his hip, his right holds upright the handle of his scythe, the blade on the ground. From these two central upright figures the groups extend nearly to the right-hand end of the tympanum, diminishing gradually in height with a fine air of doing so of their own free will and not at all because of the gradually descending cornice above their heads. First comes the husbandman, stooping over the mighty recumbent ox, his servant—the head of the animal furnishing the highest projecting point and his body receding. Formerly there were two of these oxen—which was found to be one too many. The background of all the figures on this side is a suggestion of grain and herbage and flowers and fruits; the graceful nude boy, or genius, who succeeds the ox, is laden with great bunches of grapes. Since these photographs were taken in Paris Mr. Bartlett has decided to have more space between this youth and the reclining woman, so that his foot will come quite clear of her hand on the ground, and in like manner the cherub caressing the ram, who comes next, shall be moved farther along so that his foot shall be beyond hers. The presentation of this pastoral, like an ode by Theocritus, is completed by the little lamb, and, at the termination, the flowery strand is to be lengthened and the curling wave pushed farther to the right.

Statue of Benjamin Franklin.
To be erected at Waterbury, Conn.

On the left, or southern, side of the pediment, of which the figures are not yet completed, will be presented the Labor of the shops and the foundries, with a background of vapor or steam, and, at the end, Navigation, a boy and his boat and a suggestion of the ocean which flows around all the world. Nearest the central figure comes a group of iron-workers, then a seated woman measuring cloth, symbolizing spinning, and serving to balance the farmer's wife on the other side —as the young navigator beyond her corresponds to the infant shepherd. In the whole great composition the sculptor sought to present a balance of forms and a rhythm of arrangement; his general theme, which he thought presented to him by the assembly of the people's representatives which meets in this building, was Democracy, with an expression of its beauty.

Among the other commissions which have occupied Mr. Bartlett's time and delayed the completion of the Washington pediment was one to execute the six figures for the front of the new public library in New York, over the central entrance. The *maquette*, or model for this fronton, which was accepted by the architects, Messrs. Carrère and Hastings, in 1910, showed two draped and dignified male figures, Philosophy and History, at the northern and southern ends, and two graceful feminine groups over the centre, Drama and Poetry the northern, and Romance and Religion the southern. These statues are backed by very flat pilasters.

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Here again, time and mature consideration, and also that difference of opinion between architect and sculptor which will occasionally arise, led to numerous modifications, and the great and open question of what is "architectural sculpture" came to the fore. This sculptor differs with some of his confrères and with some of the builders of buildings in not considering it indispensable that the figures on façades and cornices shall restrain themselves to architecturally constructive considerations. As an addition, a decoration, an ornament, something to embellish and complete when the strictly practical and necessary requirements shall have been fulfilled, he avers that the sculptured figures may enjoy more freedom of dimension and of grace and motion than the purists will allow, and he cites numerous instances of this freedom in recognized masterpieces, ancient and contemporary, as the statues on the palace at Versailles, those on the Monnaie in Paris, and those on the Louvre. A practical demonstration of his belief may be seen in the figure of History which has been mounted for some months at the northern end of this decoration, a draped and bearded philosopher well advanced in years, grasping his folios under his arm and not at all concerned with the perpendicularity of his attitude or of his draperies, with his structural relation to the column under him. A somewhat similar figure will represent Philosophy at the southern end, and these statues are completed in the marble. Of the two central, feminine groups, inspired originally by something like an eighteenth-century grace and lightness in the accepted models, there will be, however, changes to record; the completed model of the figure of Romance, with her pensive, sensitive face, which turned back to glance ever so lightly at grave Philosophy, her book and her flowers and her lightly lifted skirt, will be replaced by a more sedate and architecturally tempered muse. The sculptor's affections, however, are for the more sympathetic and intimate rendering of his theme; and the more personal maid has found other appreciators who will have her made immortal in white marble for other localities. The northern group, Drama and Poetry—Poetry on the left, listening, waiting for her inspiration, that she may do nothing base, and Drama with her three masks—has been completed in the plaster and in the manner approved.

As if all these wide-embracing, technical, artistic, and humanitarian propositions had not been enough, the sculptor has also undertaken another. Being given a commission for a statue of Benjamin Franklin to be placed on the public green, under the trees, in Waterbury, Conn., he resolved to depart from the usual placid conceptions of the philosopher's personality and to endeavor to express in his figure his highest qualities, "his mentality." What he apparently wished to do—instead of the usual, conventional presentation of a mind at work, absorbed, head bowed, the body motionless and in complete physical repose—was to show the thinker, his mind active but absorbed and intent, in the very fullest exercise of his highest faculties, unconscious of his accidental seat and his momentary attitude, projecting himself into the invisible, the creative, lifting himself away from his duller fellows. This curious and original presentation—an attempt to represent in art that which by some of the schools would be considered unadvisable so far removed is it from the merely plastic and visual—may be compared with a vastly different work, Rodin's "Penseur." Mr. Bartlett's statue, the more it is studied, will seem like a very successful attempt to suggest this sudden arrest of the merely physical in a concentration of intellect and will. And it is suggested by the limited means at the command of a sculptor. It is probably largely because of these higher qualities in Mr. Bartlett's art that he has been awarded such honors in the older capitals abroad. M. Bénédite, the director of the Luxembourg, asked him recently to execute some work for that museum, in which he has been represented for many years; on April 10, 1913, he was appointed director of sculpture in the Glasgow School of the Fine Arts; he is a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, in which the only other American is Sargent; he has been elected (on the first ballot) as correspondent of the Institut de France. Of these foreign corresponding members there are only eight in sculpture, and he is the second American after Saint-Gaudens. Four days after the erection of his equestrian statue of Lafayette in the court of the Louvre, July 4, 1908, he was promoted officer of the Legion of Honor.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock.

CHRISTINE'S SOFT, DOCILE MOUTH SET HARD. SHE STARED DOWN AT THE BLUE-AND-SILVER BAR THAT WAS THE SEA.

—"The Master Strategist," page 558.

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